WOMAN'S

HERALD OF INDUSTRY

VOL. I

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Presented to S. Gertie Smyth
by her affectionate sister,
Marietta T. Stow.

San Francisco, Feb. 22-85
1921 Sacramento-st, Cal.

Woman's Herald of Industry

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive which it may not Execute."

VOL. I. NO. 1. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1881. $1.00 per Annum. Single copy 10 Cts.

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THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S

SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

ORGANIZED IN SAN FRANCISCO, AUG. 7, 1880.

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13. Dressmaking and Purchasing, Madame Hoffman, 304 Stockton Street, S. F.
14. Colonization and Associate Homes, Mrs. J. W. Stow.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

BRANCHES TAUGHT.—Music, Elocution, Painting, Modern Languages, History, Physiology, Physical Culture, Phonography, Telegraphy, Dressmaking, Embroidery, Lacemaking.
TERMS.—Members and children under 15, class lessons, 25c.; non-members, 50c.; private classes, 50c. and $1.

OBJECTS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The greater good of the greater number. To suggest and develop plans for the advancement of industrial, educational, social, philanthropic and moral interests; to learn how to live pure and healthful lives; how to make beautiful, hygienic single and associate homes; how to prepare simple unadulterated food and drink; how to cleanse the home of tobacco, whisky and drugs; how to live five times the period of growth; how to clothe every part of the body so that circulation will be unimpeded; how to conserve time for study and amusements; how to progress without robbing the brain or purse of another; how to master the science of child-bearing and rearing and the immutable laws of heredity; how to worship the *true* God.

MEMBERSHIP

One Dollar per annum. Benefits derived—Class lessons in music, painting, drawing, languages, elocution, history, etc., 25 cents; admission to the S. S. S. entertainments and lectures, 10 cents; social intercourse, incentive to study and improvement, self-help, etc.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MEETINGS AND SOCIAL GATHERINGS DURING THE MONTH, AT THE PARLORS OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD, 304 STOCKTON STREET.—Every Saturday at half past two o'clock regular weekly meeting, when a paper is read and discussed, and all questions pertaining to Law, and other matters of vital importance to Women, are answered. Ladies interested in Social Science are cordially invited to attend. No charge for admittance.

First Thursday—Board Meeting at three o'clock. Second Thursday—(evening) From 8 to 11, Social, for both ladies and gentlemen. Last Friday—(evening) Entertainment, commencing at 8 o'clock; ladies, gentlemen and children. Members and children, 10 cts. admission; non-members, 25 cts. Entertainment, musical and literary—first-class.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The First Annual Conference of the C. W. S. S. A. will be held in San Francisco, September 7th and 8th. Interesting papers will be read by workers in this and other states, upon industrial art and education, philanthropy and reform, and other vital subjects bearing upon woman's work. Reports will be presented by the chairmen of the various departments.

All charitable and philanthropic associations, and all organizations working in the interest of temperance, prison, or other reforms, are cordially invited to send delegates. All persons, both gentlemen and ladies, interested in any of these questions are invited to attend the meetings; and all members of the association are most earnestly urged to be present, that their thought and their voice may aid in moulding the future of the California Social Science Association.

MRS. J. W. STOW, President.
MISS I. G. PRINCE, Cor. Sec.

On the 21st of May, 1881, the W. S. S. A. of California declared itself, by a unanimous vote, the head of the movement on the Pacific Coast, thus creating a great organized center of thought and action among women, to work conjointly with the Atlantic W. S. S. A., whose headquarters are in New York City. The headquarters of the Pacific W. S. S. A. are permanently established in San Francisco.

At the first "*Triennial Conclave*," which will be held in San Francisco, September, 1883, there will be a "*National* W. S. S. A." formed, which will meet once in three years, alternately, in one of the large cities of the Atlantic or Pacific States.

FROM the great and all-embracing realm of *Social Science* the HERALD OF INDUSTRY selects and makes special three departments:

1. Industrial Education.
2. Co-operative Production and Distribution.
3. Ownership of Person, Children, Property.

CONFERENCE PROGRAMME.—First day's proceedings: Opening address by the President; Secretary's reports and other papers read and discussed. In the evening, our brilliant lawyer-townswoman, Clara Foltz, who did so much by her eloquent speeches to carry the state for Garfield, will speak upon the subject of "Woman Lawyer's, Past and Present." Second day's proceedings: Election of officers for the ensuing year, followed by the reading of papers and discussion. Evening: Musical and Literary Entertainment. The following evening there will be a "Conference Reception and Reunion" at the parlors of the S. S. S. Those intending to take part in the exercises are requested to send in their names and submit their papers for examination by the Committee on Papers, at an early date.

THE RING of true metal is heard when a society, in one short year, has accomplished what the S. S. S. has accomplished. From every quarter is heard what is being done in "*silk culture.*" That comes of the re-awakening of the interest in sereculture in California by the Women's Social Science Association. The growing interest in "Fine Art" is born of social science. A healthy parent brings forth vigorous children. The Woman's Social Science Association may proudly boast of what it has accomplished, and modestly say nothing about the sterling *enterprise* that publishes a paper. The first issue, although the September number, was out in July, within the current (first) year. What this Society has accomplished, directly and indirectly, should stimulate all women to efforts in organization, co-operation and self-help.

BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—The badge is made double, of scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is wrought in gold letters on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is fastened upon the left breast with a star-spangle or small pin. The badges of the Reception Committee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, the blue showing an inch below and half an inch above. These badges with the S. S. S. and star will be furnished at 50 cts. apiece by the Society.

ASSOCIATE HOMES.—The S. S. S. is an Associate Home of *women*, and the first in the United States. This Home, *this dear home*, has a membership of 125 souls. The bodies of all these souls do not dwell in the Home, but we hope that a portion of the spirit's good-fellowship and helpfulness will always abide with us. The house fronts west, therefore we enjoy the unobstructed rays of the morning and afternoon sun. The parlors will seat 100 people, and in them we hold our Social Science meetings every Saturday at half past two o'clock, and classes and sections occupy them during the week. Sunday morning at 11 o'clock they are occupied with a Sabath-school, and at 2 with a Bible-reading and free discussion. Mrs. Stow's office and rooms are the chamber suite fronting west, and Madame Hoffman's suite fronts east. The other ladies are here during office hours only. There are no servants in the house. Each one is assigned a portion of the Home to keep in order, and with care on the part of all, there is but little to do in keeping things in order. The bannisters are not used as racks to brush clothing upon, neither are the bathroom and halls used for that purpose. Rooms are swept with closed doors and open windows. It is surprising how orderly and comfortable a house becomes when every one leaves everything in its place, and a clean track behind for the next follower. When a carpenter, upholsterer, or cabinet-maker disappoints us we get out our box of tools and do the job ourselves and save the expense and avoid the litter of the delinquent. We sweep our own sidewalk and rear yard, which is large and bright with flowering plants. This is a healthful exercise and ennobles labor. *Associate Homes* will solve the "servant question," and the "little health of women" question. Associate homes will teach the laws of life, the duties of life, and the wonderful amount of happiness that can be got out of life, when we know how to live.

THE MARGARET FULLER SOCIETY, of Chicago, of which Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler is President, was organized August 3, 1880. Its aim is to prove that women are citizens; that they are needed in the administration of the outside home, as well as in the domestic circle; that patriotism and statesmanship need to be gestated and nourished in the souls of the women and mothers, as well as the men and fathers of the land; that it is time, in the progress of human affairs, for the active expression of womanhood *represented by woman herself*, and, therefore, that women should furnish themselves with appropriate knowledge by study and discipline. The Social Science Sisterhood of California send greeting, and a co-operative God-speed, to this vigorous society, which is but four days older than the S. S. S. Come to our Convention in September, one or many, and there will be a hearty welcome awaiting you.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—This is the first paper published in the United States, by a woman, for the *industrial* education, of women through and by co-operation; and every woman and every man is asked to contribute to the support of it, not only by subscribing themselves, but also by getting their friends to subscribe. Responsible agents are wanted in every town to solicit subscriptions.

SEVEN REASONS FOR PUBLISHING THE HERALD—*First.* Because the daily and many of the weekly papers are mainly devoted to the interest and well-being of the representative class.

Second. To prove that the triple "*curse*" (labor, child-bearing, subjection), under which woman has been held for all time is false. There is no curse on what is honorable. It is honorable to labor, and without labor all humanity would be cursed. Labor is the very essence of life. It is honorable to bear children and they should be brought forth without "pain and sorrow," and they will be when women learn to "obey" the laws of life. "Subjection and obedience to husbands" means the same as "subjection and obedience to wives," which, in a rational view, means subject to and obeying the divine law of love.

Third. To preach the new gospel of fewer and better children; that every child has a right to be well born; that to perpetuate heriditary taint, disease and deformity is an unpardonable sin before which Christianity should stand abashed.

Fourth. To preach the new gospel of *Co-operation* until the earth is rid of willful and enforced pauperism; until six or eight hours a day will be the maximum of labor; until certainty takes the place of uncertainty in every walk of life; until surplus food fills empty mouths and surplus raiment covers naked backs.

Fifth. To preach the gospel of preventing crime rather than that of reforming the criminal; to look upon a reformed woman as leniently as upon a reformed man; to condemn fraud and dishonesty wherever it exists, in pulpit and prison, in man or woman; to dare uphold the right and expose the wrong.

Sixth. To lay bare the mischief resulting from a purely masculine form of government in Church and State; the dangers of monopolies; to demonstrate the great and growing necessity of a union of the producing classes through co-operation; to show that California is the paradise of woman's out-of-door industries.

Seventh. Last but not least: Because I have arrived at majority in work for women. Twenty-one years I have labored directly and indirectly for the welfare of my own sex. The past seven years have been spent in an indefatigable effort to get the laws of inheritance amended so that widows would stand equal with widowers before the law. I have traveled from California to Maine, for this purpose, visiting many of the leading cities in the Union. I have had six bills before State Legislatures and one before the 46th Congress, which was said to be the most important bill introduced during the session.

MRS. STOW'S TRINITY OF CALAMITIES since taking up her residence in San Francisco in 1866: First, she was accidentally poisoned by a male practitioner, which nearly cost her her life, eighteen months of most excruciating suffering, and her husband $10,000. She was then censured because she was not amiable and forgiving towards the man who had made the blunder.

Second. The death of her husband in 1874, and loss of all their community property, $200,000, through maladministration in the Probate Court of San Francisco. Again she was censured because she was not amiable and forgiving towards the men and law that had robbed her. She was told that she had killed herself because she had written the book "*Probate Confiscation*," which instructs people in the beauties of probating; how widows are unhoused and orphans beggared.

Third. Imprisonment for the crime of owning a home in San Francisco. Again she is censured and called "impolitic" (she has been called *impolitic* each time), because she is not amiable; because she went to jail, rather than to submit to one-man-power coercion; because she has sued the city for damages and persists in having a street in good repair left in peaceful repose. Bludgeon rule and ancient tyranny say: All right! Crucify! Exterminate! But justice cries: Stop! I will weigh this persecution in an even balance, and make an example of those who have overstepped the law.

THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION has declared itself the head and center of the movement on the Pacific coast. Why? Because California is the empire State of the Pacific, and it is eminently proper that the headquarters of the Sisterhood should be located in the metropolis. It is eminently proper that the founders of the order should centralize the movement, thus making a Bureau of Information as well as a Woman's Exchange. We are permanently located at 304 Stockton street, and no one can fail to see the importance of the undertaking, who will investigate its scope and purpose. The S. S. S. Lecture Bureau is under the control of the Board of Management. It is prepared to furnish lecturers, readers, concert singers and dramatic performers, to respectable organizations or for private individual enterprises at short notice and on reasonable terms. Address S. S. S., 304 Stockton street, San Francisco.

MUNICIPAL CORRUPTION IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The false and malicious imprisonment of Marietta L. Stow will not be indifferently viewed in the light of the nineteenth century. Public expression will not be confined to California, because it is not a spot of earth all by itself, but a part of a magnificent whole. The voice of this great nation, especially the feminine voice, is to be heard, and after that the enlightened voice of Christendom.

ON DIT.

THAT the teachers at the S. S. S. are all first-class.

—— A REPUBLIC OF WOMEN is a unique organization.

—— Wm. Patterson, the widow subjugater, is a *nice man.*

—— THE root of social disorders is defective education.

—— MRS. DR. SAWTELLE, Thurlow Block, is death on catarrh.

——MISS LULU F. MCNEAL is a very superior elocutionist.

——MRS. J. TILDEN MOULTON is a fine artist in *Kensington Stitch.*

—— ANTISELL PIANOS, Market and Powell, are unsurpassed.

—— MRS. HARRIS, 873½ Market street, is a fine electrician.

—— PEOPLE who own homes in California must suffer the consequences.

—— THE Young Men's Christian Association needs a gentle aperient.

—— MOTT'S STORAGE HOUSE, 647 Market street, is the safest in the city.

—— MEYER'S RESTAURANT, 211 Sutter street, is the best in the city.

——THE TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE should be well patronized.

—— BARRY & BAIRD, 419 Sacramento street, are the best job printers.

—— THE poor are scourged, whilst the rich go unwhipped of justice.

—— THE troublesome boys of San Francisco are educated in beer dives.

—— KOHLER & CHASE, 137 Post street, have superior pianos and organs.

—— MOSONOVE is the most enterprising dry goods merchant on the Coast.

—— MULLER, 135 Montgomery street, is the *scientific* optician of San Francisco.

——A PAPER that is printed but once a month is a good advertising medium.

—— BASS & Co., 27 Dupont St., have the finest assortment of artists' materials.

—— MACKEY'S, 1112 Market street, is the place to buy the latest style carpets.

—— PEOPLE take time to read advertisements which appear only *once* a month.

—— SMITH, 519 Post street, is the *Temperance* groceryman of San Francisco.

—— WISE MEN, observing the signs of the times, advertise in a woman's journal.

——BONESTELL, ALLEN & Co., 411 Sansome street, have the best paper warehouse.

—— THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, California street, is the place to deposit money.

——MADAME HOFFMAN'S "Invalid Dress and Wraps" are marvels of elegance and comfort.

—— DR. MACLENNAN'S animal magnetism, 114 Geary street, is more efficacious than drugs.

——TUBBS & Co., 613 Front street, have the largest assortment of cordage on the coast.

—— Trumbull & Co., 421 Sansome street, have the choicest seeds, trees, plants, etc.

—— "BANCROFT & Co." is the largest and most reliable publishing house on the Coast.

—— DR. HORNE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT, 702 Market street, is superior to all others.

——HOPPS & SONS, 429 Pacific street, are the ornamental sign painters of San Francisco.

—— THE COMMERCIAL INSURANCE Co., 405 California street, is the place to secure safe policies.

—— WM. T. ROSS, A. M., St. Ann's Building, is the most accomplished elocutionist in the city.

—— THE every Saturday afternoon lectures and discussions at the S. S. S. are most instructive.

—— THE religious preached by Professor Denton and Moody and Sankey refuse to amalgamate.

—— MADAME HOFFMAN, 304 Stockton street, is the most artistic dress-maker in San Francisco.

—— HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 24 Post street, is the oldest and most thorough of any on the Coast.

—— MRS. DR. HILDEBRAND, 217 Geary street, is a graduate of the Philadelphia Woman's College.

——THE "CALIFORNIA FARMER" is one of the oldest and best known agricultural papers in the State.

——ALL WOMEN should patronize and help sustain a *journal* published in the best interest of *all women.*

—— GEO. H. FULLER, 19 New Montgomery street, has the finest assortment of furniture on the Coast.

——C. J. HAWLEY & Co., 217 Sutter St., have the largest and finest assortment of *Groceries* in the city.

——OSBORN & ALEXANDER, 628 Market street, keep the best "*Hardware and Mechanics Tools*" on the Coast.

—— OUR two women lawyers, Foltz and de Force Gordon, are fast making their mark in the profession.

—— SANE people do what their neighbors do, so that if any lunatics are at large they may be known and *avoided.*

——WHOEVER adds to the world's wealth by their industry, either by hand or brain, should join the S. S. Sisterhood.

——LINFORTH, RICE & Co., 325 Market street, have the best Portable *Combined Fruit and Vegetable Dryer and Baker* extant.

——THE "RESCUE," with its right-hand *woman*, the Grand Lecturer, Mrs. Emily Pitts-Stevens, of "Pioneer" fame, is doing grand temperance work throughout the State.

—— BREAKING into a man's body and taking his life is a pardonable offense, but that breaking into a man's home and taking his gold is an unpardonable offense — in San Francisco.

——MRS. J. W. STOW'S lectures upon "Co-operation," "Associate Homes," "Food Adulteration," "Wives and Widows Under the Law," "Monopolies," "The Positive Philosophy," are worth hearing.

EMOTIONAL WOMEN are slaves to impulse. The education of girls in Church and State fosters this natural tendency, both physically and mentally. Girls are allowed to whimper at every little mishap which would be shamed down in a boy. The "tear in a woman's eye" has been made much of by poets and novelists. The tear in a man's eye is just as beautiful. But much weeping tends to destroy beauty. Red and swollen eyelids and noses do not enhance good looks, and the cause is often a source of pain and sorrow to husbands and fathers. It is not manly to cry excepting on great occasions. It is not womanly to cry excepting on great occasions. Crying is a relic of barbarism. It is abnormal. Healthy, happy children never cry. Godin's Social Palace nursery has demonstrated this fact. Healthy, happy people never cry. Crying is one of the most disease-breeding exercises in the world. It begets hysteria, dyspepsia, peevishness, and all manner of unwholsome and uninteresting looks. "Womanly tears" awaken disgust in the hearts of most men instead of sympathetic pity. It is either that or a sense of cruel delight at making a woman cry. How often a man exultingly says, "I made her *cry*, though!" How many children have been born that were gestated in tears, groans and sighs. Children that have gone through the world cursed and cursing because of their mothers' folly, weakness and crime, in giving away to their feelings. Women, especially mothers, whatever you do, master your emotions. Teach your daughters as well as your sons that tears waste the vital energies of the body and sap the strength of the mind; that they are pearls that should not be cast before every swine. Should we not weep for our dead? No! Why? Because it will do no good. Whoever believes in immortality should have no tears upon the face when a loved one has passed over the river, but, instead, a radiance born of heaven. No woman with a child beneath her heart should indulge in weeping. The woman who cannot rise superior to her emotions at such times is unworthy to wear the crown of motherhood. Emotion, impulse, tears, have slain their tens of thousands and filled the land with invalidism and idiocy. *Stop crying!*

HOW TO ORGANIZE AUXILIARY SOCIETIES.—First, explain the importance of social science to your lady friends. If they have thought upon the subject the way is clear, for every true mother desires the same opportunities for her daughter as her son. Every woman desires equal pay for equal work done. When the matter has been sufficiently agitated, call a meeting of women only. "Women, as a rule, are timid, brought up from childhood to have their opinions criticised, laughed at and treated with contempt"; and this is why we need to work alone, as women, until the latent executive forces are developed by use. Select an energetic, go-ahead woman as President. Have a Vice-President in every congressional district. Elect an Executive Committee. See that its Chairman is a worker. Elect a Corresponding and Recording Secretary and Treasurer. Hold your meetings every week and send a quarterly report to this Society. Have each member prepare a paper on some vital subject, which will take a half hour to read, and discuss it afterwards. The importance of each member doing this is very great. Any woman who can read and write, can prepare a paper by studying up the question in the latest works on the subject. She had much better be nourishing her starved brain with useful knowledge than gadding and gossiping. A genuine taste for improvement and expression is soon acquired. There are no more interesting and instructive papers written than those of *personal experience* in teaching, homekeeping, gardening, dressmaking, dairying, farming, child-bearing and rearing, poultry-raising, etc. An exchange of opinions on such questions stimulate friendship as well as ideas. Read something in harmony with the paper from the HERALD and get as many subscribers for it as possible. It is the seedcorn that makes the harvest. *Organization* is *seed*. Plant it and it will grow. The HERALD is seed. Read it, and it will grow.

PATTERSON'S DEFENCE, and whereby he expects to go unscathed of justice, is, that his hireling "exceeded his privileges." To show the falaciousness of this defence of straw, Wm. Patterson received a letter of inquiry from Mrs. Stow, as to the rights of said hireling, before the final act in this modern tragedy was performed. To show that money and malice actuated this brace of persecutors, and that they were in collusion, one has only to look at the street that raised the siege. It is self-evident, for it is in good repair. "Who is Wm. Patterson." Echo answers: "Who?" There is a book, not yet obsolete, as has been recently proven, which says, "By their *deeds* ye shall know them!" One of Wm. Patterson's deeds is causing the imprisonment of an innocent, defenseless, law-abiding widow. A man capable of such a crime would not shrink from any cowardly deed of violence. Who is his accomplice? John Moran. Who is John Moran? A member of the Young Men's Christian Association. Look at him! Once only. One look will substantiate the Darwinian theory. Why did not these money-thirsters, these power-executors, attack Mrs. Mark Hopkins. She is a widow, and she has more money than Mrs. J. W. Stow. She has not done so much for San Francisco as Mrs. Stow has done. Mrs. Stow raised the money, nearly $8,000, to build the main building of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Association, giving personally $1,000, besides her priceless labor. She went, with her husband, to the Legislature and got an appropriation of $5,000 more, making $13,000 in all, and that completed the main structure. Is it for this that Mrs. Stow is imprisoned? She is told that she should not have offended the underling who was so obstreperous, but "obeyed" (as all women should obey all creatures in breeches-authority) his commands without a murmur. The street in front of Mrs. Stow's house is in as good order as the street in front of Mrs. Hopkins' house. Why was not Mrs. Hopkins put in jail before she went to Connecticut? If the city prison is a proper place for a poor widow, then the city prison is a proper place for a rich widow. Money should not interfere with propriety. The coarse, brutal expression of coarse, brutal people is, "No one will care what Mrs. Stow says or writes, because she has got mad about it." Does being browbeaten upon one's own premises, without any cause or provocation, by an apology of a man, set on by another apology, tend to amiability? Does the breaking open and destruction of one's house tend to amiability? Does the tearing of one's clothing and the bruising of one's person, by violence, tend to amiability? Does the putting of one behind the bars in an underground den, without cause or provocation, tend to amiability? As well and sensibly might it be said when a woman's husband had been murdered, "Who cares? she's got mad about it." If one human monstrosity, aided and abetted by a second who shields himself with a reprehensible technicality, can imprison a woman because he has got offended, then every other miscreant has the same right. We, of this generation, shall live to see a different civilization, when a whole town will rise, as one individual, to punish such malefactors; when there will be be a public sentiment of such Christian texture as will make the pulpit and the press speak out for the right as they have not done and dare not do to-day. When this time arrives we shall have a civilization worthy the name.

WOMAN FOR WOMEN—Everywhere in the Eastern States women are breaking away from fetters and leading-strings. In the oldest organizations, outside the family, the church, the same is true. When the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions was formed, the discomforted *brethren* were sore perplexed and lifted up a mighty cry, saying, "What have we done or left undone that our sisters prefer to work without us, without our wisdom and strength?" But the sisters held fast to their convictions, that as women the time had come to develop the administrative faculties which had been held down by church rivets for all time. Now every denomination has its separate departments of masculine and feminine work, and there has great good grown out of the separateness—not division. Through this executive unfoldment women have blossomed into a more perfect womanhood and a larger growth.

CO-OPERATION is steadily growing in grace in the United States—especially in the large cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and many others. The leading paper, *The Co-operator*, is published at 7 Clinton Place, New York City, by A. R. Foote. The principles advocated by Mr. Foote are:

1ST. WE ADVOCATE the union of the interests of the *Capitalist*, the *Laborer*, and the *Consumer*, secured by an equitable division of profits between them.

2ND. WE ADVOCATE the practice of honesty, justice and economy in Production and Exchange.

3RD. WE ADVOCATE the abolishing of misrepresentations and false dealing, either by representing an article produced or sold to be other than what it is known to the producer or seller to be; or by withholding from the consumer any fact known to the seller to be material to enable him to judge of the value of the article.

4TH. WE ADVOCATE the prevention of a waste of labor and money in expense, caused by an unnecessary multiplication of distributive stores.

5TH. WE ADVOCATE the encouragement of thrift by establishing a system of cash payments and one price for all consumers, and by creating safe and profitable investments for money when saved in small sums.

One entire page of the HERALD will be devoted to the condensation of what is being done by co-operation all over the world, in each and every issue after the first. The history of the W. S. S. A. and the history of the editor's imprisonment has crowded out a large number of articles which have been sent in for the first number. Be sure and read the advertisements in this paper—*always*. People who advertise in a woman's journal co-operate to that extent in woman's work. *Half* the people in the adult world are *women*. They patronize *some* stores more than men. This is the only paper published in California by a woman for women, whose aim is industrial education for women, through co-operation.

SOCIAL SCIENCE, or Social Physics, is the crown and glory of all the sciences. The science of life which teaches how to be begotten, gestated, born, nurtured; how to conserve all the vital forces of the body for the nourishment of the brain; how to live, through co-operation, long years of useful, happy lives. It teaches women how to wear and glorify the exalted crown of motherhood. That being her only undisputed realm, it should be thoroughly understood and appreciated. Social science is to the adult what the kindergarten is to the child. It is the grand summing up of the accumulations of years of patient investigation in all the other sciences, by specialists, in such a comprehensive and attractive manner that the unlettered may be fascinated by its beauty and simplicity. As an educator, it brings to the many the very cream and essence of scientific knowledge—divested of dry technicalities. It is the flower and fruit of investigation and ripe wisdom instead of the leaf and bud of intellectual adolescence. Social science is in the A. B. C. of its development.

RUGBY COLONY, founded by Thomas Hughes of England, in Morgan County, East Tennessee, is one of the youngest and most prosperous in the United States. This colony is composed of intelligent Englishmen and Americans. A high standard of civilization is carried to the wilderness where the transplant will make a strong, sure growth through and by co-operation. The colonies which have proved a success in this country have been made up of good material. Rugby is situated on a plateau 1500 feet above the sea. It has a church, schools, hotel (the Tabard), and it is building a library at a cost of $5,000, wherein to place the 20,000 volumes already donated and promised. Central Avenue is 15,000 feet long and 60 wide, bordered with pines, and intersected by twenty other streets and avenues. It publishes a handsome eight-page monthly journal, *The Rugbeian*, that has for its motto, "*Shoulder to Shoulder*," and a tripple aim: 1st. To promote a cordial feeling of brotherhood, not only between the two divisions of the English-speaking race, but also between the different sections of this country. 2nd. To let all interested know, from time to time, how Rugby is getting on; what the Rugbeians are doing and thinking about, and what they can say as to the prospects of the settlements and neighborhood. 3rd. By discussion in a broad spirit to face any differences of opinion that may arise affecting the welfare of Rugby, and by such discussion to arrive at any rate at an *amicable* agreement to differ.

SAN FRANCISCO—One of the most beautiful cities in the world, and destined to be the abode of happy security when greed and misrule cease to govern it; when municipal ignorance and villainy shall give place to intelligence and honesty; when competition shall lift its withering hand from the galled necks of the people; when co-operation shall teach the true brotherhood of men and the true sisterhood of women, as no former *religion* has ever taught it.

CALIFORNIA—The fairest of all the fair sisterhood of States, and destined to be the Mecca of womanly activities, when the vulgar greed of monopolists shall no longer fetter its onward march. When the intelligent producers, in every occupation, shall learn the social science, "Co-operation," and work with and for each other, as the rich work with and for each other, we shall then have co-operative railroads and steamships belonging to the people instead of our oppressors. Co-operation will educate humanity out of the coarse social tastes which measure everything by the expenditure of money. Co-operation will bring to woman a new and exalted position in the world. It will forever lay the hideous monster that has taught all women, for all time, that labor soiled their hands and character. Out upon such a crime!

LADIES' LORE.—Look at the stuff which is proffered to women, by men, under this caption. The milk-and-water trash; the fantastic fashions; the vile scandals. What man who reveres his mother, who respects his wife, who loves his daughters and sisters can read it without a blush so deep that no water could remove the crimson? O women! supine and indifferent in your willing weakness, arouse! Shake off the chains that bind you to the Promethean rocks Custom, Conservatism, Contempt. What strong, healthful, ennobling nutrition is found in "Ladies' Lore," "For the Ladies," "Ladies' Magazines," "Ladies' Journals"? Men have made fortunes in pandering to the "*weakness of women*." But ask those men to do something to help lift woman out of the slough of littleness and helplessness, something that will ennoble womanhood, and they will treat you (if you are a woman) with lofty scorn. Woman's weakness is their gain. They are the men who will never help a purely womanly enterprise. Why? Because they want every woman on their knees to them as suplicants. They would be kings. One who advocates co-operative self-help among women is to be crushed out. Such an one is gall, wormwood and all bitterness to the *one-man* rulers. Women are their adoring subjects. Why should they lose one, or many?

THE ORDER "SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD," was created for the purpose of founding a *Republic of Women*, which in time will cover the length and breadth of the land, in a network of womanly helpfulness in co-operative industries and social, æsthetic and moral development. A republic in which the *administrative* function is purely feminine. This alone will stimulate woman's dormant executive ability to its utmost capacity. This will tend to make woman a self-poised, responsible human being, instead of an emotional dependent. A normal growth and unfoldment of woman's character will never make her less attractive, loving or lovable.

WILLIAM PATTERSON, Street Superintendent of San Francisco, wants another term of office, and an extra $10,000. Is it to imprison widows with?

TAX-PAYERS TO THE RESCUE.—The City Hall needs purging. No gentle aperient nor mild cathartic will answer. It must be a thorough dose that will remove prison stains, blood stains and plunder stains. Remember this in September. Our city has been disgraced and plundered with ring-rule and bludgeon-rule long enough.

CO-OPERATION—A true social science. A practical observer of the Golden Rule. A true disciple of Christ's teachings. A follower of the true religion. Honest in daily life. True to itself and therefore true to all mankind. A terror to fraud and hypocrisy; a terror to evil-doers; a terror to shams and deceit. Fearless, noble, brave, true! Welcome *Co-operation!*

CORRESPONDENCE is solicited from people in love with justice in regard to "A Night Behind the Bars," Co-operation, Associate Homes, Colonization, progressive books and papers, women's work, especially in this State and on this Coast, short bright papers for publication expressing opinions, and embodying experience; everything, in fact, that will strenghten and develop a true Social Science.

MRS. GARFIELD'S heroic deportment during the trying ordeal through which she has been called to pass, should stimulate every other woman in an earnest effort to emulate her, by rising superior to visible emotions. Just as fast as the *reasoning* faculties are developed in woman, just so fast will the sensational and emotional become unpopular—*obsolete*.

IN THE NEXT NUMBER of this paper will appear the first of a series of articles on the "*History of Co-operation*," by Mrs. J. W. Stow, who made the study of Co-operation and Associate Homes a speciality while visiting Europe in 1874. These papers will be of great value to all who are endeavoring to solve the problem of Capital and Labor. Co-operation is the bridge between Labor-Capital and Money-Capital, and Associate Homes will give to the poor the "equivalent of riches." Simple plans for organizing co-operative stores and productive and distributive industries will also be given. Mrs. Stow is authority on the progress of co-operation in the United States, where it is making itself felt and will soon be a power in the land.

COMPETITION.—Everywhere is seen the baneful effects of Competition. It permeates what should be the holy of holies, the Church, and warring sects compete for the salvation of souls. It prostitutes every department of business with a pestilential dishonesty; a mildew of distrust. It begets lying and stealing and all manner of evil speaking; a social science disintegrator; a moral disorganizer; a Golden-Rule-scoffer.

FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

Men's Weakness, Wisdom and Worth.

Cigars are growing cheaper.

Cut-away coats are losing cast.

Late hours spoil the complexion.

A stolen kiss "flies" the governess.

Champagne suppers disturb the baby.

Loaded canes are the latest thing out.

Clocked stockings are on their last legs.

The juice of the weed impairs digestion.

Red is the prevailing shade for lingerie.

The Byronic curl is fast becoming obsolete.

Seaside hat-bands are fastened with a buckle.

But little jewelry should be worn with black toilets.

Coats are more serviceable cut straight with the grain.

Buy hand-painted tooth brushes. It encourages fine art

Perfectly lovely hem-stitched handkerchiefs are all the go.

Long whiskers should be put in crimping-pins over night.

A heavenly smile is bewitching—if you have a good dentist.

Black will be the prevailing tint this season instead of saffron.

Blow your own horn when no one else will blow it for you.

Pocket your whistle on the street and in the presence of ladies.

A solitaire is *en regle* on a bachelor's little finger or in his dickey.

Mother-of-pearl is the latest thing for snuff-boxes and macaboy.

Blue and bottle-brown are all the rage for dressing gowns—cut long.

Tangle-foot generates jim-jams. Avoid it. Drink "laughing-water."

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, sets the fashion for gloves.

The latest style is to part the hair in the middle—when there is any to part.

No gentleman's *tout ensemble* is complete without pansy sleeve-buttons, set with pearls.

A Boston man has recently had his tongue amputated, but can talk nearly as well as ever.

A man out West was offered a plate of maccaroni soup, but declined it, declaring that they could n't play off any biled pipe-stems on him.

A man can't escape being lied about. A bank cashier, who was a defaulter, forger and robber of widows and orphans, has always been called a good and honorable man.

It is a Mississippi man who puts it thus: "At the earnest solicitation of those to whom I owe money, I have consented to become a candidate for County Treasurer."

A prominent lumberman in Burlington has had his coat-of-arms painted on the panels of his carriage, with the Latin motto, "Vidi." Which by interpretation is, "I saw."

A Chicago editor got hold of a map the other day and presently exclaimed: "By tunket, the Mississippi river runs by St. Louis, does n't it?" and then he wrote a paragraph referring to the Mississippi as a miserable brook.

"Well, no," happy Mr. Platerfam said, replying to the congratulations of his fellow-men over the first event, "Why, no; he couldn't exactly say as they were exactly what you might call twins; yes, there were two of 'em, but one was a girl and the other was a boy."

He was a fine-looking man, and he proudly strutted down the sidewalk with the air of proprietorship in every movement. "Beg your pardon," said a stranger, as he stepped up to him, hat in hand, in utmost humility. "Do I have your permission to remain in town over night?"—*New Haven Register*.

"Then you recognize," said a Judge, "this handkerchief as the one which was stolen from you?" "Yes, your Honor." "And yet it is n't the only handkerchief of the sort in the world. See, this one I have in my pocket is exactly like it." "Very likely, your Honor; I had two stolen."

A United States Senator ought to be strong because he is able and eloquent and incorruptible, and not merely because he has a few paltry offices at his disposal. Fancy Clay, Benton or Webster, or even Charles Sumner, dependent for their Senatorial positions upon their ability to control patronage.

Some philanthropist sent a Bible to a Milwaukee editor in hopes of doing him some good, and he thought it was a new publication and wrote a review of it, in which he said the production was a failure. If it was intended for a novel, it lacked plot, and if for a history, it was full of improbable incidents. He could n't recommend it.—*Boston Transcript*.

This is how the Portland *Oregonian* puts it: "Senator Conkling has sneezed his head off, rubbed himself out, eliminated himself by cancelation, as the algebraists say, swallowed himself and vanished utterly into the fathomless and unrefunding gulf of his own vanity, arrogance and egotism. Even the bubbles are disappearing where he went down, and time rolls its ceaseless course as if he had never been."

English father (time 1900) to eldest son—"Now, my boy, tell me what was the form of government in this country during the last century?" "A monarchy, father." "Now tell me who was the last reigning sovereign of England?" "Queen Victoria." "What sort of a Queen was she?" "A good Queen." "Right. How did she come to lose the throne?" "Revolution." "Who was the leader of this Revolution?" "Charles Bradlaugh." "What position did he hold in the new government?" Vice-President." "Who was the first President?" "John Bright." "Very good. Now you can order the balloon and take a ride over to Central Park, but be sure and be back in time for tea." "Yes, father."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

Mr. Mackay and his father-in-law, Colonel Hungerford, sat side by side in a proscenium box in a Paris theatre, the other night. They looked complacently over the vast and brilliant assemblage.

"Bong-tong audience!" said Mr. Mackay to Colonel Hungerford.

"Wee!" replied the Colonel to our John.

"Elect—cram de la—hote tong, eh?" quoth John, as his shirt-bosom swelled with conscious pride.

"Wee!" said the Colonel.

The Colonel then shook hands with the Comstock millionaire and congratulated him on his flow of French.

The curtain went up, and one of the stars flashed like a meteor before the spectators.

"Magnifeek!" cried the Colonel.

"Tray bean!" shouted Mr. Mackay.

"Onkoree!" shrieked the Colonel.

"Toot sweet!" yelled John.

After the play, Mackay drew the Colonel to one side and whispered in his ear: "I do n't mind tellin' ye I spake Italian as well as I do French—do you?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel, "I guess we've both been cultured in the same hothouse."

Correspondence.

We admit unendorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

[Written for Woman's Herald of Industry.]

A BEE VENTURE.

We, two teachers, sat in the school-room pale and weary. The last chirruping, chattering squad of Misses had passed out of the gate. My companion was much younger than myself, a lovely blue eyed girl—handsome and accomplished; but having grown to womanhood without a mother's care, had aggravated inherited tendencies by imprudence in the care of her health and was suffering from it. Teaching was plainly not the proper vocation for her now.

For me, though my life had been devoted to the profession, and I had spent many years of pleasure and pride in my chosen work, I was daily reminded by failing strength, that I must lay it down, and take up some out-of-door employment. Many a time had we admitted to ourselves the necessity of a change, and there the matter had rested. But the time had come when we must look the fact in the face and boldly speak out and try to plan what could be done.

It is a hard thing for a women to do—to leave the beaten and tried paths, where compensation is sure, for something new; a business with its risks and responsibilities. And yet in our case, the business proved so easy, so delightful, and the change so beneficial that we afterward wondered how we could have dreaded it, and longed to tell other tired women how we found pleasure, health and money in it.

"Come David," said my companion, "Let us go to the cave and seriously and in earnest think about a new vocation."

From our great fondness for one another, our fellow teachers had dubbed us David and Jonathan, and like David I had my "Cave Adullam," a wee parlor at the top of the house, which I had been allowed to fit up for my private use. No pupils found their way up there to interrupt us with their tap—tap—tapping. In short, it was above the school stratum, and once within, and the door closed, we were out of school atmosphere. Hence, as a haven of rest, and a place for quiet and to free one's mind in, it became a favorite resort of the teachers.

Hither we now went to carefully consider our new plans, and to decide upon a course of action.

"A new vocation, David. What shall it be?"

My thoughts echoed "bee"—and I replied "*Bees.*" Yes it *should* be bees. I had often revolved it in my mind. There was nothing I could think of so feasible, which would pay so well and so quickly for the amount of capital invested.

"Yes, Johnathan, let us fit up a Bee Ranch. I have made the study of bees and their habits a pleasure for several years. True, I have had but little practical experience in handling bees, but we must look about for a chance to get that. In the mean time we must try hard to hold out till the end of the term, then we will go where we can work in an apairy a few weeks. Afterwards we must carefully find our way by ourselves."

We purchased a claim of a Spaniard—cheaply. In most respects it just suited our needs. Fancy a gentle slope on the southern side of a mountain range, extending due east and west high enough to command miles of valley view, and beyond that the blue ocean. The scene was perfect. Away to our left lay the city—our emporium—before us a fertile valley studded with cultivated homes—full forty miles of beauty. To our right we could discern the white specks of houses and the bristling masts of a little seaport town, and then, what could complete so much loveliness like a glimpse of the ocean?

From our door we could always see ships sailing by and we could trace the locomotive's course by the line of white smoke as it wound through the green valley from the city down to the sea. And so in our far-away nook we should never grow forgetful of the busy world, for we could sit here far above and out of it and see it move on. We were so enclosed on the east and west by projecting hills that no wind reached us, and in the southern sun we could bask the whole day long.

If these delights of the eye first attracted us to the spot, we foresaw also the great advantages to our business of such a situation. Our bees could find spring flowers long before they bloomed elsewhere; and what grand opportunities for gardening and fruit culture! The old adobe dwelling down the hill, by the roadside, should be our stable and store room, with an appartment reserved in it for our man Friday. Farther up we built our little cottage. A living room, dining room, kitchen, pantry and three chambers. It was not grandly finished nor grandly furnished; but a convient and comfortable house. One luxury we allowed ourselves in the building—yes, two—separate bed-rooms of good size, and a large fire place in our living room. What a blessing that fire place proved in time! After days when we had stood at the work-bench from early dawn, nailing together honey frames, in the cool evenings we would fasten the doors, draw down the blinds—and each take a fur robe and "horazontalize" before the blazing fire, where we could luxuriate in warmth and rest, read and discuss the latest news, and plan to-morrow's work. In fact as we progressed in our arrangements, we ran against divers blessings. A good many odd pieces of furniture which we had each picked up here and there, in our teaching way, and which we had more than once wished at the auction rooms, now served to saveoutlay and make us really comfortable. We had some pictures, a carpet, easy chairs, a sofa, two nice bed-room sets, and best of all, some shelves with a nice little store of books. We took a daily paper, two good magazines, and a *Bee Journal*. Another blessing was a great big, kind-hearted country girl. She had been our pupil, and when she heard of our venture came to us and begged that we would take her to help us. Having always lived too far from a district school to attend, the poor girl's education was sadly neglected, and she was so grateful if we would take her and let her work for us in return for what we could teach her. Her father had decided that he could not afford her but that single term at boarding school, just enough schooling to sharpen up her appetite for more. She was an adept in out-door pursuits, could harness a horse, and was at home on his back. was well, and good natured; was afraid of nothing, man nor beast—just the girl for us. For her lessons, as we could only work in the apiary from ten o'clock until three or four in the afternoon, it was comparatively an easy matter for one of us to devote an hour in the morning, and the other the same time in the afternoon to her lessons. She proved a competent and convenient housemaid for us. We found it much pleasanter to be able to turn from our work out of doors and to sit down to a meal of her cooking though *plain*, than to be obliged to think of these things ourselves. We bought a cow, two rather meek looking horses, a spring wagon and a few gardening tools. A faithful Englishman who was an adept at gardening took the whole care and charge of our *grounds*. We had tomatoes, cucumbers, sweet corn, and melons fully six weeks before even the ever-diligent Chinaman could get them into market. Four days in the week our wagon was loaded with these productions, and sent alternately to the two towns. Thus the man paid his own board and wages, and the horses their keep.

We purchased fifty stands of Italian bees. They cost us almost double what we should have for common bees, but we decided to have the best, if we were obliged to start with a less number. It proved the right plan. At that time there were no pure Italian bees in the county except ours, that we could hear of. Other apairists, hearing of ours, soon began to apply for queens. Our queen nurseries yielded us quite a little income of ready money at once. The queens sold readily for $5 apiece.

Our bees having been transported some distance by sea and land, the swarms were necessarily light. They must therefore occupy a few weeks with their own domestic affairs before beginning the season's work for us. We should thus have time to put things in order and make due preparations, having nailed together a good stack of hives; and a store of frame boxes for surplus honey. When they did actually set to work they kept us both constantly employed, looking after new swarms, taking up honey, and replacing frames, etc. We gave them close attention Never was a new born babe tended more carefully than were our bees, and well they rewarded us. How proud we were when in the autumn we had the sweet results of our season's venture, all nicely packed, and ready for shipment, a large yield of the very finest honey.

Did we find the work too laborious for women? Decidely not. We were often tired, very tired, but never more so than we had been in the school room; and this was purely physical weariness, which a good night's sleep would always remedy. At the first, we hired a man for a short time to assist in setting up the hives and doing some heavy lifting; and in the fall we had a man four days to assist in the packing. This was all the man's help we had, and all we needed. Our gardener was never called into the apiary.

Did we meet with discouragements? Yes; just as school teachers, and music teachers, and housekeepers do; but we were working for ourselves, and that thought lent animation to our labor. If we made a profit, it would be ours. We could act independently, and we felt free to speak our minds occasionally on politics, religion, or the woman question without fear of losing our positions. That was a compensating comfort.

Were we lonely? We expected to be before we went there. The nearest town was twelve miles away, and our nearest American neighbors five miles.

But we were too busy to get lonely on week days, and on Sundays we had a full day of rest, and reading and writing. Besides, people often came to see us—so often, sometimes, as to prove a serious hindrance, and one of us would have to be excused from the duties of hospitality. Our aquaintances from town found it a pleasant drive, and numerous strangers came from curiosity to see women bee-keepers. At first, we felt a degree of embarrassment in receiving calls from ladies and gentleman—sometimes notabilities from the East or abroad—in our work dresses; but time wore off this feeling, and the visits proved a delightful variety in our lives.

Lastly. Was the undertaking profitable? It was. Our bees increased nearly four-fold during the summer. From queens, honey and bees sold at home, we received nearly as much as our bees cost us, and had still on hand one hundred and twenty-three stands, and the receipts from our shipment of honey yet unreckoned. As honey was selling at a good price, and ours was very fine, and in unusually good order, the proceeds proved a grand profit on our investment.

Then we had our bees which we decided to sell. The price having declined, we received for the whole but little more than we paid for our original fifty stands.

As we had both long had a venture of another character in view—when health should permit—we left our sunny nook and our pleasant charge with many regrets; and to us now there is no part of our single life upon which we look back with greater satisfaction than *our bee venture.*

Dollie Steele.

San Luis Obispo, March, 1881.

[Written for Woman's Herald of Industry.]

WOMAN UNDER THE LAW.

Panoramic View of Woman's Legal and Social Position.

In what may be called barbaric historic times, the groom gave *Mundium* a payment to the father for a cession of his daughter; thus she became a drudge or slave by reason of purchase.

Afterwards, in the early history of Greece, "Dowry" was introduced—a sum of money paid by the father of the bride for the use of the daughter; and afterwards by special laws in Greece and Rome, it was secured to her in case of separation, and thereby she became a contracting party, and hence the civil contract of marriage.

Next, we have the origin of *Jointure*, which consisted in the bridegroom's making a donation or gift to the bride the morning after marriage; this is also of early Greek origin.

The early Greeks proclaimed monogamy as superior to the Asiatic polygamy, and equality of men and woman. Even at this early period women had the highest place, and unquestionably exhibited high perfection.

In the Grecian poetry of this period, a sublimated moral perfection of woman is to be found in the story of Hector and Andromache, and of Penelope. The estimation in which woman was held in Greece is apparent from the "Siege of Troy"; the frame work and plot is founded on a violation of the nuptial bed. At one time, it appears that the wife and mother lived a life of seclusion. According to Plutarch, the wife is the equal and companion of her husband. The reciprocity of obligations are emphasized. Aristotle clearly and emphatically sets forth the obligation and duty of the husband to observe in marriage that fidelity which they exacted from their wives.

The story of the Spartan mothers infusing the heroic spirit into the minds of their sons, could not have arisen where the mother occupied an inferior position. Nevertheless, it should be said that the "*law*"—in general—imposed upon her all the disabilities imposed by the ancient common law.

During the Empire among the Romans, the position of woman was the equal, at least, if not superior, of that accorded her in any country now in existence. During a period of several centuries divorce was unknown. The marriage tie was indissoluble, says one of their jurists. Law as well as public opinion combined to make the matrimonial purity strict.

A species of marriage tie called "*Usus*" became general over the Roman Empire (origin of civil-contract-marriage.) Under this law the woman so married, in the eyes of the law, was under the guardianship of her father, and not her husband. The general result of this, in time, was the absolute legal independence of the wife. She held her property in her own right. She inherited her share of the wealth of her father, and retained it independently of her husband. In the course of time much of the wealth thus passed under the exclusive control of the women. The marriage tie thus became a sort of partnership between husband and wife and was the origin of community property, as in California, Texas, Louisana, Kansas etc., known under the French civil law as "*les acquets*"—acquisitions of the community. At this period the Roman wife enjoyed complete independence, and socially, great dignity. Then, in after years, the spirit of luxury, coupled with a desire of display, and the grandeur of the competitive rivalry among the sisterhood, awoke the anxiety of the more conservative minds as to the future of the state under such extravagant habits of life, that they passed what is known as the "*Oppian*" law, intended to restrain these growing habits; but this law failed in being executed by reason of the adverse prejudice of the public mind. Next the Voconian law (580 A. U. C.) restraining to narrower limits the property inheritable by women. Under this civil-contract-marriage system, the marriage tie became, in time, very loose, and easily dissolved. It is said by Senaca, that there were women who reckoned their years by the number of their husbands, sometimes varying from ten to twenty marriages during a lifetime. This applies, of course, to men as well as women. Thus a vast, but slowly flowing wave of corrupting influences rolled in upon the domestic life of the Roman people, largely attributable to the vast accumulation of wealth in the exclusive hands of the women. But while this result is unquestionable, it should not be forgotten that, during this period, a vast body of Roman women offered examples of conjugal fidelity and heroism of the very highest order, and marked intellectual culture. Indeed, the recital of the events of this period is often punctuated with the influence of specimens of the very noblest of womanhood of any age or clime.

We see, in the ages of Plutarch and Senaca, that they, in treating of the married relations, enforce with marked emphasis the mutual obligations, as to fidelity of husband and wife. Nor was the recognition of these mutual obligations confined to public sentiment. We find them in the Justinian codes, and in the legal maxims; in the judgments themselves; thus where a husband applied for a divorce from his wife on the ground of adultery, committed by her, the condition was inserted in the decree: "Provided always it is established, that, by your life, you gave her an example of fidelity. It would be unjust that a husband should exact a fidelity he does not himself keep." This in a so-called *pagan* community. We question very much whether the Christian communities of the nineteenth century, in any part of the world, have arrived at a higher standard of moral ethics or law. Were such laws enforced to-day, we think few of the lords of creation would be entitled to the protection of the goddess of justice, even though she were always blind.

After the fall of Rome, down to the reformation, at least, the position of women, became very degraded in character and social position, by reason of the Christian teachings partaking of puerile fanaticisms in relation to Christian asceticism. An insane delusion swept over the face of Christendom. To such an extent was this delusion carried, that fathers and mothers abandoned home and children to embrace asceticism. The bride and groom, often, before the occupation of the nuptial couch, agreed to separate, in order to avoid the *sin* of the married state. Men and women abandoning their homes on the night of marriage. The fanatical piety of wives destroyed the moral tone of society, and severed the dearest and highest of relationships, and drove husbands into debasing irregularities. The consequences resulting from these puerile teachings of Christianity, was to degrade the character and position of women below that of the most barbaric of nations of which we have any knowledge. In the writings of the Fathers of the early Church, we everywhere see that women were denounced in invectives, "as the chief source of temptation to man." She is represented as the "demon at the door of hell." "As the author of all ills." "She should be ashamed of the very thought that she is a woman." "She should live in constant penance on account of the curses she has brought upon the world." "She should be ashamed of her dress, for it is the monument of her fall." This style of teaching had the effect of degrading the position of women, and as a matter of course, determined the principles of legislation relating to the sex. Legislation, in some part, which we have not to this day outgrown As we have seen, the *pagan laws* of Rome and Greece removed many of the disabilities of women, and placed them on an equality with man. This legislative movement is very marked from Constantine to Justinian. Feudal legislation was constant in degrading woman. In this we see the higher and nobler effects of pagan thought, in contrast with the vaunted Christian teachings; of the domineering over the weaker and gentler sex. A simple glance shows that all the legislation, which is quite voluminous, was stringent and rendered it impossible for any woman to hold property. Nothing was left but marriage or a nunnery, which in those days were synonymous terms. The canon, or Roman ecclesiastical and common law, on the statute books of Great Britain to-day, everywhere show a disposition, in every case, to sacrifice the interest of wives and daughters; and a state of inherited public opinion upholding these laws. The contrast of opinion of leading Christian countries, with that of Pagan Rome, in this matter is not favorable to the former. We saw that the generous public opinion of Pagan Rome revolted against the oppian law, in restraint of extravagance of dress, and made it a dead letter; remonstrated against any attempted injustice done to girls in depriving them of a large part of the inheritance of their father. So public opinion at the time of the French Revolution, with sword in hand, swept from the statute books all laws depriving sons and daughters of an equal succession, and wives of their equal share in "*les acquests.*"

Kate Bibb.

[Written for the Woman's Herald of Industry.]

CHRISTIAN CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

BY MRS. CLARINA E. H. NICHOLS.

Woman's legal wrongs, results as they are of her political disabilities, are unanswerable reasons for her enfranchisement. And the advocates of equal rights having used these wrongs to arrest attention and quicken the popular conscience, have thrown down their gage and challenged the governments of christendom to her enfranchisement. Governments and the governed have at length taken an attent attitude. Our bitterest opponents concede that our cause is progressing—that our enfranchisement is but a question of time. Having accepted the situation, thinking minds advance to the consideration of probable results. What will be the effect on woman—on man—on government? are questions asked on every side. And it becomes our duty, as advocates of equal rights, to answer. In doing so it is necessary to analyze government as instituted by divine wisdom and groped after by human intelligence. And here let me say, it seems proper to place the ultimate of Christian civilization in civil government. Organization is God's method of growth, of progress, of perfecting his creations. Through organized government He is working out the salvation of the races. In a truly Christian government we will have the aggregate of moral forces.

It will be conceded that man is an organized being; that he is the subject of inherent laws, both physical and spiritual; that God in making him subject to law, initiated government—the government of man as an individual. He made man accountable to himself, and that he might be responsible as well as accountable, he made him a free agent. This free agency involved the *power* to use or abuse his faculties; to obey or disobey the laws of his being, with the *right to use* and *obey* only. Free agency, then, implies *power* without the right to act in disobedience of natural or inherent laws, with both the *power* and the *right* to act in harmony with such laws. The right of self-government then, as involved in human free agency, we understand to be the right of an individual to use and enjoy himself—all his faculties, physical and spiritual—subject only to natural and inherent laws. If man had been created to live in isolation, self-government, as towards God and himself, would be the ultimate of government. But God has set us in families and neighborhoods and thus necessitated the extension to our social relations of those self-governing laws which inhere or are God-imposed upon the individual. The government of the individual man and the government of man in the mass, is the same in principle. The law that rules the individual in his relations with others, is the law that should govern the state in its relations to the individual citizen. The individual, exercising his rights of self-government, does by others as he would have others do by him—regards the rights of his neighbor in property, industries, associations and opinions as he would have his neighbor regard his. A Christian government simply makes this regard for individual rights a matter of individual obligation, in order that any not disposed to act justly may be coerced into good citizenship and restrained from abusing their power to do wrong.

As families, neighborhoods and numbers combine, the diversity of interests, industries, and needs complicate government action, but in no wise release it from the fundimental law of right that governs the individual citizen. As the individual cannot divest himself of his right of self-government—its exercise being a duty as well as a right—so the State cannot rightfully take it from him, by assuming to discharge the responsibilities and perform the duties involved in its exercise. Neither can the individual usurp the rights of his neighbors, but he can combine with them in the exercise of self-governing powers, on the basis of individual, self-governing right, and thus organize civil government. Such a government can have no other nor higher powers than the individuals composing it had to confer. The stream cannot rise higher than its fountain, and the fountain of a Christian, or God-provided government, is the sovereignty of the individual over himself—*not* over his neighbor. Hence the axiom—"*All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.*"

Whither is civilization tending? is the anxious query of many minds, especially of minds trained to venerate and conserve the customs of their fathers. Christian men and women are prone to forget, that while the ark of civilization is jostled on men's shoulders, as was the "ark of the covenant" on the shoulders of oxen, its temple is being builded after the divine plan without sound of axe or hammer. Whither *should* civilization tend? is the true question; for in the omnipotent will of the Governor of the universe it will tend whither it should.

Though individual suffering and national disorder, through revolution and reconstruction, the grand ultimate of Christian civilization is coming to us in a Christian government—a government controlled by moral forces in which, self-governed and self-governing, the subject shall exercise and enjoy all his natural and inherent rights and the ruler no more; a government which recognizes Christ's teachings of love and duty as practical rulor and not abstract principles to be admired in theory and ignored in the life of the individual and the State.

Whither should civilization tend? has for every human being a grand significance. For as component members and working forces in this world of intelligence and feeling, one individual action either helps or hinders its divinely ordered course. The question is eminently one of working forces. These forces are divine and human, co-operative or antagonistic. In their co-operation is progress; in their antagonism civilization is like a ship struggling against adverse winds with mainsails furled—its advance is necessarily slow.

Again, the germs of progress are with the individual, and while a nation seems to stand still under the shadow of some great wrong, in the soul of a Garrison, or the heart of a loving woman, the fires are lighted which, in the course of a generation, may purge the State and elevate a whole people to a higher plane of civilization. This explains why progress in civil government is so slow. Truth promulgated first by individuals, must permeate the masses, reconstruct social thought, and win upon the convictions of a governing majority to secure its embodiment in constutional law. Venerated customs and established habits of life and thought obstruct the track, and to the work of introducing the new is added the labor of eliminating the old and cherished. Another reason for the slow development of Christian government is to be found in the exclusion of large classes of virtuous and intelligent citizens from participation in its responsibilities and duties. For lack of intelligent moral force at the ballot-boxes, our ship of State well nigh foundered. It only saved itself by practically acknowledging the claim of four millions of slaves to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." To secure to itself the primary conditions a just and enduring power, it has yet to acknowledge by constutional law, the equal legal and political rights of twenty millions of women. Injustice to women, though it threatens neither bloodshed nor "dissolution of the Union," is a costly injustice whose removal promises more for the moral and intellectual progress of our country than the enfranchisement of the negro. The State could not afford the disfranchisement of of the negro; still less can it afford the disfranchisement of its women. Conceding that virtue and intelligence are the life and security of the State, and ignorance and injustice its bane, our government has escaped Scylla only to encounter Carybides if, enfranchising a million of ignorant bondmen, with their non-co-operative masters, it fails also to enfranchise, and thus bring to its support, the morality, loyalty, and intelligence represented by the half of the community excluded on the ground of sex.

(To be continued.)

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1881.

A NIGHT BEHIND THE BARS.

A Reign of Anarchy and Misrule in San Francisco.

BY MRS. J. W. STOW.

Since my husband's death in '74, the taxes on my homestead have been steadily going up the ascending scale of prices, while its valuation has been as steadily going down the descending scale of prices. Alex. Badlam, Tax Assessor, says the reason of this state of things is that the property is very valuable, being in one of the finest blocks of the Western Addition. But when I try to sell it, real estate men tell me it is almost worthless because it fronts the wrong way. The last assessed valuation was far in excess of what it would have brought at forced sale. I pay this unconstitutional taxation always with a protest and at the last moment of grace—which was December 28, for 1880. At twilight the next evening the doorbell of the S. S. S. Club-house, where I have my office and rooms, rang and kept ringing with an increasing fury. Rushing down stairs and opening the door I said to the man standing there, "What do you want?" "I want to see Mrs. Stow," he answered in an angry tone. "I'm the person. What is it?" "I've got a paper to serve on you," he continued, in a voice with a blow in it. "What is it about?" I questioned; "I never had a paper served on me in my life." "Take it and read it," he exclaimed in the same ugly voice, as he thrust a folded paper in my face. "I can't see to read it. Can't you tell me what it contains?" "You own property on Sacramento street, don't you?" "Unfortunately I do! What now?" "You've got to macadamize the street in front of it." "I'm not going to macadamize it," I replied, and was about to explain that a neighbor, N. P. Cole, had requested me to sign a private contract for re-macadamizing the street, which I refused to do, saying, "My half of the street is in good repair. I macadamized it only four years ago at a cost of nearly a hundred dollars." But without waiting for any explanation this man said, in the most insulting tone, "If you don't macadamize it, I'll take you to the police court, where I've took a good many others just like you." "Who are you?" I demanded, "that dare come to my door and talk to me in this manner?" "I'm the deputy street superintendent." "Well, Sir, I'll report your insolence at headquarters to-morrow morning." I went three different times to the City Hall, for that purpose, but each time found the street superintendent, Wm. Patterson, absent—wire-pulling, undoubtedly, for another term of office. A fat office with deputies to do the work is worth a good deal of dextrous pulling. Then I wrote and asked this public servant why he was not at his post of duty during office hours? that I paid my pro rata of his salary, and that I, for one, expected him to *personally* earn a portion of it. I asked him how it was that he employed such men as John Moran (a prominent member of the Y. M. C. A.) to set upon widows, and pay him with my money to come to my door with the deportment of a savage?

There was no response to the note. What was an outrage perpetrated on a voteless citizen to Patterson? Nothing, simply nothing. He points for votes while his deputies worry widows. There were three of us in a bunch on Sacramento street, making a sort of triangle, whom this pious persecutor, John Moran, got after. We were rare game for him. I was told that he openly boasted of the unconstitutionality of the requisition; still he would "test it" with a *woman*; it had failed with a man, and I, not being very orthodox, as weighed in the Y. M. C. A. balance, was selected for the victim.

Dr. R. H. McDonald, millionaire-president of the Pacific Bank, who has recently given $100,000 to build a theological seminary to educate men for the ministry, owned the lot next below mine. This gentleman was never even notified that there was anything to be done to the street, and Mr. Pettegrew, with more than double the amount of land that I possess, just above and next to my lot, was served with a notice and left in peace. Dr. McDonald and Mr. Pettegrew are *voters*.

Here are the two sections relating to streets, highways etc., of the remarkable Ordinance framed by the twelve supervisors and the street superintendent and endorsed by the Mayor of San Francisco, to circumvent the Constitution.

Sec. 1. The Superintendent of Public Streets, Squares and Highways is hereby authorized and empowered, whenever in his judgment he shall deem it necessary for the public good, convenience and travel, to order the roadway of any public street, lane, alley, place or court in the City and County of San Francisco graded or re-graded to the official grade, planked or re-planked, paved or re-paved, macadamized or re-macadamized or repaired.

Sec. 9. Any person violating any provision of this order shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and punished by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars or by imprisonment not to exceed six months, or both such fine and imprisonment.

Think of 12 men, at the instigation of the street superintendent, sitting down and framing such an instrument of torture as this! Under it, as the *Evening Bulletin* remarked at the time of my arrest and imprisonment, no person would be safe from the petty spite or malice or corruption of the superintendent of streets. He could compel owners of property to have the streets in front of it in a perpetual siege of repairs.

Mrs. Rulofson, one of the "three widows," got an extension of time in order to sell out, preferring to have her effects in something less troublesome, expensive and dangerous than a home in San Francisco. At the expiration of that special time Patterson's deputy came to my door again and said, "Mrs. Stow, you haint macadamized that street." "No! and I'm not going to macadamize it," I answered. "I'll git out a warrant for you, then," he hissed between his teeth. "Go ahead with your warrant!" I replied, closing the door.

A day or two after, a policeman called and requested to see Mrs. Stow. I said to him, "What do you want of Mrs. Stow? I will take her your message." "It's a *personal* matter. I must see her myself, if I have to search the house," he replied. "I can't allow you to do that, Sir, for it is a ladies' club-house. What do you want of Mrs. Stow?" "I've got a *warrant* to serve on her for *misdemeanor*, and if she's in I'm going to serve it. I don't want any more trouble about it, *either*." "Mrs. Stow don't want any more trouble about it, *either*," I continued, "She has had too much already." "If she's in this house I'm going to serve the warrant!" the Star exclaimed; "*Is she in?*" "Not to a *warrant*, sir," I emphatically replied. He went away, and in a few days another called and I was out. During the time a lawyer had offered to secure bondsmen for me. This I refused to have done, saying, No! If the laws made by a Christian civilization will imprison an innocent, law-abiding woman, for the crime of owning a *home*, I am the woman to suffer such martyrdom. Were I to give bonds it would be truckling to despotism; it would compromise my principle, and that I will not do. I defy despots and would defend my principle with my life. It is a dear and sacred thing to me, and no evil shall befall it so long as the blood of the Fullers of Massachusetts and the Burrs and Beerses of Connecticut flows in my veins. I will suffer imprisonment and death rather than allow *one* man to coerce me into remaking a perfect street.

The weight of this persecution coming upon me in the midst of many cares and much work in getting the complex machinery of a new society in running order was more than my nervous system would bear up under, and I was completely prostrated, and took to my bed. Pressing business compelled me to go out one morning, and before laying aside my wraps, on my return, I heard a desperate ring of the doorbell and then some one coming up the stairs three steps at a bound, while one of the Sisters kept saying, "What do you want, sir?" Then I heard a gruff voice puff out, "I want Mrs. Stow, and I'm goin' to hav 'er if I have to take her in PIECES." The lady replied, "Mrs. Stow is sick in bed; I beg you will not disturb her." "Where's her room? I'll see fur myself. If she's sick I wont take 'er." Then another of the Sisters who was present said, "This is a ladies' club-house, and I pray you to go away and not disturb Mrs. Stow—if she is in her room. I know she was ill yesterday." "*Which is her room?*" he impatiently exclaimed, and it being designated he commenced knocking on the bedroom door and demanding entrance by threatening to "bust it open." I turned the key in the inside bedroom door and sat down. Calling my name in a loud voice he began to read the warrant. I closed my ears with my fingers until he had finished the reading and was joined by another of the club fraternity, who added his persuasive eloquence in a desperate effort to move the obdurate hearer. No sound being evoked, a hasty council of war was held and No. 2 was dispatched to the Chief's office for further instruction, while No. 1 sat down in the hall and fanned himself with the warrant. No. 2 soon returned reinforced with a third Star and bearing the joyful tidings, "BREAK DOWN THE DOOR AND SECURE YOUR PRIZE!"

Then No. 1 shouted, "*Once for all, madam, open this door!*" No response. Crash! and a headlong plunge with nearly heels over heads, for a pile of books kept guard before the unused door, and my assailants thought they were upon me—but to their brief dismay there was still a door and lock and key between them and their prisoner. With a frantic tug at the unyielding knob and the exclamation, "We're in the wrong room and the door's locked and the key inside," they plunged through the French window and ran along the piazza to the further window in the large room (I had pulled down the shade of the other, when I heard the lock and bolts flying in the bedroom, and was standing between it and the bureau out of sight of my pursuers), and taking a hasty survey of its contents exclaimed, "She aint there neither, nor hid in the closet. It's open, however; we'll *go in*," and suiting the action to the word, they pushed open the window and bounded in as eager as hounds after a fox.

"*Oh, here she is!*" cried the hot and brutal leader rushing up to me. "Don't you touch me, sir!" I said; "Don't you lay so much as the tip-end of your little finger upon me!" "Why didn't you open the door?" he questioned, glaring at me while he mopped his red face with a redder handkerchief, "when you heard me read the warrant?" "I didn't hear you read the warrant," I replied, "and I didn't open the door because I would not be an accomplice in one of the most nefarious acts which ever blackened the pages of Christianity and humanity—to incarcerate an innocent woman in a felon's cell. Had it been your mother or sister or wife that you were seeking for a like purpose, I would not have opened the door. I will make this monstrous outrage upon civil liberty, perpetrated in broad daylight in a Christian city in the land of *freedom*, ring throughout Christendom.

"Oh, come along. Who'll care what you'll say?" queried this justice-armed ruffian, who thirsted for my blood as much as the Kemper county assassins thirsted for the blood of the Chisholm family. I said to him, "I have no wish to escape, but I have been out all the morning (it was then two o'clock) and very much desire to go to the bathroom"—which was the next door to mine. And this officer, this guardian of the peace and morals of San Francisco, would not permit me to go without him, and in spite of my protests held the door open, although he had seen that there was neither key nor bolt inside, and that the skylight was at least 14 feet from the floor, and could not by any possibility be reached without a ladder or wings—neither of which were at hand.

The brute-force wholly masculine laws extant to-day make fiends of men when armed with a little brief authority. Was the government of this city a normal government, composed of men and women, instead of an abnormal government, composed exclusively of men, does any sane person think that I would have spent a night of untold agony in prison, when I had done no wrong? The future will find all governments administered on the family plan, and until that time there will be anarchy and misrule everywhere.

"Come, arn't you goin' to come?" said my tormentor. "No!" I replied, "no volition of mine shall aid you in this diabolical deed." "How shall we git you to prison, then?" "That is a problem for you to solve." I answered. "Order a carriage! It's too fur to carry 'er." When the hack came I was laid hold of and taken to the top of the stairs and dragged to the bottom of them, tearing my clothing in tatters and blackening and bruising my person in such a shocking manner that I could not move for days without excruciating pain.

The collected mob in front of the house looked as though they would like to "cast the first stone." Not a man, woman nor child asked, "What does this mean? What has this woman done?" It was condemnation enough that I was in the dignified grasp of the law.

Driving rapidly to the city prison, the door of the hack was thrown open by a curious policeman who was standing on the sidewalk as though in waiting for fresh arrivals. When the two that were with me had descended from the vehicle, that one said, "Why don't this woman git out." "Oh, she won't stir a peg unless she is carried," remarked my captors. This was a signal for a general rally. There were at least a dozen policemen standing about the entrance, and as many as could secure a hold, quickly brought me out of the carriage into the prison, and as the heavy bolt responded to the key, it seemed to chuckle with delight at its cruel power. This was "*Black Friday*," the 11th day of February, 1881. I shall always reckon, hereafter, from the date I was in jail.

Little did I think when I arrived in San Francisco, fifteen years ago, and every paper in the city announced my arrival and the object of my visit in glowing words of praise, that I should ever be treated to a night in one of her prison cells.

When safely "behind the bars," my low-browed Darwinian captor was in his glory. He tore my satchel out of my hand and gave it to his brother, the clerk, who took out everything in it, opening memorandum books and reading what was in them, examining house-rent and water-bills; and to cap the climax, took a diamond ring, sacred from association, and putting it on his dirty finger, turned it about under the gas-jet. Endurance had ceased and I cried, "How dare you put *my* ring on *your* finger and read my private papers? Take that ring off and put back my books and papers and give me my satchel." Taking not the least notice of what I said, he inquired of the gloating official where my purse was. "Here it is!" he replied, plunging his brawny hand into my pocket and bringing it forth triumphantly. The clerk took it and shook its contents over the counter and floor as he questioned, "How much money you got here?" "I cannot tell," I answered, "till I reckon up what I have paid out to-day. I know there are three five-dollar gold pieces." "Oh, that's too thin!" he sneered. One of the fives was found on the floor and one was lost or stolen. There were six dollars and ten cents missing when my property was returned to me in the morning. I at once reported my loss to the chief, who said that my husband was a valued friend of his; but I have heard nothing of the missing money since. Not satisfied with searching my pocket, the policeman commenced to grab all about my person. I said to him, "Stop that! How dare you treat me in such an indecent manner?" Then he made a spring at my neck to unfasten a valuable brooch. Stepping back, I cried, "Take care, sir! If you unfasten my clothing in this prison, I'll make it warm for you when I get out of it." His reply was, "It's valuable jewelry, and I'll have it," and he made another clutch at it; but a warning look from the clerk, who evidently felt that the game was getting serious, caused him to desist. I then said to the clerk, "Give me my satchel. It contains writing materials. I wish to write to my friends." His answer was, "Put this woman in a cell," and thither I was hurried without ceremony.

As soon as the key was turned I commenced saying, "I want my satchel, my books and my papers." But the jailors took no notice of it. At last, one, the veriest son of Ishmael, with several yards of rag wound round his head, came up to the bars behind which I was standing and said, "Madam, you say that *once* more and I'll put you into a straight-jacket and dark cell." "But," I pleaded, "I wish to communicate with my friends." "You ain't allowed to do that," saying which he walked away. Shortly after this a *Call* reporter came in and spoke to me, and when he had gone the bandaged dictator returned and said, "If you want to write a note you can come out and sit at my desk." "No, sir! I would not accept a favor at your hands after you have spoken to me in the manner you have."

In that cell was a closet with a screen before it, two attenuated board benches, and two low platforms about two feet wide and six feet long—prison beds. I was alone all night with the exception of a rat that came to look at me now and then, and a half-hour when a forlorn creature was put into the cell with me until a furious colored woman in her den, who had threatened her life, was secured in a straight-jacket. I questioning said to this sister woman and fellow-prisoner, "What brought you here?" With a quivering sigh she answered, "Oh, I had been drinking a little. Is this the first time you have been *locked up?* You must be dreadful careful, if it is, for when you 've been in once they 're always trying to knab you again. You are never safe on the street. Oh! I'm so cold, and my feet are wet as sop. The floor of my cell is covered with water from the closet and smells awfully. But it is dry and nice in here," she exclaimed, looking languidly around, as she quirled herself up in a little shivering heap on one of the low benches and moaning piteously tried to sleep.

In the adjoining cell were seven young, pretty girls, who sang and chatted gaily with the male (*no women come*) visitors and turnkeys, smoked, ate the candy and drank the hot "peppermint" which was brought them by these gentlemen from time to time during the night. Boys, young men, and men no longer young were as much interested in this cage of young girls as though it had contained young monkeys—by which appellation they were often addressed.

"Where is the matron of this place?" I inquired of one of the turnkeys. "We are the matrons," he laughingly replied. Could there be any reformation in such a place for those young girls? I asked them how they came to be there, and the answer was, "Oh, we were just having a good time at a friend's and the police grabbed us all, and pinched one of us so dreadfully that her arm is black from her elbow to her shoulder."

Is it not about time that we women look after and see how our own sex are treated in every walk of life—from the palace to the dungeon?

In the hospital part of the prison was a woman lying at the point of death from loss of blood, caused by a wound in the forehead from a misstep and fall against the sharp corner of the stone doorstep of her house. Being discovered, by an officer, in an insensible condition on the sidewalk, she was taken to prison and booked as a "*Drunk*." And all that night a male convict kept guard over that helpless woman, and this, too, while Moody and Sankey were laboring night and day in our midst for the *souls* of men and women. Oh, for evangelists to labor for the well-being of the *bodies* of men and women! God can be trusted with His work—the salvation of the soul. He needs no vicegerent in His department. He can be trusted as a loving Father.

All through the leaden hours of that horrible night were men and women brought there, struggling, fighting, cursing, when the shout would go up on every side, "*Another Drunk!*" and sitting there in that fearful den, I marveled how a people that calls itself civilized, how a people that calls itself Christian, can license men to poison, debauch and ruin their kind. I marveled why the real offenders, instead of their victims, were not there—the men who manufacture and sell the devil's drink. Then I remembered that these men live in palaces built of the sanctified gains of whiskey; that these men own cushioned pews in churches, where with bent heads they listen to the "sweet peace of the blessed," and the "well done, good and faithful" from cultured lips, and with placid faces, are borne aloft on the soothing refrain of "white and shining robes." Some day there will be a *true* church and a *pure* religion, which will spew out of its mouth the slayers of men, the debauchers of women, the robbers of widows and fatherless children, the ravening wolves in sheep's clothing. I thought of the drunkard's home with its harrowing poverty; its low, narrow walls and blood-stained floor, and, in an agonized mental vision, saw a husband and father, frenzied with rum, dash out the brains of the wife and mother, kneeling and praying for mercy while her shrieking babes were baptized in her heart's hot spray. When such things be I am not surprised that *London Truth* speaks of us as a "barbarous people." When shall we learn that all reform is futile unless it begins at the germ? The ax must be laid at the root instead of the branch.

Women were dragged through the passages leading to the prison like dogs, and thrown on the floor, and their clothing nearly turned over their heads, in the rough-and-tumble search, by the officers who had them in charge. It is a burning shame that no matron or policewoman is there to protect her own sex—it matters not how low and degraded—from the vulgar search of men. To such men nothing is sacred about a woman's person when she is once secure behind the bars.

To prove that this "making an example of me" in a "test case" was deliberately and maliciously planned, with the intent to disgrace me in the estimation of this community, and that there was money behind it, I need only say that at the same time that I was suffering persecution and imprisonment, all over the city there were streets in a fearfully "*dangerous*" condition. At the junction of Van Ness avenue and Sutter or Bush street there was a hole, with a pen built around it, large enough to swallow up a coach and four; and the very day I was imprisoned a carriage and horses were engulfed in a cave in one of the principal streets. In many places in the southern portion of the city it was as much as one's life was worth to stir abroad after dark, owing to the pitfalls and sewer caves in the public highways. But what of that when there was a widow to plunder and scourge? a fearless woman to disgrace?

I invite every one in love with justice to go and look at the street in front of my house, 1921 Sacramento, near Gough, and then say whether I am right or wrong in refusing to be coerced into "re-macadamizing" it. See if it is not in "good repair." John Moran was the only witness sworn, when the case was tried, and after he had twice perjured himself, the judge dismissed the suit.

These corrupt officials and persecutors, John Moran and Wm. Patterson, in their blind zeal to disgrace me, did not see that all womankind, wives, widows and maidens were insulted by this transaction; that all Christendom was smirched by this transaction; that if one woman could be outraged in this manner, because she owned a home in San Francisco, so could every other woman, wife, widow or maiden for a like offense.

In a few weeks' time this case will be tried in a court of justice in San Francisco. In a few weeks' time twelve impaneled *men*, owning homes, perhaps, will sit in judgment and decide whether the price of a home in San Francisco should be imprisonment? whether violent hands should be laid upon one for owning a home in San Francisco? whether one's clothing should be torn and their person bruised for owning a home in San Francisco? whether one's dwelling should be broken open and defaced for owning a home in San Francisco? whether one's time should be sequestered for owning a home in San Francisco? whether one's business should be interrupted and injured for owning a home in San Francisco? whether one's feelings should be outraged for owning a home in San Francisco? whether civilization, Christianity and humanity should be trailed in the gutter for owning a home in San Francisco?

Geo. Barstow, in speaking of homes, says, "The man who does not own his home is like a ship out on the open sea at the hazard of the storm. The man who owns his home is like a ship that has arrived in port and is moored in a safe harbor." "*Safe Harbor!*" There is no safe harbor in the city of San Francisco, nor in the State of California, for a poor woman's or a poor man's home. The divine right of office and the divine right of money precludes the possibility of "*safety*." Mr. Barstow talks from a personal standpoint. He has "Honorable" before his name, and a man who enjoys that distinction is securely anchored in his home in San Francisco, in California. Hon. Geo. Barstow sits in a cushioned pew in a church where the *poor* do not worship; therefore, no pious persecutor causes his arrest and imprisonment because he refuses to tear up and remake a perfect street in front of his home; because he refuses to pay five times more than he agreed to pay for his home. Hon. Geo. Barstow has never soiled his hands with the kind of labor that the Mosaic curse rests upon; therefore, he has not had to defend his home with shot and ball, and rot in prison for the offense.

Let us give cause and effect a square, honest look. The power of place and money is omnipotent to-day. Over their corrupting counters, sold at so much per head, like beasts in the shambles, are bartered, the sweetest, noblest, purest, bravest, best, and only a few dare lift up a voice of protest against such a fearful state of things. Murderers go unhung and homes are devastated. Widows are legally robbed of their children and fortunes and cast into prison.

Where are we drifting when justice enters our homes and drives us forth at the point of the two-edged sword of law into the jaws of a living death? Has the sweetest word in our mother-tongue lost its sacredness? Since man could sing and pray, he has sung of home and prayed for its stability and protection. In the wildest night on the maddest sea, the tempest-tossed think of home. The lost traveler on the lonely moor cries,

"No earth, no sky, no path, no light,
A silence like a tomb.
Oh, God! it is so hard to die
So near the light of home."

The dying on the red field of battle long for home. Ah! home is a holy spot and every safeguard should be thrown around it! and every power that menaces or uproots it, should be trampled in the dust, extirpated as the deadliest of all crimes.

J. J. Tobin, in speaking of Irish tyranny, says, "Think of it! John Dillon is arrested and imprisoned at the instance of *one* man." I say: Think of it! Marietta L. Stow is arrested and imprisoned at the instance of "*one*" man. A woman who had broken no law; a woman who had in no way disturbed the peace; a woman who loves justice and all that is ennobling.

None but a man whose heart and nature are callous to the most ordinary claims of humanity could have executed an act of such wanton cruelty. In and through this act Wm. Patterson has prostituted the function of his high office; he has disgraced the honorable position occupied by him; he has insulted his bondsmen; he has spit upon justice; he has polluted the moral atmosphere of the city that exalted him; he has smirched the escutcheon of this fair State with a blemish that all time cannot efface; he has proven to the world that he can imprison an innocent, defenseless woman for owning a home in San Francisco.

The entire transaction was not only inhuman but *illegal*, from beginning to end, as is proven in the case of McDonald against Patterson (54 Cal. Rep. p. 245, decided Jan., 1880). In rendering the decision, the Supreme Court of California said: "Section 19 article 2 of the Constitution is not a provision which requires legislation to enforce it. The provisions of the Act of April 2, 1872 (Statutes of Cal., 1872) relating to street improvements in San Francisco, which authorize the Superintendent of streets to execute contracts for such improvements—in advance of the levy and collection of the assessments—are unconstitutional without the section referred to, which ceased to be operative on the first of January, 1880."

The bogus ordinance (adopted August 19, 1880), under which I was arrested and imprisoned, was concocted by the Supervisors and the Street Superintendent, and endorsed by the Mayor for the purpose of evading the Constitution and the decision of the Supreme Court of the State.

To show that money and malice were at the bottom of the illegal and shameful proceedings against me, I will state that the street in front of my property was re-macadamized in 1874, and that a properly macadamized street will remain in good repair from ten to twenty years, and that all *genuine* street-laws ceased to be operative on the first of January, 1880. They are unconstitutional and void. But for the purpose of power and plunder thirteen men set to work to circumvent the Constitution and the solemn and well considered decision of the highest court in the State, thereby making it possible for the *one* man, Patterson, a sworn public servant, to commit the outrage of openly violating and defying the supreme law of the State—and this, too, in the case of a defenseless widow. A corrupt and villainous proceeding by a corrupt and villainous official who should be removed from office at once.

When work is done and not paid for, our Constitution and laws forbid imprisonment for debt.

If justice is done, this man Patterson will be relieved from further public service, imprisoned for malfeasance in office, and made to pay a fine commensurate with the offense committed. High crimes like this should not be lightly punished. I have sued the guilty parties for $100,000.

The *Examiner*, in commenting upon the influx of Irish immigrants, says: "They have learned that in this country men and women enjoy undisputed liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that they are secure in the fruits of their toil; that they can sit within the shelter of their homes with none to make afraid." Ah! Brother *Examiner*, have you forgotten that your sister woman has, within the last ninety days, spent a night behind the bars for the crime of owning a home in San Francisco? Have you forgotten that five of your brother men are now languishing in Santa Clara jail for the crime of owning homes in California.

The persistent exposé of these truths, *these damning truths*, is all that will save this State from utter ruin. We must keep them constantly before the people. Great wrongs, thank God! cause great agitation, and only by agiation is a public shame and indignation aroused, and evil-doers punished.

Whoever cries peace! peace! in an hour like this, is foe and traitor to the well-being of mankind. O that I were rich and great, that I might stand on some lofty pinnacle and blow a rallying bugle blast so long and loud that it would rouse the toiling millions, to the uttermost parts of the earth, like a battle-cry of deliverance.

The spirit of liberty is abroad in the world. Its "mena, mena, tekle upharsin," is writtten on the walls of every jail, and over every prison door. It spans, like the Arc of Triumph, every despotism. Freedom's watch-fires are lighted on every hill; she has her bivouac in every plain; her beacons burn clear on every storm-drenched crag; her flag is unfurled in the heavens. A voice comes from the prison, the rack, the torture, the starving, the homeless, the exile, the conscript—a voice, deep and strong, that says, in clarion tones: "Down with tyranny! Down with monopolies! Down with wrong! Give us Liberty! Break every rivet of stifling, corroding oppression, old and venerated though it be."

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true;
Ring out the wrong that saps the mind,
Ring in redress for all mankind."

Freedom has begun a relentless warfare. She is taking desperate, fateful means, that "*ring out*" in the drill, the boom, the shot.

WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?

Who stands at bay?
Who dares defend his home to-day?
Who dares to stand on freedom's soil
And guard the product of his toil,
'Gainst moneyed might and legal writ,
'Gainst powder, ball and bayonet?

Who fired that shot? Since Sumter's moan
No daring deed has caused a groan
Like this:—like this, whose echoes leap
From beetling crag to mountain steep;
Through canyon wild and busy town,
The startling summons thunders down.

"Who fired that shot?" the dungeon cries,
Clanking its chains with flashing eyes,
"That signal gun means *liberty!*
Wake, prisons, racks and tyranny!
Marshal your hosts, your moneyed might,
Crush *Freedom!* 'tis your lordly right."

"Who fired that shot?" Siberia speaks,
With knout-scarred back and bleeding feet,
Her sullen mines so dark and drear,
Give back its voice upon the ear,
It tells of love, and hope, and day,
When despot-rule has passed away.

"Who fired that shot?" the millions speak,
The toiling millions, fettered, weak,
Chained to the hod, the plow, the mill,
To hunger, dirt—an empty till,
A feudal heritage of pain,
Amassing wealth for others' gain.

"Who fired that shot?" a sea-girt land
Lifts up a gaunt and sinewy hand,
And points to where her patriots lie
In felon-cells of blackest die;
To where her starving children weep,
Homeless, homeless, in the street.

Who fired that shot? Ho! brothers, ho!
'Twas you, brave men, who struck the blow
For *sacred homes*, for babes and wives,
For justice, right, and human lives.
Then Freedom's voice rang out on high;
Then Freedom's rockets filled the sky;
Then heart touch'd heart and hand clasp'd hand,
And *sleepless vigils* filled the land.

DECORATIVE ART, EXCHANGE, DRESS-MAKING.

The Decorative Art Department has been in successful operation since January. As fast as practicable, we shall open other branches of women's work. The Exchange is for the sale of Fancy Needle Work and Plain Sewing, Knitted and Crochet Work; Hand painting, on china, wood, tin, ivory and silk; Preserved Fruits, Jellies, Pickles, and Catsup; Cake, Yeast Powder and Home-made bread. Also, the finer articles of unsoiled wearing apparel—shawls, laces, jewels, dresses, etc.

Articles must be sent at the expense of the consignor. The Society does not hold itself responsible for losses.

Prices are fixed by the depositor, and 10 per cent. will be deducted before remitting, after sales are made.

The Society prefers to do largely an *Order Business;* and samples of good work from women who, by their industry, add to the world's wealth, are solicited.

We earnestly hope that generous patronage will enable us to establish this department of our work on such a basis that it will soon expand into a Work Exchange, in its broadest sense, of help to women in every field of industry fitted to their capacity.

Lessons in Decorative Art, and all kinds of Painting are given from 10 to 12 every Saturday. Exchange hours from 2 to 5 P. M.

THE EMINENT PARISIAN ARTIST, MADAME LOUISE HOFFMAN, is at the head of the "DRESS-MAKING AND PURCHASING DEPARTMENTS." Dresses and every style of wraps purchased and made to order, on the receipt of length of back, (waist line) sleeve and skirt, and the size of bust and waist. Perfect Fit and Latest Style Guaranteed. Particular attention and promptness given to country orders. Patterns of materials sent on the receipt of a postage stamp.

☞Loose and Comfortable Dress Reform garments for invalids and children are made a *specialty*. Letters of inquiry on every subject will be promptly answered in the HERALD, or by post, when a card or stamp accompanies the inquiry.

WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE.

A Synopsis of the President's Inaugural Address, and Early History of the Organization.

LADIES:—Social Science treats of the natural laws which control human efforts in self-improvement. It is said, "Industry seeks the useful; Philosophy, the true; Literature, the beautiful." Social Science contains, as the greater contains the less, this matchless trinity, which, in its practical form, like all things in nature, assumes the dual—the truly useful and the truly beautiful. The gray dawn is upon us, when useful knowledge must sit at the helm of woman's efforts. Knowledge acquired in the active school of experience must take precedence of theory and speculative philosophy. First the useful, then the beautiful. I believe that every true man and every true woman hails with gladness every movement which will give solidarity to woman's efforts in the fields of education, philanthropy and reform. When we put aside class-distinctions and work unitedly as men work, and lovingly as Christ worked, we shall have new life, new energy, new liberty, new health, and each stratum of society will be the better for it.

This is essentially a utilitarian age, and association is, unquestionably, the great law of the universe, therefore, woman must qualify herself by study and practice for co-operative activity in any work that may fall to her lot to do, and not be too fastidious about quality or caste.

I dare go anywhere and work with anyone who will not injure the cause for which I labor. But in my case these independent, democratic principles were early developed, for I was educated in a school that knows neither man nor woman, white nor black, bond nor free, a patched coat or gown, nor a gown or coat without the patch. It only knows heart and brain and determination. It lays its fadeless bays upon the brows of success, and from the rising to the setting sun its "well done" rings out over all the land.

At Abraham Lincoln's first call for volunteers, Lawyer Langston dispatched to Gov. Todd, saying, "With your permission I will raise a company of my own people to aid in putting down the Rebellion," and the wires flashed back, "We don't want any *niggers* to fight our battles."

That flash of electricity set all Northern Ohio ablaze. Why? Because Oberlin was its honored and revered Alma Mater. That was the Alpha, but the Omega saw the bronze hero and his intrepid followers at the front. This is woman's Alpha, and who can cast a horoscope of what her Omega will be? The question before us to-day is the Here and Now. What are we to do? First, we are to follow after and affiliate with kindred societies in the Atlantic states, north, south, east and west. As soon as possible we must have a place of our own, either parlors or a club-house, combining facilities for a "Woman's Exchange" like those of New York, Boston, Chicago, and many other large Eastern cities; also for classes in the industrial and fine arts, education, physical development and music; these rooms or house to be a stepping-stone to something of more importance and grander proportions—a "Social Science Temple."

WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The first public meeting of this Society was held at Red Men's Hall, Post street, at half-past 2 o'clock on Saturday last. About thirty ladies were present. Mrs. J. W. Stow read a paper on the ethics of social science, and as a precedent and example gave a brief history of woman's unitary efforts in the Eastern states. She said: During the Rebellion our sisters of the East learned the lesson of co-operation. They work together for each other's advancement and the public welfare harmoniously. They recognize and accept the axiom that association is the great law of the universe; that in union there is strength, knowledge, wisdom. Men discovered the benefits resulting from co-operation long ago. They work together to strengthen and educate men. Women must work together to strengthen and educate women. What men are doing for each other in this city was strongly impressed upon my mind while searching for a hall to hold these meetings in. All the best places are occupied nearly every evening in the week by some brotherhood for mutual improvement, socially, mentally and morally. There are between three or four hundred such organizations, not including church, temperance, masonic and military, while there are less than twenty-five women's, all told. These societies are known by their temples and camp-fires. Why cannot we build one temple for the benefit of women? Women build churches and hospitals; women have rescued Mt. Vernon from ruin; women have saved the Old South church of Boston from the auctioneer's hammer. Now let us unite with a great, grand purpose—to build a Social Science Temple that shall be consecrated from turret to foundation stone to the interest of women—a temple that will shed fadeless lustre on the names of its founders. I propose this at the first public meeting of the Society. No organization can live and prosper, as we desire to live and prosper, without a great leading feature that awakens enthusiasm among its members. I suggest that every dollar over and above current expenses be put into a building fund. I wish I had a thousand dollars to start the list with. Who will head it? Whoever dares to do it will immortalize herself. Her name will stand high on the scroll of fame if we succeed, and the stuff success is made of knows no "if." What has been done by women on the Continent and in the United Kingdom can be done by women in the United States; and if I do not err in judgment in the ring of the true metal, we Californians are just the ones to do it. In London there is a united group of several establishments to promote the education and employment of women. They are for teaching the different handicrafts and the art of nursing the sick, besides the higher branches of learning. There is also a millinery and dress-making house founded on shares. It contains every comfort for forty ladies, who labor but eight hours a day. A piano, a large library, instruction in different branches of science, gymnastic exercises and visiting fill their leisure time. Their customers (some 2,000, who belong to the highest ranks) are shareholders. It is a most prosperous institution. There are other establishments in London for the education and employment of women, where the wages rise fifty per cent. above the customary wages in shops, and they work but nine hours a day.

There is an Educational, Industrial and Protective Union in Boston, which is doing the same for women that London has done. It is only three years since it was organized, and yet it has a membership of more than a thousand ladies, and the last annual report shows an ever-widening field and interest in the noble work of education, philanthropy and reform. What these societies are engaged in, the social science sisterhood of the different States aim to do on a broader scale. They localize themselves as State organizations, with a view to nationalize when each State is represented, thus forming a network of the whole in a solidarity as complete as the Young Women's Christian Association.—*Morning Call*, Aug. 8, 1880.

Miss Isabella G. Prince, Corresponding Secretary, read the second paper before the Society on the 14th of August. Subject: "Education." And the third was read on the 21st of August, by Mrs. J. H. Smyth, Vice President of the society. Subject: "Silk Culture."

The Woman's Social Science Association held its third meeting yesterday at Red Men's Hall. At half past 2, Mrs. J. W. Stow called the meeting to order, and, after a few interesting remarks, introduced her sister, Mrs. Smyth, of Oakland, to the assembly, who read an able essay on "Silkworms and Silk Culture," which was listened to with great interest by a large number of ladies for over three-quarters of an hour. Mrs. Smyth, in the commencement of her paper, said: China is undoubtedly the country where people first availed themselves of the labors of the silk-worm. The growth of silk has been considered by the Chinese for 4000 years next in importance to rice. Hoang-ti, who lived 2,-600 B. C., was desirous that his legitimate wife, Si-ling-chi, should contribute to the happiness and prosperity of his people; therefore she caused a great quantity of silkworms to be collected, which she fed with her own delicate hands. She not only discovered the means of rearing them, but still further, the manner of winding the silk from the cocoons and employing it in the manufacture of fabrics. Julien cites many regulations made by several of the emperors of China to render obligatory the care and attention requisite to the profitable culture of silk. Hein Toang, who ascended the throne in 806, ordered his subjects to plant two feet in every acre with mulberry trees. By all these means the fabrication of silk became general in China at a very early date. It was forbidden, under penalty of death, to export the eggs of the silkworm, or to furnish any information regarding the manufacture of silk. Aristotle is the first Greek author who mentions the silkworm. The probability is that silk was in use among the Greeks long before they knew whence the substance came or how it was produced. Virgil supposed that the people of Serica, called Seres, carded the silk from leaves. Dionysius Perigets also thought it to be a vegetable product, and thus immortalized his convictions:

Nor flocks, nor herds, the distant Seres tend;
But from the flowers that in the desert bloom,
Tinctured with every varying hue, they call
The glossy down and card it for the loom.

It was not until the sixth century that the obscurity which enveloped the production of silk was cleared up. For centuries all silk fabrics commanded fabulous prices. In the time of Alexander its value in Greece was exactly its own weight in gold. The introduction of silk among the Romans was the signal for luxurious expenditure. The patricians made a grand display of their silk cloaks, which were of incalculable value. So much money was spent upon these luxurious garments that from the time of Tiberius the Senate felt itself called upon to forbid the use of silk apparel for men. After the twelfth century sericulture began to spread throughout Europe. In 1168 Roga, King of the Two Sicilies, established manufactories at Palermo, where they dyed the silk of different colors and mixed it with gold, pearls and precious stones. The essayist then gave a brief history of the growth of silk culture in the United States, particularly in California, the home of the mulberry and silkworm. The San Francisco Company failed after a few years and the works have been closed until recently, when a Mr. Higgenbottom reopened them. The Euler silk factory, located in San Francisco, is the most flourishing manufactory in the State. It employs over 100 girls, and uses as much as 350 pounds of raw silk weekly, which amounts to $2,000 in value.

She said of the silkworms: As soon as the worms have produced their cocoons they become an article of commerce. One pound of well-reeled silk will make 14 yards of the finest quality of silk. There are twelve species of silk worms; six of these are domesticated Bombyx. The Chinese Bombyx-mori are the largest and strongest of the domesticated species. The larva is at first very small, not more than one-fourth of an inch in length, but rapidly increases in size, till when full grown it is from three to three and one-half inches long. The head is large and there is a horn on the end of its tail. The cocoon of this species is white, or whitish yellow; is over an inch long and nearly half as broad. It requires from three to four days to form the cocoons completely. The worm first makes a loose oval structure of thin, irregular threads called floss, and within this inclosure it forms the silken cocoon. Folded upon itself almost like a horseshoe, its back within, its legs without, the worm arranges its thread all around its body, describing ovals with its head. About the fourth day, after having expended all its silk, the worm shut up in a cocoon, changes rapidly to a chrysalis. In about eight days after the cocoons are finished they have to be gathered and their chrysalides stifled.—*Sunday Chronicle*, Aug. 22, 1880.

A most important discussion followed the reading of this paper, and the Society resolved to make the subject of opening up silk culture in this state to women a specialty. Mrs. Theo. H. Hittell was invited to prepare and read a paper on the subject, which she did at the fifth meeting of the Society, and on the first Saturday in September, at which time she was appointed chairman of the Silk Culture Committee. Thus, we planted the seed for the revival of the silk-growing interest in this state, and whatever dimensions it will assume, it will ever be a branch of the parent society. Healthy parents produce vigorous children. To know the value and scope of a movement, it is well to be familiar with its preliminary steps, and this is why I give the selected notices from the dailies in full.

The Woman's Social Science meeting at Red Men's Hall, Saturday afternoon, was well attended. After the usual preliminaries of calling the roll and reading the minutes by the Secretary, Miss Alice Bush, Mrs. Stow, the President, said: "It is expedient that we take immediate action in regard to becoming incorporated. The Society should be in a legal position to own property, to receive gifts and bequests and appropriations from the Legislature. I have some improved real estate which I wish to secure in a deed of trust to this organization, to be theirs when I have done with it, and I trust there are other sisters present who feel as I do and will do the same thing, as soon as it becomes a legal possibility. When the Legislature convenes we shall ask for an appropriation of land or money to found a colony of women and children—homeless women and children living in squalor and misery, a tax to city and state, who, when their untrained faculties are developed, will become, through organized industry, a revenue instead of a burden to the state. Let us women provide our sister women with something to do. If this Society means anything, it means the solving of the problem of practical remunerative work for women. My heart is in this work. The best efforts of my life have been given to it, and will continue to be given as long as I can serve. Some of the great land-owners of this state will surely donate the land, 500 or 1,000 acres, to found a silk-growing manufactory and horticultural colony of women and children, where, in three or four year's time, it will become self-sustaining. Here, too, could be planted an industrial school similar to the one in Philadelphia with which Mrs. John Lucas, Mrs. Bishop Simpson and Mrs. John W. Forney are connected, for instructions in the art of silk culture and in the art of preparing it for manufacturing uses. The Woman's Silk Culture Association of Philadelphia, corner of Chesnut and Juniper streets, offers to purchase all the cocoons and reeled silk which may be sent them; also, to furnish silkworm eggs in large or small quantities, together with a book of instructions upon rearing the worms. Govenor Irwin said to me three years ago: 'Why do you go to the State of New York to make the initial school of horticulture for women? California is the veriest paradise for such an enterprise. If you will stay here and help us develop our own State we will give you all the land and money you want.' I am ready for the fulfillment of this generous promise. Give us Social Science sisters the land, and we will tickle it with the hoe until it laughs and hums and spins with a harvest of glad hearts, honey-bees and the horned worm; and I say to the rich men and women of this city and State, give a little of your abundance to this cause."

Mrs. M. P. Sawtelle, M. D., was then introduced, and opened her essay by saying that sanitary science is the science of life. Whoever would prolong his days, especially in large cities, must study sanitary science in order to protect himself from the deadly gases which are pent up in imperfect sewers, and which too often have no outlet except into our living rooms—a pestilence that insidiously creeps into the palaces of the rich as well as the hovels of the poor. Speaking of the plagues, scarlitina and diphtheria, which decimate the child population of the country, and their causes, Mrs. Sawtelle quoted the following from Dr. Stephen Smith's "Causes of Excessive Death Rates among Tenement-house Children under Five Years of Age": What is there in the nursery of the tenement-house that is so fatal to child-life? Half the people who die in New York city are children under five years of age, and official records show that two thirds of these children are inmates of tenement-houses. What causes this waste of child-life? Deadly gases and reeking filth—domestic filth. How all-pervading and penetrating it is! It fills the air; it covers the clothes and furniture; it is gathered in heaps in the hall and area; it clogs the house-drains; it covers the yards and the streets; it crawls up from every sewer and gutter. The air breathed, the food eaten, the water drank, are impregnated with filth. And what is filth? Examine it in its most impalpable state, as dust on the mantel, and you find it composed of particles of sand, carbon from coal, fibers of wood and cotton, epidermic scales from the human body, granules of starch, excreta of animals, hairs and down spores and filaments or fungi in great abundance. Nor is this dead and inert matter. Test it. See how it swarms under the microscope with organic life! The rays of sunlight shooting across the darkened room are made golden by the filth which fills the air. These floating atoms may be particles of animal matter from small-pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria—germs of the most fatal diseases. Look at the walls of the room—how begrimed! Rub your hand over it. What a putrid odor. See the reddish and greenish streaks in the wall—these are the ancient signs of the plague of leprosy affecting the walls. Look at it through the microscope and see how it teems with vegetable growth! Germs of typhus, of dyphtheria, of small-pox, of scarlet fever and of a thousand nameless diseases, covering these walls, ready to be detached and lodged in the sensitive throat, lungs or stomachs of children, and which are sure to incite fatal diseases."

The essayist spoke of the dangers, internal, external and underneath, which beset this city, and urged that sanitarians take the initiative in a radical reform before an epidemic should compel them to do it. In the discussion which followed, Mrs. Caroline H. Dall of Georgetown, D. C., who was present as a visitor, said that she had recently been in Denver and Leadville, and had found the "smells" in those cities quite equal to those of the Seventh Ward of New York. That she had learned from personal experience that ignorance of the first principles of sanitary science was as rife in small towns as in large, that neither high altitudes nor mountain air could purify those towns she had recently visited in search of health. Mrs. Dall was invited to address the Society at an early date. Next Saturday "the Silkworm" is to be again before the Association in a paper on "Practical Silk Culture in California," by Mrs. Theo. H. Hittell.—*Evening Bulletin*, Aug. 30, 1880.

WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE.

At the weekly meeting of the Woman's Social Science Association held last Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Stow opened the session by reading a letter from Mrs. Jennie Carr of Pasadena, which was a hearty "God-speed!" to the work undertaken by the sisterhood. Mrs Carr said that she, too, was demonstrating practical Social Science in her "Model Rural School;" that she had lines upon lines of mulberry trees which had been set with an eye to silk culture, and that her thousands of pounds of canned and dried fruits would rival the famed industrial exploits of our grandmothers. Her cordial greeting was highly appreciated by the members of the Society, and the letter was ordered to be placed upon the minutes of the Association.

Mrs. Theo. H. Hittell then read a paper on the practical culture of the silkworm in California, calling attention to the scientific heroism of labor wrought out by hand and brain in the rayless mines and among the shining stars; the thought that traverses the depths of ocean is inwoven in every fibre of the arch which curves above the mighty river. The paper contained many valuable suggestions as to the best way to open up the industry of silk culture among small farmers in this silk-growing State, where everything is in our favor—the best climate for the silkworm, and the very best soil to cultivate the mulberry—which is indigenous—and where much labor is saved by feeding the worms on branches instead of the picked leaves as is done in France. People owned their land here, too, whereas in other silk growing countries it is hired at a large rental. The California grown cocoons are larger and the silk longer and stronger than that of other countries, owing to the good health of the worm. We import $20,000,000 worth of silk goods every year. This is all wrong. We should encourage home industry, grow and manufacture our own silk goods and export the above amount, instead of impoverishing our country and people by such short-sighted policy. Let this Society, if the State will not act, print pamphlets, telling the people how to grow silk profitably, and distribute them broadcast throughout the State. It is a clean, healthful, remunerative, attractive industry for women, children and aged people. The manufactories would give employment to thousands of idle hands and make a home-market for the annual harvest, and stop the importation of raw silk, which was greater last year than any preceding year, owing to the increasing demand for American silk threads. These threads are made of the very best raw material, which is not the case with the imported articles, hence the demand. In ten years' time, with the combined action of State and people, the world will ask for California, instead of French silk.

The essayist had the closest attention while reading her paper. A discussion followed on the feasibility of establishing a silk co-operative colony.—*Evening Bulletin*, Sept. 7th, 1880.

SILK CULTURE.

An appeal for land to establish a co-operative colony of silk-growers.

EDITOR MORNING CALL:—Will you give space to the following communication? To the landowners of California: Will you donate five, ten, fifty or a thousand acres of land to found a silk-growing and manufacturing colony or colonies, and by so doing establish a permanent and profitable industry for men, women (especially the latter) and children out of employment? Silk culture can be made as profitable in this State as it is in China, France or Italy. When I returned to this coast three months ago, it was for the express purpose of opening up new industries to women in California. Hundreds of "superfluous" women, with means and without means, in the Eastern States want to come here, and with their money or labor make the State richer for having come. For the last six weeks silk culture has been the practical question before the meetings of the Social Science Association of this city. Now, ladies and gentlemen who have uncultivated lands, I, as an individual, ask you to give enough to make the initiative, if no more, or make me an offer at what price you will sell. E. M. Davis, Esq., of Philadelphia, offered me all the land I wanted, within the city limits, to found a horticultural school for women. Now, who will do the handsome thing in the Golden State? Whoever will, will make money by so doing, for the adjoining lands will double in value. The mulberry tree thrives anywhere in the valleys and among the foot-hills. I will give unstinted time and labor to develop this clean, healthful, remunerative industry to women, and I am a farmer's daughter, know all about bee culture, floriculture and horticulture generally, from practical experience, and silk

culture theoretically, and furthermore, I know how to spin and weave, and if you will give the land, ladies and gentlemen, in three years' time I will raise and cure the cocoons, reel the silk and weave the web with my own hands, and present the generous givers with gowns cunningly fashioned from the precious fabric—always providing I have health and life. Address Mrs. J. W. Stow, No. 502 Mason street, San Francisco. Sep. 15, 1880.

SILK CULTURE.

A correspondent in Wednesday's *Call* invites the land-owners of California to donate a tract of land of from 5,000 to 70,000 acres to found a silk-growing and silk-manufacturing colony. The lady, Mrs. J. W. Stow, who makes the proposition, is very well known, and we trust the enterprise she has in hand will receive the encouragement it deserves. The experiments which have been made in silk culture in this State warrant further trial on a more extensive scale. We know of no reason why silk may not be grown in this State if labor and capital will be content with the compensation they receive elsewhere. The industry is not one into which the cost of transportation largely enters, but favorable soil and climate are essential conditions of success. It is the opinion of experts, and this opinion has received some verification, that the soil and climate of portions of this State are as favorable as in countries where silk is a leading industry. The growth and manufacture of silk affords pleasant occupation to women and girls, and is on that account especially desirable in a community which has so little for women and young people to do. The cost of land is a trifle compared to the value of a successful industry of that nature.

Another paper says:

Mrs. Stows's plan purposes to rid the State of paupers, vagrants and tramps, by utilizing the wasted and destructive energies of our burdensome and dangerous classes? Does she mean business? She ought to, for she has arrived at majority in work for humanity She has given, in her 45 years of life, 21 years of direct and indirect labor for the good of the many instead of the favored few. First, as Mrs. M. L. Bell, for the benefit of the overworked needle-woman and shop girls of New York City. Second, for the soldiers and soldiers' orphans during the rebellion. Third, for all women who may become widowed, and all children who may become fatherless. During the rebellion she received commendatory letters from Presidents Lincoln and Filmore; from Governors Fenton, Andrews and Low; from Generals Dix, Wool, Hancock, Rosecrans, Mc Dowell, Hooker, and from the most eminent D. D.'s, M. D.'s, Editors, Judges, Laywers and Merchants in the Nation. She brings her ripe experience, priceless energies, etc., (with her good health) a prospect of thirty years of active service to the work. And this is not all. Mrs. Stow has real estate in San Francisco and Oakland, valued at $15,000, which she gives in a perpetual entail. This is her donation to the magnificent scheme.

The sixth session of the Woman's Social Science Association was held yesterday. After the transaction of the routine business, Mrs. Stow said:

J. S. Mill says: "The next thing to having a question solved is to have it well raised." I think the question before us to-day for discussion was well raised a week ago, and I fully expect that each sister has brought a jewel of thought to shed its rays of light on the vexed and vexatious problem of "to *do* or *not* to do." For the benefit of those who were not present at our last meeting I will state the question: "Does Social Science Embrace the Industrial Arts?" George W. Curti ssays: "All advance from barbarism to civilization is the development of social science. The spirit that seeks higher conditions of life and wider fields of knowledge is its minister. Face to face with a thunderbolt, Dr. Franklin with key and kite solved the problem of electro-magnetism. The true spirit of the social science student is action." In a lecture on the progress of social science in America F. B. Sanborn says: "Much of social science is women's work, and is being done by them more and more. It is the practical application of social science which interests the largest number. Efficient work in its varied fields is being done by philanthropic men and women everywhere, many of whom would be surprised and amused if you told them they were promoting social science. They practice it while pursuing the humblest tasks of benvolence. The formattion of training-schools for nurses, cooking-schools for scientific instruction in the culinary art, the establishment of foundling asylums and the prevention of pauperism by furnishing the poor with employment are parts of the great work of social science. There is yet much to be done, however, in improving education, from the ragged school and half-time class to the most ambitious university course, especially in providing for better education in art and in the handicrafts, in reforming the law, in teaching the elementary principles of finance, in the movement to give full acknowledgment to the aspirations and capabilities of women by the invention of life and labor saving machinery, and the practical application of social science to our whole social condition." Social science, as I understand it, has two grand objects or ends, and to be rightly comprehended must be viewed in its dual aspect. First, the purely scientific and theoretical. Second, the practical and efficient. One is the realm of thought and inquiry—purely scientific; the other is the realm of thought, inquiry and action—scientific and practical. The product of the first is brain power, the product of the last is brain and hand power combined. This fact of quaility must be fixed in the minds, else we shall never be able to separate the grain of truth from the chaff of words and the tares of error. Understand me: I have no desire to allure any sister into the fields of labor who chooses to dwell solely in the empyrean of the intellect; neither do I tolerate obstacles thrown in the path of those who are striving to find employment for the needy by an earnest effort to aronse a wide-spread interest in the development of the rich resources of the State. I have quoted from large authority to substantiate the position taken, that social science is a *practical* science, but if each one of us will make herself familiar with its far-reaching scope—embraced in the seven departments in our constitution, she will see that I am within bounds when I affirm and declare that social science does embrace the industrial arts, from the highest pinnacle of nineteenth-century achievements in engineering and architecture to the rudest bridge and cabin of our remote ancestors; from the social palace at Gies, France, to the ragged school at the Five Points Mission, New York. This society was planned after Eastern associations of the same name, which are doing all kinds of practical work for the amelioration of the less-favored portion of society, and this is an important part of the work aimed to be accomplished by this organization, and it will never lose sight of the unselfish object, but press forward with a firm step growing strong in the onward march.—*Sunday Chronicle, Sept.* 11, 1880.

WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Red Men's Hall was well filled yesterday afternoon, to hear Miss Lichtenthaler's paper on "Women of the Nineteenth Century." During the reading the essayist said: "France excels in her agricultural schools for girls. The most flourishing is near Rouen. It was founded by a Sister of Charity, with a capital of one franc and two little discharged prison girls. It is now worth $165,000. The farm includes 400 acres, and is entirely cultivated by 300 poor girls, who have a good home and earn an independent livelihood. These pupils are in great demand, on account of their skill, as stewards, gardeners, farm managers, dairy superintendants, etc. Germany excels in her wood-carving schools. One hundred and sixty have been in progress for years, and they have been so successful that the number is to be increased to two hundred. It has become an industry of national importance. There are similar schools in some of our States. American ladies exhibited elegant carved pianos, bedsteads, and various articles of furniture of their own exquisite workmanship, at the Centennial. Japan even is establishing training schools where sewing, knitting and washing, as well as the three k's, are taught. Our favored daughter, Raleigh, N. C., is instructing her deaf mutes in the culinary art. Cooking schools for the amelioration of human suffering and the prolongation of human life are growing in favor at home and abroad. Miss Palos, of Boston, and Miss Corson, of New York, have trained hundreds of girls in the fine art of preparing a well cooked, nutritious dinner, and these professional cooks are in active demand, not only for the kitchen, but for the parlor. The kitchen gardens established in New York in 1876 have five or six hundred pupils and seventy teachers. Chicago and other cities also have thriving garden schools. There is no more marked feature of the age than women's literary associations and benevolent organizations, which are being founded in all our cities, villages and hamlets. These provide women with the means of intellectual growth, and with the power to elevate the masses. There is a steady progress all over the world in the recognition of the claims of woman to the highest and best education. In competitive examinations in art, science and general scholarship woman has proved that mental capacity and power know no sex. Competion between the sexes has an inspiring influence on both. Not alone is the intellect broadened and deepened, but all true womanly virtues are fostered and pure affection awakened, and there is no danger that the higher standard of education will be lowered by woman's presence. In the State University class, numbering forty, Miss M. Hawley, an Oakland girl, was awarded the highest honors.—*Call*, Sept 19, 1880.

The ladies of the Women's Social Science Association assembled in their usual place of meeting yesterday afternoon, the President, Mrs. J. W. Stow, in the chair. Mrs. Stow said:

This is the eighth public meeting of this society. What has it accomplished? First, it has sown the seed of silk culture in this state, which will ripen in a harvest before the close of the next decade. Second, it has projected a perpetual industrial system which will forever rid the State, towns and cities of enforced pauperism, willful pauperism and trampism. Third, it has roused the slumbering energies of man as to his time-honored and rightful supremacy in projecting and leading in all large enterprises. Hence, we hear that early next week Rev. Horatio Stebbins is to form a social science society which is to wholly eclipse in dignity and outrank in quality the woman movement. I hope it will incorporate the true spirit of Christ in its constitution, and work with and for the needy million, instead of with and for the favored few. But this society of the chosen, with a clergyman at the helm, can never do away with the living fact that women led in social science on the Pacific coast; that they were leaders of men; that no scheme nor plan of man can overshadow the carefully-thought-out solution of "how to feed the hungry and clothe the naked of the Golden State." While traveling in Europe, in 1874, I visited many reform and industrial schools, together with Godin's Social Palace at Gies, in order to study the system of each. I found France had more nearly perfected a system, through individual effort, of making the pauper class earn their own keeping than any other nation, and yet her system lacked breadth. Now, what I propose is broader, deeper and more lasting, because it is an irrevokable prepetuity. The plan I shall work out independently, as regards financial complications with social science; although an all-important part of it, it will constitute itself an independent section. I have asked the land owners of this State to give 70,000 acres of land in a perpetual entail to industry to be distributed in lots of from ten to one hundred acres, with a thousand acres or more in each county. The name of the giver as well as the land will descend to postetity as "The Jones Grant," "The Adams Grant," etc. Here will be located co-operative colonies, where every one who earns money, by the week, month or year, will be paid for the time employed and at the end of the current year the man, woman or child will share in the annual net income of the colony. To the amount received in payment for labor the pro rata will be as $5 or $500 to the entire net income. This makes of every workman a proprietor of all earnings, makes him careful, conscientious, painstaking. I also ask for money to be sent to the Treasurer, the Pacific Bank, or to me individually, to be used in improving the lands and establishing the colonies; also, trees, especially the mulberry, plants, lumber furniture and everything else needed to build up a colony, I have a hundred acres of land given me already in San Luis Obispo and ten in Contra Costa, and as soon as the magnificent scope of the plan is comprehended the whole amount asked for will be forthcoming, for it will build up and populate the State, and make lands adjoining the various "Industrial Colonies" double in value in a short time. The person who gives a plot of land will be a life-trustee of the colony's funds and have a general oversight of its management if the party desires to do so. Here will spring up manufactories and workshops, where every kind of handicraft will be taught and practiced; here ability, genius and aptitude will take precedence of sex distinctions; here will be miniature republics, without caste, position or special creed. From these centers of labor will rise an endless chime of praise-anthems, sweeter and more acceptable to the Creator of all than many a one from "fretted vault and long-drawn aisle."—*Sunday Chronicle*, Sept. 22, 1880.

Previous to this time I had shown Mrs. Hittell the published organization of the Philadelphia Silk Association, which appeared in the *Progress*. She at once said, "Let us take silk culture out of Social Science, and make a California Silk Association, with rich men and women at the head of it." I replied, "No! Rich men, with the large aid of the legislature, have failed *once*, now we women will try. This is woman's work. It has been revived in this society with this society's brain, time and money, and it would be a cruel blow at woman's work to take it from the society that has nursed it into life. One paying section will give tone and solidity to every other."

In November (1880) we leased the house, 304 Stockton street, for the term of three years, for the headquartets of the society. Hearing that Mrs. Hittell was busily organizing a California Silk Association, composed of rich men and women, I announced that the Silk School would open the second Tuesday in November, at two o'clock, in the parlors of the S. S. S. Before the end of the month, "The California Silk Culture Association" was declared organized, with a long array of gentlemen and ladies' names all over the State, and that subscription books were open at all the banks. This was a severe blow to Social Science, for the reason that it took away the only thing that there was money in, and no society can live without money. When I said to Mrs, Hittell, "I will never forgive you for doing this great wrong," she replied, "It won't hurt Social Science. There is room for half a dozen silk societies in California." "But," I replied, "who will give money to any but the one that embraces the whole state, with the *Governor* at its helm, and brooded over by the *Academy of Sciences?*" To prove that there would be no California Silk Association to-day only for Social Science, it only needs to be said that Mrs. Symth's paper on Silk Culture was read before the Ebell Society of Oakland, early in 1879, and no practical notice was taken of it, further than what appeared in the daily papers; and that Mrs. Hittell read her paper before the California Horticultural Association in March of 1880, and no notice was taken of it except that it was published in one of the weekly papers, not the *Horticulturist*.

There are people who can never do anything until the way is made smooth by others. They are like the birds who never build nests, but occupy, through strength of beak and talons, those that have been built by other birds. There are inventors who have died in garrets, after having lived in garrets on a crust for years, and their toil, privation, starvation, have enriched unconscionable graspers, who have turned away the rightful inventors with scorn and derision. Such is unbridled *personal* ambition. Such is shameless competition and disintegration.

I hope every one reading this who is in love with justic will send this, the Woman's Social Science Association of California, money to develop at least one colony of silk growers. Just as fast as we have put forth a profitable branch, it has been clipped off and transplanted with high-sounding names to bear off all the possible income of such an enterprise, by people—women-people—who have more money than we have. The rich against the poor. We are poor. When we opened the Woman's Exchange in January, 1881, an editor of one of the dailies, who had been most kind and helpful, said: "I can do no more for your Society, now that you are running opposition to the Y. W. C. A." I replied: "We are running opposition to no one. Our work is co-operative, not competitive. They sell work for *nothing*, and no one but a mendicant will accept those conditions. We charge 10 per cent." But as soon as the rich ladies of the city opened an Exchange, planned exactly after ours, the same paper was loud in its praise of the movement. Purse-power is mighty and does prevail. When I asked the Art Association of this city for the use of their idle reception rooms for *one* evening, the request was refused on the ground that "we could not make so mischievous a precedent." "But," I urged, "my husband and I were among the *charter* members and life-long (Mr. Stow) supporters of the institution. Few, who are homeless, have the claim that I have." But "No!" was the final response. Now look upon this picture and then on that: When the Fine Art Association, composed of rich women, wanted it for their Loan Exhibition, the doors were opened wide for *two* weeks. No alarm about "*precedents*" when purse-power demanded entrance. Had *I* asked the favor during my husband's life, it would have been granted.

To illustrate competetion—the rich against the poor: We teach everything in our Fine Art department, in classes, for 25 cents. The Fine Art Association (opened the 15th of June, 1881) teaches for *nothing*, but charges 10 per cent. for sales made; the same as we do.

I make no boast when I affirm, that, if there had been no Woman's Social Science Association in San Francisco, there would be no Social Science Association of men and women in San Francisco to-day, although its President, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, says that it had been incubating for five years in his brain. If so, it took the Promethean fire of woman's brain to hatch the chicken. The last "Bulletin" of his society received, stated that the memberhip was twenty-nine—all men—and that the Society held meetings twice a month at parlor A, Palace Hotel, and that all men and all women were cordially invited to be present on the Tuesday evenings of the meeting. Sometime I shall avail myself of the invitation, for I am in love with progress. Again: There would be no Fine Art Association in San Francisco if it had not been for the W. S. S. A.; there would be no California Silk Association only for the W. S. S. A. Therefore the S. S. S. had three young and hopeful children before it was a year old. But with all the takings away, the *living spirit* remains in the parent society, which will teach the beautiful gospel of co-operation, honesty, the Golden Rule, to its three independent branches.

Col. Warren, editor and proprietor of the *California Farmer*, in reply to a note of inquiry from the Cal. Silk Society, says: "We received the above note from the Secretary of the Association named, and give it place in our columns, hoping to draw out all the information possible from all parts of our State and Coast. We hope also, that all farmers and others who reply will give all the information and also speak frankly their opinion as to the feasibility of the enterprise, and give their suggestion how it should be carried on, for 'in the multitude of counsel there is safety.'

"We must here take the opportunity to say, however, that while we cheerfully give *this communication* to the public, from the NEW Society, we had supposed that, as the 'ladies of the Social Science Association were the real movers in this enterprise, with Mrs. J. W. Stow, Pres., as the original mover, those really and truly desirous of its prosperity would unite and make the enterprise successful, if possible, for 'in union there is strength,' and what would appear as TWO SOCIETIES only weakens the cause.

"Now, in justice to the cause, we must say it will require a large amount of money, labor and self-sacrifice to wake up SILK CULTURE again and make it successful.

"By the action and expression of the present movers it seems they suppose this a *new thing*, whereas *tens of thousands of dollars* have heretofore been invested and lost by the early workers of 15 to 25 years ago, by *Provost, Neuman Bros., A. P. Smith, Wm. Blanding, C. W. Reed*, and a *score of others*."

[Prominent among the "score of others" was Col. Warren himself.—ED.]

This brief history of Woman's Social Science demonstrates its *living spirit*. When I returned here in the spring of 1880 there was not a woman's organization in the city, outside of Suffrage and Church, or a real *live* organization of men and women.

MRS. STOW.

WANTS.

WANTED—A young girl, 13 or 14 years of age, who has a good contralto voice. Must be prepossessing, agreeable and willing to both study and work, and be well recommended. Apply at this office.

WANTED—Ladies with some means and without incumbrance, to assist in making co-operative associate homes in city and country. Address this office.

WANTED—1,000 acres of land, to establish a silk-growing colony of women and children. Address this office.

WANTED—Money, in sums of one dollar upwards, to develop the land already given to the S. S. S. for silk cultural purposes. Remit to this office in registered letters, drafts and P. O. orders.

WANTED—Agents to canvass for the HERALD, "Confiscation" and "Chaff." Address this office.

WANTED—At this Office: The name and address of all papers published wholly or in part, by women throughout Christendom.

HERALD OF INDUSTRY, for sale at all newspaper stands. Subscriptions at 304 Stockton Street.

A BEAUTIFUL RELIGION.

[Washington Correspondence *Chicago Tribune*]

"Call him not heretic whose works attest
His faith in goodness by no creed confessed.
Whatever in love's name is truly done
To free the bound and lift the fallen one,
Is done to Christ. Whoso in deed and word
Is not against Him, labors for our Lord."

She was a little, pale faced girl, humpbacked, thin, shrinking, and with that look of patience upon her face that belongs to the deformed. She was so thin and fragile that one would hardly credit her with strength to go about. But in all sorts of weather she went bravely upon her small black crutches, hunting Washington over for a place where thin little hands could find something to do. She came here from Brooklyn with letters from people who had been interested in her forlorn condition. She was twenty years old, an orphan, without a relative or near friend in all the world. In Washington, she met with no encouragement. No one had even a kind word for the little, humpbacked woman, who had no friends. Day by day, she haunted the ante-rooms of officials, where she was jostled by politicians and place seekers until any one less patient than she would have given up entirely. Finally, when her resources were nearly all gone, some one told her that there was one man in Washington who was the friend of the friendless, a man with a heart so large and tender that it could not listen to the simplest story of pain and suffering without tears of sympathy.

This man, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, whose sole happiness consists in making others happy, is besieged night and day with crowds of unhappy people. Although he is regarded by many pious people as an enemy to mankind, yet there is not one of them who each day scatters so much kindness and goodness in the path of his fellow creatures. To him the patient-faced cripple went, and at once found that there was one man in the city of Washington who does not discriminate between his callers. With him, the lame, halt and blind find as much favor, if not more, than the rich and powerful. The little cripple told him her story briefly and simply. She was alone in the world. She wanted work. She was able to do much in spite of her deformity. All that she wanted was one chance to show what she could do.

"What have you done already?" was asked.

"I have called to see the President."

"Did you see him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Some way I never managed to get in. I would go there and give my letter to the messenger, and he would say: 'The President is busy now; you must wait.' Then I would wait for hours, and then the messenger would say: 'The hour for the President's reception of callers is at an end. Come again to-morrow at ten.'"

"And you went again?"

"Yes, I was always there as the clock struck, but some way I could never get there so early but that others would be ahead of me. I have gone up there for many days, but I never got any further than on the first day."

"Well, I will see what I can do for you."

He then took her address. A day later, before he could do anything to help her, he was obliged to go away for a week or two. He called upon the little cripple and asked her bluntly how much money she had. She told him. The amount was only enough to last her two or three days longer. The generous public man said: "Well, I guess I will have to see you through in this matter." So he dove down in his pocket and gave her enough money to last her until he returned. Then he gave her a letter to the President. With that she obtained an interview with him. It did not appear to be satisfactory, however, for the next day she appeared again at Colonel Ingersoll's.

"Well?" said he.

"The President was very kind to me," said the cripple, "but he would not give me a note to any of the department chiefs, as I wanted him to do. He said that he had made a rule not to ask personally any appointment in the departments."

"Well," said the colonel, "you get ready and go up with me to-morrow, and I will talk to the President for you."

The next day, Colonel Ingersoll walked into the President unannounced, as is his privilege. Said he:

"Mr. President, there is a little humpbacked woman outside I want you to see."

"But, my dear Bob," said the President, "there are Senators and members here in this room waiting to see me."

"Let them wait. You have that class here every day. Let them come again, if need be. I want you to see my little humpbacked friend."

"But what can I do for her? I can't write her a letter, as it is against my rules."

"You can make this exception to your rule. You can say: 'I will write no letters except for orphan hump-backed women with no relatives or friends. To do such a deed of kindness as this is worth all there is in being President. Anybody can give offices to politicians, but it takes the highest aspirations and noblest of minds to use the great power of President to help the helpless and aid the friendless.

The President smiled as he said:

"Well, Bob, for the Lord's sake, for your sake, and for her sake, I will do it."

"Never mind about the Lord's sake. According to your view of the Lord's work, he is responsible for the affliction that now makes this poor girl suffer. So we will leave him out. Also, please leave me out of the case, and do it, as you ought, for her sake."

"Very well, as you say, it shall be done for her sake."

Here the President dashed off a hasty order for her appointment, and as he did so, Colonel Ingersoll said, laughingly:

"There, I regard that as one of the most important acts of your administration."

This is the true history of how this patient-faced little woman finally secured a place in one of the government bureaus.

A CO-OPERATIVE CONGRESS was held in London on the 6th, 7th and 8th of June. The Right Hon. Earl of Derby presided and delivered the Inaugural address.

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(*Fourth Edition.*)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated. —*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherless children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance. The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

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After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passsonate eloquence.—*New York Tribune.*

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News.*

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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THE STOW BILL.

(Introduced in the House of Rep., Dec. 9, 1879, by De Lamatyr, of Indiana.)

FOR THE AMENDMENT OF LAWS IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AND THE TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:

SECTION 1. That in all marriages hereafter contracted, the property of both parties and the accumulations of wedlock shall be common property. Separate estates, protected by antenuptial contracts, legacies, gifts, and bequests, shall constitute the private property of each, which shall be exempt from the debts or torts of the other. Property given to a wife by her husband, except during or in expectation of insolvency, shall be her private property.

SEC. 2. At the death of either husband or wife the survivor shall own, after the payment of all debts, half of the common property and have the use of the other half during life, or until remarriage, in which event the estate shall be divided, one-half going to the survivor *absolutely* and the other half to the children of the first marriage, unless otherwise ordained by the testator. If there are no children, then according to the will; if there is no will, then to the heirs of the deceased. No testament placed over the common property by the deceased shall take effect until after the death or remarriage of the survivor.

SEC. 3. All debts or claims against the joint estate shall be settled by the survivor subject to the same law which regulates the collection of partnership debts upon the death of one of the firm.

SEC. 4. In case of divorce the wife shall be entitled to her separate property, and half of the common property after the payment of all debts.

SEC. 5. The survivor, unless mentally or morally incapacitated, shall have the sole guardianship of the persons of his or her minor children under 14 years of age. In case of divorce the mother, unless barred by misconduct or mental aberration, shall heave the guardianship of the persons of her minor children under 14 years of age, if she so elects and is able to support them.

SEC. 6. A homestead not exceeding in value $5,000 shall be exempt from levy and sale. If at the death of the husband there be no homestead, then $5,000 in personal property or wild lands shall belong to the widow, and shall be exempt from all claims made by creditors.

SEC. 7. No conveyance or endorsement affecting the joint real estate shall be valid without the signature of both husband and wife.

This Bill was published in many of the leading papers of the Nation, and in the dailies of Washington, as the most important bill which had been introduced during the session.—[Ed.

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"THE HISTORY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE."—The first grand volume of this priceless book is an earnest of what the second will be. In it are gathered and bound in golden sheaves the labors of scores of women living and dead. What deathless sermons these pages preach! Long years of working, waiting, hoping, praying. How bravely those pioneers stood by the cause so dear to them, never wavering under the hot-shot of ridicule and social ostracism; never pausing on the onward and upward march, but, with steady eyes fixed on the star of their hopes, they counted the telling years, like beads upon a rosary, in imperishable riches on the wheel of Time. All honor to the noble women who met at Seneca Falls and in Worcester. They laid the foundation stones of a better civilization, of a truer Christianity, of a stronger race. They laid the axe at the root of the gigantic tree of prejudice and the thick-set hedge of usurpation. They have made it possible, profitable and proper for women to enter the professions; to occupy Government positions; to sit on school boards; to preach in pulpits; to lecture on platforms; and to be more companionable wives and more sensible mothers. The book shows careful research and able editorship; and, as an encyclopediac record and reference, it is of incomparable value. To rightly understand a great work, we must know its history. The book must be read to be thoroughly appreciated. The editors are so well known as women of ripe scholarship and varied journalistic experience and ability, that the general verdict will be, "Well done! good and faithful sisters; may the silver that glorifies your temples never be hidden from the light of day till you have your reward."

Edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Matilda Joslyn Gage. Fowler & Wells, publishers, New York. For sale at Bancroft's.

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AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive which it may not Execute."

Vol. 1. No. 2. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1881. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

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THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S

SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUG. 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stocoton St., San Francisco.

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OBJECTS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

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SUNDAY—First Independent Church—Services: 12 M., Little Science Sunday-school. 2 P. M., Bible Reading and discussion. 7:30 P. M., The Religion of Positivism—to all of which the public, ladies, gentlemen and children, are most cordially invited. Seats free.

WEDNESDAY EVENING. — Woman's Independent Political Party, ladies and gentlemen. Second Thursday—(evening) From 8 to 11, Social, for both ladies and gentlemen. Last Friday—(evening) Entertainment, commencing at 8 o'clock; ladies, gentlemen and children. Members and children, 10 cts. admission; non-members 25 cts. Entertainment, musical and literary—first-class.

FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE

(Sept. 7th and 8th, 1881)

EVER CONVENED BY WOMEN ON THE COAST, WAS A TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS!

Two days and two evenings of unalloyed pleasure. What with fine papers and letters from absent sympathizers read, music and recitations, the two days and evenings will be remembered for a twelve-month at least. An epitome of the fine papers read by Mrs. J. H. Smyth of Oakland ("Literature and Poetry of Ireland"); "Woman as an Inventor," Mrs. Knox Goodrich of San Jose; the "Dignity of Labor," Mrs. Laura W. Briggs of San Francisco, and brief notices of other papers read, will appear in the next issue of the HERALD; also, an original poem by Mrs. N. Furlong. The conference closed with a

GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION

in the Association's beautiful and artistic parlors, the *S. S. S.* It was the first "*Social*" worthy of the name ever held in them. We expect to have many more just such joyous reunions, where the "welcome" is warm and generous to every *stranger* as well as friend. Without this large spirit, Social Science is a dead letter. The "Mistress of Ceremonies," Madame Hoffman, is a lady well qualified for the graceful position, having seen much of the world, and entertained, at her own table, the nobility of Paris and London. Every member of the present Cabinet is a lady of fine culture, travel and experience. With such helms-*women*, we cannot but succeed. The W. S. S. A. is founded on a rock, and all the waves of malice and adverse criticism will not move it one jot or tittle. The time has forever passed when woman's work can be blown to atoms by poisonous breath, or paper catipults of derision. Every paper that descends into the slums of the gutter to ridicule woman's work is fouling its own nest, instead of damaging the God-ordained labors of woman for the uplifting of the down-trodden of her own sex. Every woman who will not aid, to the extent of her means and ability, such efforts is unworthy the name of woman, mother, wife, friend. *God pity them!*

WOMAN'S REPUBLIC.—Founded by Mrs. J. W. Stow, June 7, 1881, for the purpose of creating an independent center of thought and action for women, where they can meet once, twice, thrice a week and discuss all questions with a freedom and thoroughness heretofore undreamed of; where every subject pertaining to the well-being of the race is fully exposed to the sunlight of truth and investigation. Only filthy and obscene minds can speak of the sacred function of creating and bearing children as "dirty." Every ray of light emanating from the lamp of reason should be focused upon it. To eradicate evil we must begin at the germ. The constituents of this Republic are:

First, A woman's church, organized June 19, 1881, the "First Independent Church of San Francisco." A church without a priest. It is managed and controlled by seven women directors. Services: "Little Science Sunday School" at 12 M.; "Bible Reading and Discussion" at 2 P. M.; "Religion of Positivism," at 7½ P. M. This religion accepts everything as religion which educates, refines and ennobles the human character and broadens and expands the human reason. A religion whose foundation and superstructure betoken the compass and line of fixed and immutable laws; a religion of reason, purity and happiness, of the brain and not the emotions. All creeds are welcome. We have no lines of demarkation, but hold out the Christian hand of fellowship to all. Come and worship with us, 304 Stockton street.

Second. "Woman's Independent Political Party." The first political "Mass Meeting" ever called by a woman for women, in the world, was called by Mrs. J. W. Stow, at 304 Stockton street, on Monday evening Aug. 29, 1881. It was called in honor of the two lady nominees on both the Greenback tickets, Marian Todd, Esq. for City and County Attorney, and Mrs J. W. Stow for School Director. Mrs. Todd, in answer to a special invitation to be present, in closing her note of acceptance, said, "in the name of the women of America and of the world, receive thanks." Ringing speeches were made by attorneys, Foltz, Todd and Lewis, by leaders of the party and Mrs. Stow, who declared that the time had come for her to work for "Woman Suffrage"—that when she found herself a candidate for political honors, and in the "dirty pool of politics" without rudder or compass or previous condition of qualification the scales had fallen from her eyes. She complimented the Greenback party on their prophetic vision and admirable good sense in early recognizing the claims of women.

The first day of the Conference was election day, and the portico of the S. S. S. was utilized as a polling booth for ladies only. 81 votes were cast: Mrs. Todd, 81; Mrs. Stow, 80. These were the first votes ever cast by women on the Coast in the regular way—that is, with a real ballot box, ballots and placards. The Republicans won, so neither of the ladies were elected.

Third. "*Cure Without Medicine.*" On the 3d of October, 1881, Mrs Stow commenced the practice of curing the lame, the halt and the blind by the use of electricity, Nature's great and infallible remedy.

A "woman's Anti-Monopoly League" is the next thing in order. These various plans and schemes which Mrs. Stow has so fearlessly laid out and so persistently carried out, for the advancement of women, through and by their own might have caused frantic alarm in the conservative minds of men and maids. The fear has been that she was getting a leverage on the universe, which would be shortly upset if she was allowed any more tether—therefore they, the timid sisters, during a sudden squall, commenced to pull in line and reef sail; but the teapot-tempest blew a gale, and losing all caution they womaned the life-boat and paddled off on a sea of gall and wormwood, in an open boat with paper compass, top-gallant sail and spanker-sheet; and although fearfully afraid of *white* men, especially reporters, they cast their paper anchor on the shore of the "Red Men," and are drying their "jerkin" by the lodge fires of the great chief Spunkeywumptuck. When the dust of the departure had cleared away we counted all hands on board, and found that the ship was staunch and well womaned; therefore it kept steadily on its course. Its captain, officers and crew can now do practical work without fear of an avenging Board. For thirteen months the experiment of trying to make old bottles hold new wine has been tried with the usual disastrous result. Egyptian mummies, and musty straw tombs of Pharaoh's and St. Peter's dome were far more interesting to the transplanted æsthetics than any living, breathing, palpitating issue of the hour.

Practical and æsthetical social science is not sufficiently developed to work harmoniously just now in San Francisco. But the large heart of the parent society wishes its wayward æsthetic offshoot all manner of success. It has, like all young children, made some ludicrous lurches in trying to "run alone," but it will do better when the newness and strangeness of the situation wears off. Its head will get steadier, its body rounder, its legs stronger, and its mind clearer.

Our *first*-born Social Science child has never been a vigorous infant, but we hope that our *second* will be a marvel of strength, that it will grow apace. We wish them both a large growth and abundant prosperity. We should be an unnatural mother if we did not. We lay our united hands in blessing upon their two heads.

A SUPREME COURT FARCE WITH JOVIAL ACTORS.—The 19th of September, 1881, should appear on the court records of San Francisco as a black-banner day for all time to come. On that day a widow, in a Supreme Court of justice (?), sought to recover damages for false and malicious imprisonment. On the 11th of February, 1881, she was unlawfully arrested and dragged to prison, because she refused to remake a perfect street. No other person, woman or man, was molested on her side of the roadway. The millionaire banker who owns the lot next to hers was not even notified that there was anything to be done to the street. Not a spoonful of macadam above the corner lot has been put upon the street by one resident on the side where her house and lot is. The arrest was made under a bogus ordinance by the order of the superintendent of streets. If malice and money were not back of it, why was this widow singled out to be imprisoned *alone*? Why did not the millionaire and the other four residents on the block share her felon's cell? No bonds were required of them.

Ex-Judge Dwinell, opposing counsel, denied that there was any injury done to the plaintiff whatever; although she was sick at the time of arrest; that her feelings were not injured, that her body was not bruised, that her clothing was not torn, that her occupation was not interrupted, that in no way was she discomfited by being restrained of her liberty, by being forced to spend a night of untold horror and agony behind prison bars, and within a felon's cell. Civilization, Christianity and humanity are called upon to uncover in the presence of this marvelously just and high-toned denial. The status of a people's progress from barbarism is measured by the manner it treats defenseless (in law) women. But this refined counsel's deepest and tenderest sympathies were aroused when he contemplated the terrible strain on the brawn and muscle of the clubmen who were forced to "*haul*" such a "*heavy weight*" down stairs. The ex-judge is the hero of many forensic victories; but this will ever remain the one star of the *first* magnitude in his legal horizon.

The gray-headed man upon the bench enjoyed the play hugely, and endorsed all the defendant's profound and witty pleadings, almost before they were spoken; but when the counsel for the plaintiff sought to read his written plea, he was brought up short at every turn by: "That has no bearing upon the case, sir, I will spare you the trouble of reading it." The plaintiff, Marrietta L. Stow, calls, in the name of God, a *just* God, in the name of truth and honor, civilization and humanity, Christianity and morality, upon the people of this state, of this nation and of the civilized world for an honest, just, impartial verdict, a verdict which has been denied her here.

Seven men, two of whom were street contractors, swore that the street was in "good repair." The arrest was made under a bogus ordinance, which had been pronounced *inoperative and void* by the Supreme Court of the state. No other resident in the entire street was molested. If malice was not at the bottom of this persecution, what was at the bottom of it? The man on the bench ruled that the street superintendent was not liable for the acts of his deputy. For what purpose is he required to give bonds, then? What are they for? A further ruling was that the city was not responsible for the acts of its servants, any further than the legislature is liable, as a body, for the lawless acts of desperadoes throughout the state.

With this kind of ruling, no citizen—if that citizen be a woman and widow—is safe in her home for a single night. If there can be found no written law which will protect the innocent and punish the guilty, is it not time to establish a precedent? Would it not redound to the glory of a man sitting upon a judicial bench to create such a precedent, instead of presenting the pitiable spectacle of unseemly delight that there was none such? Are we always to be chained to blood-stained, tear-stained groan-corroded, precedent? God forbid!

IT MAY BE OF INTEREST to printers to know that the type from which the HERALD OF INDUSTRY is printed was manufactured by Messrs. Painter & Co., pioneer type founders of this city and coast. The appearance of the paper speaks well for their workmanship.

SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE HERALD AT ONCE. It is but one dollar a year, and this number alone is worth that sum.

MEDICINE.

Medicine is a good humbug.—*M. Margendie France.*

I have no faith whatever in medicine.—*Dr. Baillie, England.*

What we call *medical science* is a jumble of inconsistent opinions.—*Dublin Medical Journal.*

Nine times out of ten our miss-called remedies are injurious to our patients.—*Prof. Jamieson, Scotland.*

Every dose of medicine is a blind experiment on the vitality of the patient.—*Bostock's History of Medicine.*

The popular medical system has neither philosophy nor common sense to commend it to confidence.—*Dr. Evans, F. R. C, London.*

QUACKERY.—The chief cause of quackery outside of the medical profession is the *real* quackery in the profession.—*Dr. Adam Smith.*

I fearlessly assert, that in most cases our patients would be safer without a physician than with one.—*Dr. Ramage, F. R. C.*

The drugs which are administered for the cure of scarlet fever kill far more patients than those diseases do.—*Prof. Baker, New York Medical College.*

Ninety-nine out of every hundred medical facts are medical lies, and medical doctrines are, for the most part, stark, staring nonsense.—*Prof. Gregory, Edinburgh.*

It is my firm belief, that the prevailing mode of practice is productive of vastly more evil than good; and were it absolutely abolished, mankind would be infinitely the gainer.—*Dr. Cogswell, Boston.*

What do persons who call themselves teasonable do, in the midst of a hundred doctors, with a hundred different medicines, each affirming that his own is good, and that all the rest are bad? Do they reject them all? No, they *swallow them all!*—*Dr. Trall.*

I declare it as my conscientious conviction, founded on long experience and observation, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, *man*-midwife, chemist, apothecary, druggist, nor drug, on the face of the earth, there would be less mortality than now prevail.—*James Johnson, M.D., F.R.S.*

SCISSORS.

There are 140 women law firms in the United States.

Definitions are the very core and kernel of real knowledge.

The prunes on three and a half acres of ground at Los Gatos were sold last week for $625.

M. Gambetta says that the strength of France is in a great measure due to the thrift and industry of French women.

The yield of a bartlett pear tree at Mrs Michael's ranch, two and a half miles northwest of Healdsburg, was this year, by actual weight, 500 lbs. They were sold in Healdsburg at 2½ cents per pound.

Miss Eleanor Cushing of Bath holds the chair of mathematics in Smith College, Miss Ellen Lord of Portland that of Greek at Wellesley, and Miss Heloise E. Heresey of Oxford, that of English studies in Smith College, showing that Maine furnishes her quota of instructors.

Yeast is working everywhere. Ancient formulas and time honored creeds are yielding as much to internal pressure as to external assault. The expansion of knowledge is loosening the very earth, clutched by the roots of creeds and churches.

DR. MARY PUTNAM JACOBI of New York, and Dr. Emily F. Pope of Boston have been appointed members of the health committee of the American Social Science Association. The committee is composed of some of the leading physicians of the country; but these are the only two women members.

Miss Katie J. Rogers, a neice of Randolf Rogers, the celebrated sculptor, is an artist of great promise. She has her studio at Ann Arbor, where she is making a special study of wild flowers, gathered in great varieties in the woods about her home. She is credited with a remarkable gift in the production of faces, as well as bringing out all the beauties of a landscape.

The Co-operative Dress Association is now firmly established in New York city, the shares of stock having been subscribed for as voraciously as if they had been four per cent bonds. This Association carries on the general dry goods trade on the same basis as other firms as regards the outside world; but when the books are balanced quarterly the profits are divided among the share holders, first by a six per cent dividend on the stock, and the balance by a pro rata distribution on the basis of purchases.

There is in San Jose, according to the *Mercury* of that city, a little mite of a maiden, named Seda Reveras, whose exhibition of American pluck deserves encouragement. The tot conceived the idea of selling books to "pay mamma's rent," and is succeeding admirably as a canvasser. The mother has for years met unflinchingly life's stern demands, working with tired hands early and late, and now that she is left a widow with two helpless babes, her intelligent little daughter rises in the strength of filial love to soothe the menacing face of want.

It is the same story everywhere. Every step of woman's advancement is opposed, and yielded only after a struggle. Man, who styles himself "Woman's natural protector," makes the way hard for her, and hinders where he should help. It is a "battle of the sexes." It argues something in favor of the moral greatness of the women at the front, confronting and overcoming this perpetual hindrance from men, that they do not grow bitter with increasing years, but are able to help men heartily when they need it, and to rejoice completely in whatever successes crown their lives.—*Mary A. Livermore.*

Marriage is indeed honorable, but not at all expedient or possible. As society grows more settled and conservative and places a higher value on birth and position, on wealth, fashion and culture, this union is not entered into without deliberation and scrutiny. Cupid, once fabled to be blind, is no longer so. Marriage is deferred till later years and is diminished in frequency. In our own country the class of single women, of women compelled to find their own subsistence and manage their own affairs, largely increases from year to year. Now, clearly there is something wrong in a social system which compels impartial men to say, that all is missed in the path of fortune, or that the chances of an honorable livelihood are few and exceptional, to any woman whose life does not ultimate in marriage.

OPENING THE BOSTON MUSEUMS ON SUNDAY.—The movement now on foot in New York to secure the opening of the metropolitan Museum on Sundays is in keeping with the growing desire on the part of the American people, one quarter of whom are said to live in cities, to secure on Sunday a larger degree of educational freedom and privilege. Coincident with it has been the effort of the English House of Lords to secure the opening of the British Museum and the South Kensington Museum on Sundays. The motion to open these great institutions to the great masses of people in London and in the districts suburban to it was lost by the narrow majority of only seven votes, and evidently the delay in obtaining the consent of Parliament to the change is only a question of time.—*Boston Herald.*

The Clothing League for the Abolition of Petticoats recently held its first public meeting in a concert room of the Brunnen strasse, Berlin. A Chairwoman having been duly elected, the proceedings were opened by an eloquent speech setting forth the inconveniences and disadvantages, from a sanitary point of view, of the flowing garments hitherto deemed appropriate wear for civilized females. This disclosure pronounced it to be the most sacred duty of every member of the association to discard, with the utmost promptitude, such objectionable raiment typical of all the disabilities wrongfully ascribed to woman by her oppressor, man, and to assume in its stead "a dualistic form of covering for the legs as well as for the arms." This daring programme of action was hailed with acclamations of approval by all present save one, a Frau Peters, who courageously stood up for the denounced petticoat on the ground that it was far more becoming than trowsers to members of the female sex. Her protesting voice, however, was drowned in a storm of indignant clamor, and a resolution embodying the sentiments previously announciated by the Chairwoman was passed by an overwhelming majority of the fair leaguers.

PICKLE-FACTORY HANDS.

Abuses and Outrages Inflicted on Female Workers.

HUMANE MANUFACTURERS—CLEANLINESS AND DIRT—A LADY JOURNALIST'S EXPERIMENT.

Society is like a beautiful fruit, all bloom and freshness outside, with a rotten core within. The thousands and even millions of people scattered from the Pacific to the Atlantic, who adorn their tables with delicious canned California fruits and meats, little guess the histories and mysteries to be revealed could they but trace the contents through their various stages of preparation. During the busy summer months, in addition to large forces of white men and Chinamen, there are about 1,500 women employed in the canneries of this city. It is, perhaps, the most extensive feminine industry of the city, yet little is known by the outside world regarding their condition, remuneration or treatment. At two or three of the establishments visitors are politely and courteously welcomed; but at a much larger number, for reasons which will appear very obvious before the close of this article, the inspection of the public is neither desired nor tolorated.

A lady reporter of the *Examiner*, desirous of ascertaining for herself, by actual experience, what the life of a "pickle-factory" hand must be, rose at 5 o'clock one morning last week, and after a hastily-eaten breakfast, clad in an old dress and shawl, shabby hat and thick black veil, with cotton gloves on her hands and a newspaper containing a big crlico apron under her arm, made her way on foot across the city and along Broadway to the canning establishment near the lower end of the street, one of the oldest and best known on the coast. Early as it was, there were a number of women there before her, for it is "first come, first served" at these places, and the woman who wants to be sure of work must be on hand long before seven o'clock each day. Entering a broad doorway a man stood at the door of the glass office inside.

"Can you give me work to-day?"

The young man scanned the applicant critically. Evidently the inspection was satisfactory, for he turned away, saying, not unkindly:

"I don't know. You stay here and I'll ask the forewoman."

He conversed for a moment with a somewhat comely, sharp-faced woman in bright gingham dress, who finally advanced and said in a wiry voice:

"There isn't much to do, but if your'e a-mind to go to work on tomatoes, you can begin."

"All right!" commencing with busines-like gravity to remove hat and shawl preparatory for the day's duties.

"Have you got a knife?"

"No," in alarm, lest the non-possession of that useful article should prove an insurmountable barrier.

"All right, I'll give you one," and suiting action to word she brought from the office a formidable-looking weapon with thin, sharp blade, one end cut off square, the other illy fitted into a weakly wooden handle.

Taking her place at the side of one of the long, flat, dirty-looking tables, the new comer had time to look around and observe her surroundings, awaiting the arrival of the fruit. The place was like a great barn, with the eastern half, where the women stood, darkened by a false floor over head, the only light received being through the partly-secured doorway at one end, and a mild reflected light which seemed to descend from an unseen skylight fifty feet to the west. Over there a few men were scattered about, engaged in various avocations. Down the long row of tables the women stood, with now and then the weary, heart-sick face of a refined-looking woman, so sad and joyless in its aspect as to move the observer to involuntary pain. Their ragged clothes proclaimed their extreme poverty. Language of the coarsest and vilest character, interspersed with oaths issued unrebuked from the lips of many of the men, taken up and echoed from the lips of young girls. There were three children, whose ages ranged from 11 to 13, at the table where the novitiate stood, and near her a cluster of women were discussing the foibles of one of their friends and co-workers. The children at the other end of the table listened opened-mouthed.

Meanwhile, each woman had provided herself with two small tubs, holding about a gallon apiece. A cry arose, "Here comes the tomatoes," and the most muscular women and boldest girls rushed to meet a low truck, rolled up from the rear of the place by a couple of hoodlum boys almost grown, and by dint of scrambling, struggling, fighting and swearing, a fortunate few emerged bearing large tubs of the scalded fruit, which they bore aloft in triumph to their tables. Again and again the operation was repeated, until finally all were served, and the work began in earnest. This consisted in peeling the fruit, carefully eliminating any defects or stems, piling skins and waste in one small tub and the rest of the fruit in the other. Having, like most housewives, some experience in the matter, the new-comer was able to perform the work with some degree of intelligence, but the fruit was scalded, so that the skins of a large portion had to be removed like apple-parings; the room was so dark that it required close scrutiny to detect the decayed spots, and painfully plodding on she was alarmed by hearing in her ear: "Ye'll have to hurry faster than this or ye'll not make yer tubful in an hour, and ye know that only counts one cent." It was a good natured Irishwoman, who accompanied her remark with a sly and kindly contribution of peeled tomatoes to the stranger's tub. She was one of the few day-workers and not paid by piece work, so she could afford to be generous. It was probably nearly three-quarters of an hour when the tub was at length filled. Then, following lowing the custom, the worker went out into the slippery aisle, some forty feet toward the rear of the building, around a turn and over to the great vats, where the forewoman stood ready to inspect the contents, see them dumped in the big cauldron, and put a tin check in the bottom of the empty tub. This ceremony had to be repeated every time a tub was filled, though some of the sturdier women managed to carry two at once.

General ill-feeling, ugliness, jealousy and malice were the sentiments mostly characterizing the workers in their treatment of each other. Profane and vulgar epithets were constanly flying back and forth. Impudent girls would run around the tables and steal from others the fruit which was smoothest and most perfect and involved the least labor to prepare. Now and then a tomato, as the only available weapon, was hurled by one angry shrew at another. A diminutive little creature called "Julia," the smallest girl there, sat perched up by the side of a big hogshead into which the peelings were emptied, and acted as an amateur detective, thrusting her hands down into the soft mess in the tubs to see if any fruit had been wasted, questioning as to the number of checks already received, and dealing out saucy epithets and insulting remarks to aged gray-headed women, who dared only retaliate by denominating her "Commodore Nutt" or the "grasshopper," among themselves. The great boys who brought the fruit were savages, who used the most impudent language and gestures, and delighted in annoying the women in all possible ways. They delighted in slipping up and unexpectedly flinging a big tub of fruit and dirty water on the tables, so that the fluid, passing through the big cracks in a shower, would drench their clothes and feet. They would pass through the narrow aisles where the women sat back to back, and bang and bruise their shoulders and backs with heavy boxes and tubs, which they were carrying. Once, while making her way to the vats, a big girl purposely pushed a heavy truck against the writer, which, if she had not quickly stepped aside, might have caused the loss of a limb. The women stood on open frameworks of light wood, which raised their feet an inch or more from the perpetually flooded floor, but they were obliged to wade through pools of water on their way to the vats. No seats were provided for them, and, almost fainting with fatigue, they would bow over their work, not daring to stop and rest lest the meager pittance they were calculating upon should be lessened. Out of the seventy-five working, perhaps five had confiscated some castaway boxes, which they stood on end for seats, and tremulously guarded lest they should be snatched away. One feeble little lame woman, terribly crippled in one hip, stood for a couple of hours, and when, finally, a good-natured young girl secured a box for her, her benefactor was rewarded by a loud threat and menace from Miss Julia, who assured her she "would catch it for that." The policy of the establishment is to allow the women no comfort which can be prevented, and it is well carried out. Late in the forenoon the order came to "Clear for quinces," and an army of men, armed with hose, advanced upon the tables, clearing tables and floors of their litter of seeds and skins. When they chanced to see any women in their paths they would courteously yell: "Git out of the way, you girls, can't you, d—— you."

Of all the men and boys whose business brought them about the tables, only one was observed who used decent language. The quinces were flung upon the tables, and the workers, sore over the time they had lost, returned to work with redoubled energy. The fruit was so hard that the knives could hardly make their way through it, to core, quarter and peel. The lady journalist's old knife kept slipping from the handle, inflicting sundry bruises and gashes, until by noon both hands were wounded and gory. She had done more wearisome physical labor than ever before in her life, and in five hours, computing her checks, she had earned the magnificent sum of 11 cents. Her co-laborers had done a little better. The little lame woman, with three years' experience and untiring perseverance, had checks entitling her to 15 cents.

Upon interrogation she said that once or twice, in busy seasons and on different work, she had made as much as 75 cents a day. With this class of work she could not expect to make over 40 cents a day at best. The experience of others coincided with hers. Hastily slipping the proceeds of her morning's experience into the hand of a nice-looking woman, the apprentice concluded to "strike," and made her way to the cloak-nails, fleeing from a torrent of blessings. "My dear, what do you mean by that? You can't get your money if you don't have your checks. Well, the blessings of the Lord follow you all of your days." There was one horror whose fame had gone abroad, a feature typical of a number of the carelessly-kept canning establishments, yet to be viewed. She accosted a decent-looking woman.

"Where is the water-closet?"

"Oh, my dear! don't you go in there. It's right here, at our left; but don't you go. There's not a decent woman in the place who ever thinks of such a thing. We'd suffer anything rather than step in the place."

But it was business to inspect the place. The columns of the *Examiner* will not be polluted with a description. Suffice it to say that the fame of the Augaen stables was paled by the revelations therein. And this outrage upon decency, criminal in its results, exists in not one, but a considerable number of leading canning establishments of the city.

Down at the large new factory on the corner of Sacramento and Davis, an entirely different order of things is presented, proving that canning, although a dirty business at best, can be neatly and respectably conducted, and a sufficiency of decent female help procured. At the time of the writer's visit they were at work upon tomatoes, the dirtiest and sloppiest fruit to handle; but where water was spilled upon the floor sawdust was thrown to absorb it; long benches were provided at all the paring tables, and a cleat of wood, nailed across several inches from the floor, lifted the feet of the workers from the water and provided them a nice and comfortable rest. Others were engaged in canning plums, pouring the syrup over the fresh fruit, which is cooked after it is sealed, or working at the great polished copper vats in the kitchen, where savory fig preserves were bubbling, or labeling cans on a floor below. The hands here are all engaged by the day, and, almost without exception, look bright and refined, many sweet-faced young girls being included in the busy corps. Everything is conducted as neatly as in any private house; the floors are cleared as promptly as the work requires or will allow, and the drippings and refuse pass into a sluice in the floor, which conducts them to a proper receptacle below. In sanitary arrangements the place is admirably conducted, the place boasting even a nice wash-room, every nook and corner bearing the most critical inspection. The girls look contented and cheery, for their work is steady. They have pleasant associations and kind treatment, and are paid from 75 cents to $1.25 a day.

At another large and famous old establishment, where from 100 to 300 women are regularly employed, the same humane treatment is observed. Benches and cleats for the feet are provided, the sanitary arrangements are fair, and, except for the deficiencies which must naturally be found in an old building half worn out by the tread of its myriad laborers, there is no fault to be found with the condition of the women workers. The only hardship is that a large majority are piece-workers, and while the rates paid are good for the amount of work they do, the supplies of fruit are so uncertain and unreliable that they may stand around a good portion of the day idle. The Superintendent declares that, although they employ no Chinamen now in their establishment, it is only a question of time when they will, for the supply of female hands is unreliable and vacillating, and in the greatest "rushes" they find themselves short of hands. It was impossible for the visitor not to be reminded of the place she had just left, where the system of piece-work has been discarded and the proprietors have no thought of employing Chinese, being assured of a plentiful supply of good, reliable, female help.

Two women working at another extensive cannery on Brannan street, one of the largest in the State, where numerous Chinamen are employed, and from 200 to 300 women, describe much the same state of affairs described in the first-named factory, save that prices are more generous. Seats are provided for the women, but there are no rests for the feet, which become soaked in the drippings and water standing on the floor. Never a day passes but some of the women fall on the slippery floors, and the day before a girl had fallen, who, it was believed, had broken her wrist.

A new chapter of revelations, not calculated to inculcate in the hearer an appetite for the goods, was opened when the subject of pie fruits was touched upon. Peaches and grapes, designed for this purpose, are mashed up, unwashed, along with whatever leaves, stones and sticks chance to accompany them. Strawberries, currants and small fruits generally are never washed. The forewomen are rough and impudent, and although there is a considerable number of respectable women in the establishment, the majority are rough and coarse, with a generous tincture of hoodlum girls, who make it their business to insult the respectable class.

At a factory on Spear and Folsom streets, and another on Clay, no seats are provided for the women, who stand in the slush all day. The closets at these places and at the one on Brannan street are kept in the vilest condition, and are never entered by decent women.

The lights and shadows of the lives of the canning-factory women in the principal establishments of the city are for the first time revealed, and many refined women, driven by temporary embarrassment to undertake the work, will rejoice to see their delinquencies exposed. Enough has been related to convince any intelligent and liberal-minded reader that every place of this kind should be under public inspection. The conscientious manufacturer would welcome such legislation, and with the others, accumulating fortunes at the expense of the health and comfort of their female employees, it is the duty of the public to interfere.—*Daily Examiner.*

WOES OF THE FEMALE WORKERS IN OUR MIDST.

Practical Efforts to Give Effect to the Sympathy Expressed for their Condition.

To the Editor of the Examiner—SIR: Last Sunday morning the first two articles on the first page of the *Examiner* attracted my attention, not only by their literary merit, but by their great contrast. One pictured forth the beautful robes of fashionable society, the other the foundation upon which the society is built, for without labor we could have no wealth; and thus labor is essentially the foundation of wealth, of society, of government, and, in fact, everything which goes to make men good, wealthy, or influential in any department of life. Then, is it not true that "the servant should be worthy of his hire?" It is a shame, a disgrace to the proprietors of these factories, that such a condition of things should be tolerated by men, who are growing rich by "the dripping blood of labor hardened into gold." The idea of allowing a human being to work in such a place, and at such work all day for the magnificent sum of forty cents, is beyond our comprehension. Week after week have we followed up these articles on the working life of the poor women of our city, hoping that in each succeeding paper some one would solve the mystery of wrong, in answer to the unuttered cry for help which must come up from the hearts of these women, whose lives must be more terrible than the slaves. There is a remedy somewhere, and it must be found, else the society of San Francisco is not very secure with such a current of wrong washing forever at its foundation. Little by little will it wash its way while we are dreaming of perfect safety in our free and happy republic, never thinking of the undercurrent which is surging beneath our feet, driven on by the terrible fiend of want, lives of pinching poverty, of hunger, of pain and of genteel poverty—the hardest of all to bear, which has sent so many women on the downward road. There are hundreds of women in our city, brave, true-hearted, Christian women, who could raise that weary burden from their down-trodden lives if they would only make the effort. Cannot the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children do something for these little ones employed in these factories? How much better off are they working side by side with a Chinaman than they would be dancing in a beer garden or a saloon? Surely of the two evils we would hardly choose the first. If the Chinamen must be employed, put them by themselves. Every true father or brother would shudder with horror could they, even dream that such a fate awaited their tenderly cared-for little ones; and yet, as the wheel goes round, the rich man of to-day is the poor man of to-morrow. Hence, for our own and our children's safety, let us look this question fairly in the face, and do unto them as we would have them do unto us, were the tables turned, and we, as our children, compelled to work in their places. Public inspection, as has been suggested by the writer of the article referred to, will do much to mitigate the evil, and probably have some influence upon the sanitary condition of affairs, and if all these factories come under such inspection it might at least secure cleanlinses and decency, if nothing more. This cleanliness costs very little, and ranks the highest of the cardinal virtues. What would you think if you were to go into a private kitchen and see such a state of affairs? Would you consider articles prepared in such a place and in such a style very palatable? Do you think that any housewife would put up food for her family in this way? Far from it. There is no more necessity for filth and dirt in the canning factories than there is in the kitchen. This is one of the branches of industry in San Francisco which should come under the supervision of women. Hundreds of delicacies would then find their way into the market which are now confined to private houses. Every one is willing to admit that fruit put up at home is superior to that from the factory. There is no reason why this should be so, and if this department came under the direct management of women who understood their work, took an interest and pride in whatever went out from a factory owned and controlled by women, a few months would work a perfect revolution in the fruit-canning factories of California. Women all over the civilized world are waking up to the idea that there is work to be done—work for women—and the few who have reached the hights are putting forth a ready hand to the struggling multitude who are climbing upward. Yet many seem to forget that in our form of government the very foundation rests upon the working classes. Still, it is so, and whatever good or whatever reform may come to our Government or society, it must first start at the foundation. What would be the world's opinion of a man who would erect a massive building, grand in all its apartments, elegant in its furniture, frescoed by the finest painters, decorated with all that art could give or intellect suggest, and at the same time forget all about rearing a firm foundation. Yet this is just what San Francisco is doing. The structure may stand for a little while, but even now the current which is sweeping around the foundation is made stronger by the stream of Chinese cheap labor. Every one is willing to admit that it is a bad thing, but how many are willing to say, "I will do what I can to get rid of it." If our city was cursed with the plague or the small-pox, or any infectious disease, every effort would be put forth to control or drive it away; but here we have in our midst something more terrible than either, and yet we sit with folded hands and smile complacently at the insidious heathen, while he creeps, cancer-like, eating into the vital parts of labor. He makes our clothes, he puts up our fruit, he does our washing, he does our housework, he does our cooking, he makes our shoes, he makes our ruching, and in fact he does every thing; and we say by our silence and our patronage of them to the poor of our race, "Starve! what do we care? We have this Chinese machine, who will serve us as a slave, and your life or death is nothing to us." Shame to the women of the Golden State! As far as women are concerned, the help must come from women. Let the women once take hold of this with a will, and they will find the mountain of impossibilities disolve like the mirage of the plains. Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper has proved a lasting blessing to the little ones of the poor in establishing the free kindergartens in our city; and wherever the names of noble Christian women shall be found hers will stand among the first. Yet there is other work to be done. If there was more attention paid to the employment and places of employment of working-women, we should have less need of our Houses of Correction, fewer indigent poor in our almshouses, and at the same time we would probably find a falling off in the ranks of the hoodlum element; as many of the poor women, who are working their lives away for a mere pittance, are mothers who have neither time nor energy to guide aright the boys or girls who will eventually prove a curse to themselves and their native State, unless help comes from some source. Women in our city are working up the Decorative Art Society; they are interested in social science, have charge of the silk culture, and all these show an interest in the welfare of women, which in time will result in much good. Yet these arts cannot reach or help the classes of which we write. We must have something practical. It might not be as nice work to show a woman how to put up a can of peaches, as it would be to teach her to paint a rosebud on a plaque, yet in all probability the peaches would find the quickest sale. You might prepare and deliver a dozen lectures on social science, but of what use or interest would they be to the poor neglected working woman, whose daily labor meant, indeed, her daily bread? We stand in need of something besides. There are probably over 2,000 women in this city who are barely keeping body and soul together who will not beg and cannot find remunerative work. Charity cannot reach them. No wonder suicides have become so common among us.

"No wonder the lairs and cradles of hell
So many poor victims should hold,
When the good are content to worship their God
And the rich to worship their gold."

L. F. B.

A practical hand and brain—Social Science—will remedy the evils spoken of by L. F. B.—[ED.]

FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

Men's Weakness, Wisdom and Worth.

General Benjamin F. Butler says that he has found that malignity is immortal.

A man is seasonably dressed when he is clothed in a "pepper-and-salt" suit?

Some of the pretty young men who sit around the parks make a very fine bench show.

The young man that runs often after a sherry-cobbler will never get his shoes mended.

In some of the new styles there is no change. Poor relatives are cut the same as last year.

Man is like a pin; the size of the head does not indicate how sharp and pointed he may be.

Whisky is an "elevator," but it has a bad habit of cutting loose up toward the fifth story.

William Sprague of Rhode Island has nothing left of the $12,000,000 he inherited from his father.

"He's an honest young man," said the saloon-keeper, with an approving smile; "he sold his vote to pay his whisky bill."

A great many men are cottage-built; that is to say, they have but one story. And they are always telling it.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is credited with the recent remark that religion had degenerated into "pew-holding."

Let the dead past bury its dead. The men of to-day prefer to deal with live issues, of which there are enough to engage the best minds of the nation.

One of the most delightful periods of a man's life is the moment when he drops a slippery cake of soap in the bath-tub and runs his fist up and down the zinc hunting for it.

An epicure is a man who knows what is good to eat, and who talks about his food incessantly. All an epicure needs is bristles, and then he could be classed at a glance.—*New Haven Register.*

AMERICAN COURTSHIP.

Who am I? I'm Miss Midget's beau;
Age 20; name T. Tompkins Snow;
Dress nobby; travel on my cheek,
And earn six dollars in a week.

Who is Miss Midget? She's a blonde;
Of cream and candies she is fond;
Likewise of me; is sweet 16;
Can play piano; is a queen.

Do I intend to marry? Why,
Of course I do—that is, when I
Get rich; and yet most any day,
My fate and I may run away.

What would we live on? Well, my plan
Would be to board with her old man.
He couldn't see us starve, and I
Would be his partner too. By-by!

He drew his breath with a gasping sob, with a quavering voice he sang, but his voice leaked out and could not drown the accompanist's clamorous bang. He lost his pitch on the middle A, he faltered on lower D, and foundered at length like a battered wreck adrift on the wild high C.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The New York *Express* suggested that the President's minister should take his text from Daniel, xi: 24. "He shall enter peaceably even upon the fattest places, * * * and he shall do that which his fathers have not done, nor his father's fathers; he shalls catter among them the prey, and spoil, and riches." And all the congregation will shout "Amen!"

"Ah, good! That'll do. It's all right!" somewhat impulsively remarked Mr. Greggin's, laying down the revised New Testament "I see they have not altered it. I was afraid they would change the passage where Timothy is urged to take a little wine for the stomach's sake and oft infirmities, by substituting lemonade or sarsaparilla for wine."

FRENCH IDEA OF AMERICAN BUSINESS MORALITY.—"There is in the Americans such a fine contempt for all morality," said Prosper Merimee in one of his letters at the close of our war, "that I can only find the Romans of olden time to compare with them; they have their avidity and audacity. The worst of it is, that those scoundrels are, in reality, very powerful; that they have, on all occasions, the headstrongness of a mule, and not a whit more conscience than one of those petty Italian tyrants of the 16th century. Those are the elements of success in an age when providence insists on working no more miracles."

My Dear Edward: A "dandy" is an individual who would be a lady if he could; but as he can't, does all that he can to show the world he's not a man. That is my idea, at any rate. To culminate in a "dandy" is, to my mind, almost as absurd as leading a life in which the word "fast" comes in. No! Endeavor to prove a respectable member of society—not an eyesore to those who lead a modest, manly life. Many affairs—good, sound and secure—are open to you; a power of them, indeed. When I have more time to spare and when my own health is better, I will write at length, and state my views. Ever yours sincerely, W. M. THACKERAY.

Mr. Pigweed has had a terrible time of it. He resolved to set a pistol in his safe, before leaving home for the summer, so that when anybody opened the door of the receptacle the pistol would be discharged. However, it puzzled him a good deal to find a way to set the pistol with the door shut, and if he set it with the door open there was no way to make the thing go off when the door should be opened again. So he finally set up the pistol inside the safe and cocked it, and then putting his hand inside closed the door all but a crack just sufficient to admit his wrist. Then he fixed a loop from the door to the pistol trigger, so that when the door was opened any wider the pistol would be discharged. Then he attempted to draw out his hand, but found that while he had left the door sufficiently open to accomodate his wrist, it wouldn't let out his hand without being opened wider, and that would discharge the pistol into his stomach. There was nothing to do but to to take off the loop and put on a little longer one, and when he attempted to do that, he found that though he had been able to attach the loop he couldn't reach quite far enough to detach it again. Then the awfulness of his position came upon him. He was imprisoned and could only release himself at the price of a shot in the stomach. He began to scream wildly for help, and at last help came, and the first man who arrived was about to yank the door open before Pigweed could stop him, and it gave the victim's nerves a terrible shock. Finally they got smiths and tools and went to work to get in at the back of the safe and remove the pistol, and they had to work very carefully so as not to explode the pistol by the jar. It was an all-day job, but finally after Pigweed had nearly died from exhaustion, and his hair had begun to turn gray from fright, they got at the pistol and found that when he put it in there Pigweed had forgotten to load it, so he might have yanked his hand out at any time. And though Pigweed was terribly fatigued, he aroused himself sufficiently to give the grandest exhibition of profane discourse heard since the Grant men left Chicago.

Correspondenee.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

[Written for the Woman's Herald of Industry.]

THE FORWARD STEP.

If God, in forming woman, had withheld
From her the gift of reason, there would have been
Some cause for man to push her from his throne
Of state, and cry, "Thou wast not made to share
My lofty seat. Thou wast ordained to serve.
Thy place is at my feet. Sit humbly there,
And bow submissively to the decrees
That from my brain go forth, empowered to mark
The boundaries of thy sphere, lest thou, perchance,
Should'st stray and trespass on forbidden ground."
But God had kindled in her brain, as well
As in her brother man's, the fires divine,
Whose never failing glow illumes and warms
The sacred temple where her spirit dwells
Apart from all save him. She, by their light,
Discerns the records of the buried past.
The changing panorama of the present.
The mystic auguries of the distant future.
She sees how selfishness and prejudice
Keep back the struggling genius of the age
Who fain would make of earth a paradise
Where men and angels might, on equal terms,
For mutual good, exchange their loftiest thoughts.
Indignant now she rises—she whose name
Is woman—and with wondering awe we see
How energy of purpose adds new strength
To mind and body. With her earnest face
Bathed in the morning sun's pure beams, she cries,
"Custom too much has ruled in ages past—
Has held in check the noblest impulses
Of human feeling. Shall it be so now?
Nay! Nay! Great destiny through our lips exclaims,
Away with custom when she stands between
The soul and justice. We have waited long
For men to offer us what was our right
From the beginning; but at last we've grown
Impatient at the wearisome delay;
And we have learned from dear experience
That constant effort, coupled with true zeal,
Alone can win for us those privileges
That heretofore we have not dared to claim.
Woman has long been taught, has long believed
The temple of her soul was far too mean
And narrow for great Wisdom to convene
In it his solemn councils. But, behold!
He comes uncalled for, and her brain expands
To yield him ample room. There now he sits
Prepared to judge humanity, prepared
To counsel and encourage all who need
Encouragement and counsel, and prepared
To enforce the law divine of equal rights
For all. Be sure no station, color, sex
Can bias aught, by selfish reasoning,
His mind impartial and unchangeable.
With love and patience ever at his side
He labors to improve the universe;
To make it a fit heritage for peace.
Ah! some among us with prophetic eyes
Discern the glory of that future time
When men and women, not opposed, but joined
In harmony of purpose, shall assist
Each other to attain perfection's height.
O, ye who sneer and lightly set aside
The claims of women for enfranchisement,
Useless your opposition is, for she
The forward step has taken, and a power
Stronger than human will, invisible
To human eyes, prevents her going back.
Changes of mighty import to the world
Close follow on her track. Then seek no more
To keep her from the work assigned to her
By Him, the Friend, the Father of us all.

Emma Scarr Booth.

Cleveland, O.

HERALD NOTICES.

["San Joaquin Valley Argus," Merced, Cal.; Mrs. Rowena G. Steele, editor.]

Woman's Herald of Industry.—We received Vol. I, No. 1 of this excellent journal, edited and published by Mrs. J. W. Stow, at San Francisco. This paper should reach every intelligent woman on the Pacific coast. The thrilling narrative of "A Night Behind the Bars," should be read by all good people—all in favor of just government at least. This is no new thing. Hundreds of good women could, if they did not shrink from making their troubles known, from a fear of being misunderstood, tell a story much like that of Mrs. Stow. But women have been forced to smile and bear persecution from men in power like slaves who dare not assert their rights. But the hand-writing is on the wall, the galling chains which have so long held women in slavery will, ere long, be burst asunder, and women will be free. And when the silvered-haired women of to-day are laid in the silent tomb, our daughters and grand-daughters will enjoy the freedom which the women of to-day have fought so long and patiently for.

[The "Beatrice Express," Beatrice, Neb., Clara Berwick Colby, editor.]

Last week we gave extracts from the report of California to the National Woman Suffrage Convention, showing the recent progress that has been made, and the deep interest that is taken there in this reform. There is just issued there by Mrs. J. W. Stow, of San Francisco, the first number of the *Woman's Herald of Industry*, of which the editor says it is "the first paper published in the United States, by a woman, for the industrial education of women through and by co-operation—a journal devoted to the interests of woman, to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help." Mrs. Stow was the framer of what is known as the "Stow Bill," an equal rights property act, introduced in the House of Representatives in 1879; also, "an act for the Protection of Widows," introduced in the legislatures of both New York and Massachusetts.* Her efforts and arguments have contributed largely toward securing the present more favorable property laws for women, and probably no woman more thoroughly understands the legal and industrial aspects of the woman suffrage question than does Mrs. Stow. Hence we are doubly glad to welcome this industrial journal, knowing that under her management it will do a grand work for woman. The first number is full of valuable information with regard to industrial interests and social science, and it has a novel feature in a department devoted to the interests of gentlemen.

*The "Bill" has also been before the California, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Washington Territory Legislatures, the latter of which it passed.—(Ed.

[Pacific Rural Press, San Francisco.]

A New Paper.—We have received the first copy of a new paper entitled the *Woman's Herald of Industry and Social Science Co-operator*. It is published by Mrs. J. W. Stow, under the auspices of the California Women's Social Science Association, organized in San Francisco, August 7, 1880. It is a large, eight-page journal, full of well-written notes and essays on fresh themes relating to the work of the Social Science Association, and women's progress in art and industries generally. It has also a vigorous description of the wrongs and indignities which the editor affirms have been visited upon her by those in authority. The *Woman's Herald* is wide-awake and aggressive, and bids fair to reach a wide circle of readers.

[The Rescue, San Francisco.]

Woman's Herald of Industry.—A new eight-page monthly paper of very neat appearance and interesting contents, Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and proprietor, 304 Stockton street. Devoted to the promotion of industrial pursuits and opportunities for women and girls; advocating the development of those industries which are adapted to women's tastes and physical capacities, and at the same time important and useful helps to the public welfare. The opening number gives promise of a most readable, able, spicy and very useful journal.

["The New Northwest," Portland, Oregon; Abigail Scott Dunniway, editor.]

We are in receipt of the first issue of an aggressive and sprightly journal, called the *Woman's Herald of Industry*, edited and published in San Francisco by Mrs. J. W. Stow, the irrepressible opponent of probate confiscation, who has given the one-sexed government of the Golden City more genuine cause for anxiety, on its own account, than all other interests combined. Mrs. Stow has fought administrator's courts at every turn during the past seven or eight years, and is thoroughly hated as feared by the soft-fingered officials who grow rich by fattening upon the confiscated bounty of such members of the "protected sex" as have been subjected to the tender mercy of probate laws by the icy hand of death.

Mrs. Stow has recently originated "The California Woman's Social Science Association," of which she is President, and which embraces the several departments of philanthropy and reform, education, art, sanitary science, household science, political economy, and the science of government. These departments are each complete in themselves, under the supervision of lady chairmen, among them, Dr. M. P. Sawtelle and Attorney Clara S. Foltz, formerly of Oregon. Among the sub-departments we notice a publishing and general finance committee, a a lecture bureau, etc. In the educational department, music, elocution, painting, modern languages, history, physiology, physical culture, phonography, telegraphy, dressmaking, lace-making and embroidery are taught at the nominal price of twenty-five cents per lesson for members, and fifty cents for non members.

The objects of the association are to suggest and develop plans for the advancement of industrial, educational, social, philanthropic and moral interests; to learn how to live pure and healthful lives; how to make beautiful hygienic single and associate homes; how to prepare simple and unadulterated food and drink; how to cleanse the home of tobacco, whisky and drugs; how to live five times the period of growth; how to clothe every part of the body so that circulation will be unimpeded; how to conserve time for study and amusements; how to progress without robbing the brain and purse of another; how to master the science of child-bearing and rearing, and the immutable laws of heredity; and how to worship the *true* God. The *Woman's Herald of Industry* is the outgrowth of this Association.

[Boyce's "Saturday Anvil," Washington, D. C.]

Woman's Herald of Industry, a spunky and spicy new amazonian, is a business journal, and champions temperance and justice and education on business principles. It is pure gold from San Francisco.

[Papers that have noticed the *Herald* will please forward copies containing the same to this office.—Editor.]

PRIVATE EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

[Out of a large number of letters received from ladies and gentlemen in love with honesty, justice, right and progress, I have taken the liberty to publish extracts of only a few, taking it for granted that such portions as are used will not offend the writers. Nothing should offend which keeps step with the march of ideas.—Editor.]

Pasadena, July 21, '81.

The *Herald of Industry* is a remarkable sheet. It contains more that is important to women than any paper that I ever opened.

Jeanne C. Carr.

Tucson, Sept. 13, 1881.

My Dear Mrs. Stow:—I see by the papers that you still hold your ground. I congratulate you! and hope the time will come when you will be President of the United States.

Your sincere friend,

Anna Livingston.

Pomo, August 7, '81.

Dear Mrs. Stow:—Your paper is admirable—*sound* and *alive*. Go ahead, and keep your temper. A righteous indignation marks all effective onslaughts upon injustice. Our long cultivated womanly submissiveness is bound to be shocked by the first natural demonstration of outraged womanhood.

Clarina F. H. Nichols.

San Francisco, July 18, 1881.

The first copy of the *Woman's Herald of Industry* is at hand. It looks healthy, and I am of the opinion that its healthy parent will sustain it with good solid and aggressive food, and that in due time its strength will be great and good. Certainly I will be glad to be of service to you, and will be on hand on the evening of the 7th.

Clara S. Foltz.

San Francisco, July 18, 1881.

Mrs. J. W. Stow:—*Dear Madam*—This evening I received the initial number of your most excellent paper. We wish it grand success. In No. 1 of our new volume (California Farmer) we will take special pains to do it ample justice. We like the bold, frank and fearless spirit with which it battles against wrong to women, and were we writing to a *brother* editor, we should say we like the brave, *manly* spirit with which it *battles* for the right; but as we are writing to a *sister* editor, we say we like the brave *womanly* spirit with which it demands full and ample justice to the cause of right to women.

Col. Warren.

San Jose Jail, July 23, 1881.

Mrs. J. W. Stow:—*Dear Friend*—Your contribution received, for which you will please accept our heartfelt thanks. It comes to us in our prison cell as an open fulfillment of the golden rule. It reflects the heartfelt sympathy of one who has experienced what we are now undergoing. Its kind mission rebukes in thunder tones the shameless acts of our persecutors, who would not only rob us of our homes, and deprive our families of the necessaries of life, but would cast us in a felon's cell, and rejoice at our miseries. We are sustained by the hope that there are yet a few brave hearts that know, and dare proclaim, the wrongs perpetrated by them. We long to see the day when, uniting with those brave hearts, we can, by law, punish our persecutors. If justice reigns in this fair land of ours, it must certainly come to pass. Retribution will surely overtake our persecutors. We also received your valuable Journal, and we are free to say, that in our judgment there was a vacuum in journalism that never could be filled on this coast only by a journal advocating the cause that you so ably advocate; and our united wish is that you may be spared, and that you and your sisters in this great work may have the gratification and satisfaction of seeing women elevated to the sphere ordained for them by the Creator of the universe. We are glad to see the interest taken in your co-operative work that there is, and that success may crown your efforts is the united wish of the five Mussel Slough victims of R. R. persecution. Very Respectfully,

J. J. Doyle,
J. N. Patterson & Comrades.
W. L. Preyon,
Wm. B. Braden,
J. D. Pursell.

Omaha, Neb.

Mrs. J. W. Stow:—*Dear Madame*—I have just received the first number of the *Woman's Herald of Industry*. It has proved intensely interesting, and has held me spell-bound the whole morning. Social science and industry are, in my estimation, fitting companions in woman's life. I hail such an effort as prophetic of better times, when woman shall no longer be a pauper under the richest and most influential government the world ever witnessed. Ideas of silk culture, too, as a fitting employment for women, has been dancing before my vision with many allurements for a long time. And taking in connection other employments for women, there is hope of better and more harmonious industrial efforts the world over. Social science and industry should indeed be complemental; and guided by the intellect of woman, the prospect bids fair that they may. We hear a great deal of cant about the guiding *hand* of woman, but this means only drudgery and unpaid labor to her, and social degradation as the consequence. Let woman's intellect devise social rules, and plan the labor question, and she will, indeed, be digging at the roots of the deadly social upas tree which poisons the whole sociology of life. I am rejoiced to see that you have the spirit and the strength to resent your vile injuries, instead of being utterly crushed by them, as thousands of wailing women have been in times past, from the days of Hypatia down to the present time. You will have the sympathy of every advanced thinker on this subject. It is so much better to be brave, and to agitate these awful wrongs that exist between men and women, than to go down to the grave in *womanly (?) silence*, the world no better for your having lived in it. It is well to be silent when nothing is to be gained by an exposition of wrongs; but living in such an age is this, were women to be still silent, the very stones would cry out. When agitation of wrongs is the one great means of bringing it to light, justice is cowardly to refuse to agitate. A recent occurrence in Chicago, where there were some points of similarity in the attitude of the public officers towards a woman in her own home—though of a less aggravated character than that of your own—she took the defensive, and shot the official so that he died a few weeks after. She was tried and acquitted, Wirt Dexter being her attorney, thereby winning a fame worthy of the nineteenth century—the woman's hour of struggle for the maintainace of her personal rights. This is better than the chivalry of olden time. Hoping that you may be successful in your great undertaking,

I remain, yours truly,

Harriet S. Brooks.

No. 103 West 45th St., New York,
July 28, 1881.

My Very Dear Mrs. Stow:—Your kind letter and four copies of the Herald are received. I am delighted with the courage and executive ability you have so nobly displayed. You seem to bear a charmed life. While your sensibilities are most keenly alive, your sober good sense keeps a reasonable balance, and with patient endurance you are enabled to discern and root up the underlying causes of evil. But like all true reformers you must suffer misrepresentation and persecution—often from those you are laboring to benefit. Thanks be to God, who *alone* gives complete victory! You say you do not believe in "*Hell*." I should think you saw something like it "one night behind the bars." I see suffering enough in my daily professional rounds of duty to know that, if God cannot save his creatures from sin, and its consequences in this world, irrespective of *their own will-power*, he cannot in another world. So I cannot believe the consequences of wrong-doing ends with the death of the body. According to the deeds done while in the body, I believe human beings, or souls, will be rewarded or punished after the body dies. As we sow the seeds of cruelty and wrong we must expect in the future state, if not here, a crop of remorseful agony and regret that can well be compared to hell-fire. God can never atone for our sins. He can and does irresistibly convict and enlighten the human reason—or conscience—but we must work out our salvation from sin or wilfully disregard the laws of truth and love, and thus become blind, ignorant, and hardened in sin, "dead in iniquity"—not that God wills it—but in order that his creatures or children may be capable of happiness we must be liable to suffering. In the beginning God breathed into man and he became a living spirit, a part of himself, undying divine will-power; and I can imagine that this being, so capable, may choose to run counter to the great First Course to all eternity. I am praying every day for guidance in duty. God bless and keep you by his mighty love and power, as your mission does seem to lie along the rough places of life. We all join in sincere love to you.

C. S. Lozier, M. D.

CHRISTIAN CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

BY MRS. CLARINA F. H. NICHOLS.

[Continued from First Number.]

An earnest protest against intemperance and oppression; a persistent worker in the educational field; holding two thirds the membership of the Christian churches—who can doubt what would have been the influence of woman in the past, or what it will be in the future as a political element in the government of State?

With only the right of petition, free speech and pen, against the enfranchised forces of intemperance, ignorance and oppression; in face of reproach and prophecies of demoralization to herself, woman has made her record bright with benefits to her sex and country; has won the endorsement and co-operation of good men and secured from the State government, human concessions of *rights* which have already opened to her wider fields of remunerative industry, arts, sciences, professions from which, scarcely a quarter of a century since, she was absolutely excluded. These concessions have placed in her hands a proportion of taxable property and financial consideration which make her enfranchisement a claim of honor as well as right. The mothers of the State, especially the war-widowed mothers, who are still discharging to minor children the duties of both father and mother, have special claims to enfranchisement. The moral and intellectual interests of their children are a higher claim to representation than any mere property qualification of the government.

If possession of the dollar pleads for the enfranchisement of men who are neither husbands nor fathers, surely the child is a better reason for the enfranchisement of the mother from whom he must learn the fundamental principles of just government. What would be thought of the farmer who should call all his hands together and gravely lecture them on their responsibilities as harvesters, to secure the crop with the greatest dispatch and in the best possible condition, and then, to prepare them for their best endeavor, should tie their right hands behind them? And this is what our government has done for woman. It has withheld from her all power to make good laws or veto bad ones; and yet holds her responsible for the morals of society and the proper training of her children. It legalizes dram-shops at her very door to compete against her for the souls and bodies of husband and sons. This exclusion from participation in a government which controls even her home and the tenure by which she holds it, is bad economy for the government, and in face of its assumed character of protector, convicts it of either criminal weakness or bad faith, or *both*. It is bad economy, inasmuch as it robs the State and the home of wealth which she is pre-eminently qualified to create and apply for common good, and of a manly self-respect which co-operative womanly intelligence is fitted to infuse. Her exclusion from participation in the humanitarian interests controlled by government, is a grievous wrong done to humanity itself. The assertion that a legitimate participation in the affairs of government degrades men morally, and would degrade woman, is either a libel, or a confession that the government has no claim to the title of Christian. If a libel, such an assertion is a crime against the State: as a "confession of faith" its influence is to hand over the offices of the government to men who seek to gratify their greed for spoils and power in the selfish use of its franchises. For good men who hold such a faith, and men who hold on to "reputations above reproach, alike refuse to enter the lists.

Excluded from pursuits that give invigorating mental occupation, dissuaded from healthful, industrial pursuits, as irreconcilable with grace and beauty and position, woman, with a temperament more active and impressible than man's, must needs find something to fill her hungry mind and restless hands. What wonder, then, that in our cities and villages, where household work is largely done by servants, women turn to the gayeties of fashionable life as their only resource? Why wonder that many should make it the business of their lives to deck their persons and display their accomplishments, when in their society men of their own class and kin habitually banish from their conversation all allusions to the nobler pursuits and purposes of life, and pay homage to grace and beauty and uselessness, as if these were the end and exaltation of womanly existence? What wonder that with only such a career open to them, women should be found who systematically and suicidally thwart the laws of their being and become criminals to escape maternal cares, which would transfer them from the intoxicating scenes of fashionable life to the cares and confinement of the nursery? What wonder that in the pettinesses taught by their disfranchised condition, such women should shrink from responsibilities beyond their grasp and duties made irksome by false estimates and unnatural views of life and its noble possibilities? What wonder that men who marry such women, and aid, instigate and abet them in their career, should find their reward at last in domestic infelicity, ruined reputations and beggared ambitions?

Possibly, with the sad experience of dissipated husband, father, brother, the disenchanted woman shrinks from the doubtful responsibility of guiding boyhood's steps amid the pitfalls opened by customs beyond her reach or licensed by laws she cannot *veto*. God help the state if there be no clay potent to remove the moral blindness of men who urge the results of their own course towards woman as evidence of her unfitness for the responsibilities which belong to her right of self-government.

Never has justice been done to a disfranchised class; and even though its interests might be protected to-day, the exigencies of the future would develop interests and combinations of interests in which the enfranchised would suffer with the disfrancised, because of the powerlessness of the latter. The temperance interest is a case in point. Man may at present be more competent than woman to engineer the financial affairs of the state, yet, lacking woman's vote in the moral and social, he may fail in the saving of expenditures. She may fail to calculate the expense of a prison, but he can rely on her moral influence—with a ballot in her hand—to save the need of it. In every department of life, God has so intwined the interests of the sexes that they cannot be ignored by either man or woman without loss to both.

If in the prosecution of her individual interests woman needs to be enfranchised; if in attaining to the perfect development and vigor of her moral and intellectual faculties, she needs to exercise her self-governing faculties, man has no less need of her co-operative moral sense, her quicker perception of humanitarian interests, and her faithful mother-heart, in the practical accomplishment of a truly Christian government.

Pomo, Nov. 30, 1880.

THE RELIGION OF POSITIVISM.

In the outset, the question naturally occurs:

1. What is the religion of the Positivist?
2. Wherein does it differ from other creeds?

The answer to each of these interrogatories may be largely found in the definition and meaning of the term "Positive Philosophy." In Positivism, or empirical science, we recognize only fixed and immutable laws. All we know of nature is its phenomena—its constant mode of recurrence—its successive coexistence and sequence. We have no knowledge of its essence, nor of its real mode of production. We know nothing of any fact, except its relation to other facts in the way of succession, co-existence and similitude. The constant resemblances which link phenomena together are all we know respecting them. Their essential nature and ultimate causes, either efficient or final, are absolutely unknown, and forever inscrutable. In the childhood of the race men had no experience and were devoid of knowledge. The persistence of force, the succession of phenomena, and the uniformity of nature's laws were unrecognized and unknown. But human reason and the intellect must always assign a reason, be it right or wrong. And therefore, men not knowing the laws and efficient forces of the universe, projected out of their own brain the causes of all phenomena. These assumed causes were represented as personal beings, who by arbitrary interference and volitional action, ordered, marshaled and controlled all the events of nature.

So, in the infancy of the race men attributed all phenomena to the volitional action and arbitrary control of supernatural and personal beings.

These were known by many names, as Jupiter, Zeus, El, Eloha, Jah, Elohim, Jehovah, Thor, Priapus, Appollo, or Jos. And thus the heavens above were peopled by children of the imagination—projected out of the fertile brains of ignorant and superstitious men. These children of the imagination were translated to the skies, and then were feared, honored and worshiped by men.

In Positivism we admit that underlying all phenomena there is a power adequate to produce them. It is absolute and forever inscrutable. Its nature, its qualities and its characteristics lie forever beyond the verge and scope of human recognition. Is this absolute and inscrutable reality of existence a personal being endowed with intelligence and volition? We don't know. It is not within the province of human intelligence to give the answer. We only know that it is adequate to all contingences and to all emergencies. Is it one or many? The answer does not lie within the scope of human cognition. Be its characteristics and qualities what they may, we know by observation and experience that it ever acts through fixed and invariable laws.

Every student of nature, every person who is true to his own supreme convictions—who is not a moral coward—who does not go through the world trembling lest he may lose his reputation from the expression of an honest conviction, *must admit* that all things in nature, physical, mental and moral, are under the domain of fixed and immutable law.

Sir William Hamilton, one of the profoundest philosophers of modern times, said:

"Our whole of mind and matter is relative. Of things absolutely, or in themselves, be they external, be they internal, we know nothing. All that we know is phenomenal. As substances we know not what is matter, and we are ignorant of what is mind."

I think you will all agree with me when I say that the world, to-day, would be astonished if the secret and honest thoughts of the clergy could gain expression. Says G. H. Lewes: "The many and piteous complaints, old as religion itself, against the growing infidelity of the age, might be disregarded, were they not confirmed on all sides by the evidence that religion is rapidly tending to one of two issues—either towards exciniction, or towards transformation."

The Religion of Science—the Religion of Positivism—must repose on fixed and immutable laws. It has its roots deep in the soil of human nature, and not in the efficacy of a vicarious atonement. It springs forth out of the human heart. It flourishes and matures under the ægis of the intellect. The field and scope of its action is the harmonious and healthy adjustment of the relations between man and man. It is the child of humanity, and not the mercy of a god. It demands equity and justice in all things—a pure life—an unsullied character. It denies that a belief in incredible stories can make a man's character pure and upright. It denies that a mere belief in prodigies, in wonders and miracles, can place love in a man's heart, sympathy in his soul, or equity in his judgment. Earth is its habitat, the human race its dominion, and the human heart its temple and its shrine.

Oakland, Cal. Geo. W. Lewis.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

A MONTHLY NEWSPAPER,

Published in San Francisco, Cal., devoted to the interests of *Woman*—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help.

MRS. J. W. STOW, - Editor and Proprietor.

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1881.

SLAVES.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE C. W. S. S. A.

The President's Address.

SISTERS AND FRIENDS: With feet pressing upon the threshold of the new year of this organization, we meet to-day to confer with each other, and with those who are in sympathy with the earnest efforts which are being made by women for women in all lands, and among all peoples.

This is the first Conference of women ever called together on the Pacific Coast. The initiative is full of promise. It will be memorable, not only in the annals of Social Science, but of woman's work in other societies, and individually. Societies and individuals are but parts of Social Science. In its complex entirety it contains them all, as the greater contains the less. Recognizing this incontrovertible fact, we have sent invitations through the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, broad-cast, in the hope that many women, far and near, would make this a special and fitting time to visit the Metropolis of the Pacific. We bid a hearty welcome to those who are with us, and trust that the telling years will find us face to face on the first Wednesday and Thursday in September for a long time to come.

Women have just begun to plant and sow; and when more weeds come up than wheat, and more brambles than blades of corn, they shriek out and imagine that all unitary effort among women is futile. We are too impatient. We would have the seed planted yesterday grow and blossom to-day, and bear ripened fruit to-morrow. The great lesson to learn is, to be patient and forbearing; to "look forward not backward, upward not downward, outward not inward, and lend a helping hand to all, rich or poor, high or low, bond or free." In the words of Mrs. Diaz, we must meet "not purse to purse, or talent to talent, or acquirement to acquirement, but heart to heart. Wealthy leisure and toiling independence, inherited position and sturdy self-reliance, scholarly wisdom and life wisdom, the easy goodness of the untempted and the faultiness of the sorely tried, on the common ground of humanity. Whatever may be our differences, there is something in every one of us akin to something in every other one of us. This kind of social intercourse is true religion. Say it is impossible and you proclaim Christianity a failure."

Had it not been for this kind of "social religion," my own life would have been very dreary for the last seven years, going as I have gone from city to city, from state to state, from ocean to ocean in my efforts to civilize the corrupt and corruptible probate law system, which unhouses widows and prostitutes orphans. During all those weary years, the only societies or people who opened wide their welcoming doors to me were societies of women, and *Spiritualists*—and I not a Spiritualist, but a Positivist. In this hospitality they demonstrated a practical and *true* Christianity; "I was a stranger and they took me in, hungry, and they fed me, naked and they clothed me." Social Science will make a practical Christianity possible and popular. Positivism will make Christianity possible and popular.

Woman's Social Science came to me like a revelation, two years ago in Chicago, and from that hour I determined to devote my life to its development. I make it a *profession*, a business, the same as I would make chemistry or millinery a profession or business. I do not abandon what I have been agitating for the last seven years—the revision and unification of the entire probate-law system of the United States. That is a *branch* of social science, and it will come to fruition therein. The seeds of reform have been widely scattered in the book *Probate Confiscation*, and some have fallen on good ground, and will yield a harvest in the near future—or as soon as women care enough about their darling babes and sacred hearthstones to master the science of inheritance and property rights. No one, capable of compassing the hight and depth, the length and breadth of Social Science, can fail to comprehend its magnitude. In its organized centers, women will grow courageous in battle and beautiful in peace. They will learn a generalship that cannot be outflanked. They will attain such a vigorous growth that they cannot be stung to death by gnats nor kicked to death by gadflies. Social Science is a science that does not quake and turn pale in the face of paper ballots, bayonets or cannon. It makes a bridge of the quick-set hedge of prejudice, and crosses the rubicon, malice, dry shod. It marches up the side of the laboring mountain and unfurls its fearless banner in the blue ether of liberty—before the mouse is born. It has proved itself able to cope with all emergencies in San Francisco, where, Rev. Adda Bowles can testify, it is not an easy matter to manage a purely feminine movement. But it has succeeded in doing it for the last thirteen months and there will be many rising and setting suns that will witness its onward march, and ultimately triumph over all obstacles. I dare predict that in the next decade the S. S. S. Order will net-work the United States, creating a bond of union among women hitherto undreamed of by them. That through it we shall become a band of sisters more than 20,000 strong. Woman's Social Science does not take a cambric needle and paddle about in a drop of water in search of sixpences and short bits all its life. It kindles its camp-fires with Procrustean beds, and keeps the fires hot with the faggots of bigotry and conservatism. It knows truth, honesty, determination, and no *failure*. It takes the axe of progress in its own hands and constructs a new and safe highway, avoiding the ruts and pitfalls of the old thoroughfares, which have been constructed by warring men and warring creeds. Do we expect to make this new road in peace and travel upon it in peace? No! Far from it. We are not so blind as that. The advent of Woman's Social Science means liberty, equality and justice to woman. Against every pulsation of liberty and equality for women, all despots are united in one common league. They claim that universal freedom for women means the downfall of Christendom.

Dr. Clarke made the startling discovery, a few years ago, that the American people were degenerating and gradually becoming extinct, through the *bad* health of women, caused by a more liberal education than our grandmothers had. But Dr. Richardson declares that the race has been perpetuated by the good health and morality of its women. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Dr. Clarke cried out against a woman's entering the profession, and thereby making drafts upon her brain to the detriment of her body. He gave as a reason, that owing to men's having squandered so much of their virility in riotous living, that it was absolutely necessary that all women should keep in their normal condition in order to perpetuate the race. In other words, that women should abandon intellectual pursuits in order to develop a fine physique—thus sweeping a reversing arc towards the Spartan code of female education. In Sparta, women were treated as propagators of the race, only. Their sole mission in life was to rear hardy, robust citizens for the service of the State. With this view they were early subjected to the same athletic exercises as men. It was the legislative intention that they should be looked upon only in that light, and should excite no affection directed to any other object.

Conservative men, and women, are seeking to put up the bars between woman's physical and intellectual development, and thus divide society horizontally, leaving the intellectual male-sovereigns all above, and the merely physical, clinging-vine subjects all below; they would set up the one above all rule, all restraint, and put down the other as totally unworthy of mental development.

Is this *freedom?* No! In the name of outraged justice and humanity, no! The chord of freedom passes through all hearts, and whoever touches it illicits harmony—*not discord*.

I challenge any man, or any body of men, to show cause why they should mark out a path for women to walk in? Why they should set up an impassable barrier on the highway of progress? Why they should feed upon intellectual corn and wine and leave the husks and lees to women?

Freedom of thought and liberty of action is the birthright of all the sons and daughters of this land. Therefore, I plead for liberty; and everyone who pleads for liberty pleads for humanity, and every blow struck for liberty is struck for humanity.

Are women always to be followers and men leaders? *Woman's Social Science* says, in clarion tones, No! Are we to be forever fed upon the cut straw of Egypt, and musty at that, instead of being nourished by the new wheat of to-day? Were the men of bygone ages wiser than the men of to-day? Could they of the ninth century cast a horoscope of the needs of this generation? Have we not outgrown the rule of dead men? What iron heels are still crushing out the life-blood of women? From whence comes the cry, "*crucify?*" It comes from Law and the Church. They are the two powers which have rivited woman's fetters so closely for all time. They are the least progressive of all the agencies of civilization. Science has far outstripped them both. The Church has upheld the "subjugation of wives," and law has plundered all women to maintain an extravagant government, and the estates of widows have fed the consuming fires of Probate. The evil effects of both are seen in the swollen ranks of prostitution and pauperism—for many and many a wife and child has fled from the austere subjugator's rule and taken refuge in the home of infamy, purchasing freedom with the price of virtue and social ostracism; and many and many a widow and orphan, driven forth naked from that temple of justice, *Probate*, have fallen an easy prey to the seducer. Therefore, I cry with a voice that shall echo round the world: The hour of conflict between the old and the new, the false and the true, has arrived. The hosts are marshaling, and the bloodless battle-cry is *individual liberty!* Down with class-protection, subjugation and guardianship for adult humanity. Everywhere throughout Christendom are heard the low rumblings of discontent. It is the garnered wrong of centuries bursting forth, and battling for the right. It is the tempest of liberated thought portentiously gathering in the calm sky of old opinions, dogmas and superstitions. When these elements clash there is a war of sound, for every thought that has thrilled the world and set the pulses of men beating with joyous ecstacy, has met a counter-thought opposing and warring against it—a counter-current of adverse opinions. Every scheme of progress, every movement towards human advancement, every revolution in the direction of human culture, has been opposed by counter forces, fought at every step by hostile principles, and buffeted by the waves of adverse criticism. The more vital the principle the more thorny its path of progress; the more sacred the truth the more persistent the opposing error. Yet when the battle is ended, when the roar of the conflict is over, it is found that truth has survived and error perished.

Wendell Philips says: "We live under a government of *men* and *newspapers*. Your first attempt to stem dominant and keenly-cherished opinions will reveal this to you."

In contrasting practical and æsthetic training he says: "Book learning does not make five per cent. of that mass of common sense that runs the world, transacts its business, secures its progress, trebles its power over nature, works out in the long run a rough average justice, wears away the world's restraint and lifts off its burdens. The ideal Yankee, who has more brains in his hand than others have in their skulls, is not a scholar, and two-thirds of the inventions that enable France to double the world's sunshine and make Old and New England the workshops of the world, did not come from colleges or from minds trained in the schools of science, but struggled up, forcing their way against giant obstacles, from irrepressible instinct of untrained natural powers. Her workshops, not her colleges, made England, for awhile, the mistress of the world, and the hardest job her workman had was to make Oxford willing he should work his wonders. * * *

Government itself began in usurpation, in the feudalism of the soldiers, and the bigotry of the priest; liberty and civilization are only fragments of rights wrung from the strong hands of wealth and book-learning. Almost all the great truths relating to society were not the result of scholarly meditation, "hiving up wisdom with each curious year," but have been first heard in the solemn protests of martyred patriotism and the loud cries of crushed and starving labor. When common sense and the common people have stereotyped a principle into a statute, then bookmen come to explain how it was discovered, and on what ground it rests.

The world makes history, and scholars write it; one-half truly, and the other half as their prejudices blur and distort it. A chronic distrust of the people pervades the book-educated class of the North; they shrink from that free speech which is God's normal school for educating men, throwing upon them the grave responsibility of deciding great questions, and so lifting them to a higher level of intellectual and moral life. Trust the people, the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad, with the gravest questions, and in the end you educate the race.

People are educated, and the State uplifted by allowing all—every one—to broach all their mistakes and advocate all their errors. The community that will not protect its humblest most ignorant and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how *false* or hateful, is only a gang of slaves. There is something more valuable than wealth, there is something more sacred than peace. Unfettered principles and unshaken convictions may be locked in prisons or stand upon the scaffold—

> But that scaffold sways the future,
> And behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above his own.

Men and women are conservative cowards when tolerably well off; only monstrous injustice and atrocious cruelty can rouse them.

"Before the War, Americans were like the crowd in that terrible hall of Eblis, which Beckford painted for us—each man with his hand pressed on the incurable sore in his bosom, and pledged not to speak of it—compared with other lands we were intellectually and morally a nation of cowards. But those shackels were broken when slavery was done to death under the seal of Abraham Lincoln. Yet, even now, whoever leads must submit to risk his daily bread, expect social ostracism, count on a mob now and then, and maybe bread and water behind the bars. But don't excuse, don't retreat a single inch, and you will finally be heard, no matter how long and weary the waiting, at last.

> "Ever the truth comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done;
> For humanity sweeps onward,
> Where to-day the martyr stands;
> On the morrow crouches Judas,
> With the silver in his hands.
>
> Far in front the cross stands ready,
> And the crackling fagots burn;
> While that hooting mob of yesterday
> In silent awe return
> To gather up the scattered ashes,
> Into history's golden urn."

Woman's Social Science has inaugurated a new departure for women, which recognizes that we "are afloat on the current of Niagara," and that eternal vigilance is the condition of our safety—that we are irrevocably pledged to the world not to go back to bolts and bars. "Never again be ours the fastidious scholarship that shrinks from rude contact with the masses. Very pleasant it is to sit high up in the world's theatre and criticize the ungraceful struggles of the gladiators, shrug one's shoulders at the actor's harsh cries, and let every one know that but for 'this villainous saltpetre' you would yourself have been a soldier." If the Alps, piled in cold and silence, be the emblem of despotism, we, practical social scientists, joyfully take the ever restless ocean for ours, only pure because never still.

Individual action is free; determination is free; thought is free; men and women are no longer tortured for expressing an idea of their own. A sublime iconoclasm is taking the place of mute dogmatism. We have entered upon the golden age of free thought; upon a new era of civilization, when every slumbering faculty of woman shall waken to vigorous growth. The hand of oppression is being gradually lifted, and woman is coming forth, like an insect from its chrysalis, into the light of a glorious future, prismatic with the bow of promise—for the time is surely at hand when liberty, humanity and justice, like the rings of Saturn, will surround the world. Then the strong will not prey upon the weak, nor the powerful crowd the feeble to the wall. Then will the popular heart beat with a lofty enthusiasm for human rights.

Our motto is, "Onward and Upward." Ever with wistful eyes fixed on the white cliffs of thought, we make our way up the rugged steeps, regardless of the stinging nettles and underbrush that obstruct our fearless march.

> "New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth,
> They must upward, still, and onward,
> Who would keep abreast with truth.
> Lo, before us gleam her watchfires;
> We, ourselves, must pilgrims be;
> Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
> Thro' the desperate winter sea,
> Nor attempt the future's portal
> With the Past's blood-rusted key."

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The first annual report of an organization destined to accomplish a great work for women, and through and by women for all mankind, should be prefaced with a brief history of its origin. The California Woman's Social Science Association was founded by the President, Mrs. J. W. Stow, one year and one month ago to-day. Mrs. Stow had just returned from a three years' tour of the Eastern States, and her mind was filled with enthusiasm born of contact and association with the progressive minds of the leading women of the age. Owing to repeated failures in this city in efforts to help women through self-help, caused by disagreement among uncongenial boards of management, Mrs. Stow, in order to avoid these pitfalls, chose four ladies to serve with her for the first year, and had a constitution and by-laws printed before calling the first meeting, which was held in Red Men's Hall, August 7, 1880. At that meeting there were about thirty ladies present, fourteen of whom joined the society. At the end of the first quarter there were seventy members, and at that date, owing to some dissatisfaction among some of the members, a question was raised in regard to the advisability of permitting the non-elected officers to officiate throughout the year. With two exceptions the vote was unanimous in the affirmative. The dissenting parties then and there resigned at once. Their resignation was promptly accepted, and their membership fee tendered them.

It was then decided to hold the annual conference for the election of officers on the 7th and 8th of September, and to have the current year close at that date. The object of the conference being broadly to call together as many earnest workers in the State and throughout the nation as possible, in order to get strength by hearing each other's voices; by looking into each other's faces; by the exchange of thoughts current upon vital subjects; and by hand-clasp and heart-beat taste the true religion of Social Science. Therefore, we have had thirteen months in the first year—months pregnant with interest to every one in and out of the Society, who loves progress and the steady, onward march of ennobling ideas, purposes and accomplishment.

Meetings have been held every Saturday afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, with the exception of six weeks in the second quarter, when they were held every other Saturday. Forty-seven papers and lectures, a half hour in length, have been read and delivered upon the following subjects: Ethics of Social Science; two papers upon Silk Culture; Sanitary Science; three papers upon Education; Women of the Century; Gentility; Does Social Science Embrace the Industrial Arts? The Progress of Women; Woman Suffrage; Bees; Japanese Art; Wives and Widows under the Law; Physical Culture; Pauperism; Rum and Probate; Celtic Literature; Food Adulteration; Ancient Egypt; Associate Homes; Wonders of Peru; Dress Reform; Vivisection; two courses, of six lectures each, by lady physicians; What is a Kindergarten? "The Origin of Man," by Prof. Wm. Denton; two lectures upon "Household Chemistry," by Prof. J. N. Stillman, of the University of California; A Night Behind the Bars; Heredity; three papers upon "Co-operation"; the Dignity of Labor.

On the 23d of October, the President surprised the Society by informing the members that she had secured the mansion, 304 Stockton street, for the term of three years, for the uses of the Society as a club-house, providing that it was its will and good pleasure to accept the terms she offered. At the close of the session the members, in a body, repaired to the premises, and were enthusiastic in their approval and acceptation of the same. Mrs. Stow furnished the house at her own expense, but it is used for all purposes, on week days, the same as though it was owned by the collective body instead of its official head. The Society pays half the rent of an unfurnished house, and enjoys all the comforts of a furnished house. A few pieces of furniture, ornaments and some dishes were donated by sisters and friends. Early in November a fine art school was opened, with Miss Elizabeth Romanez as teacher. She had her studio in the house until Cupid flew in and carried her off to Oregon to make pictures for one man. During the four months that she was with us, many ladies and young girls were instructed in painting in oil and water colors, on canvas, silk, paper, wood, ivory, china, etc. A Woman's Exchange was also opened in the parlors, where women could display their handiwork, and have it sold at ten per cent. commission. Classes are taught in the modern languages, music, elocution, etc.

Basket lunches were given once a week, at one time, in the thought that they would strengthen the bond of union among members, and awaken an interest in non-members. But they had to be discontinued through lack of interest.

The second Thursday evening of each month there is a general "Social" at the parlors of the club-house, and on the last Friday evening of each month an entertainment is given.

The President has been indefatigable in her efforts to get the aims of the Society before the people, and for such efforts is deserving of all praise. She has recently commenced the publishing of a paper in the interest of Social Science, and with small assistance made a commendable "exhibit" in the Mechanics' Fair of this city. She has never failed to preside at every meeting, always being in the chair on time excepting in two instances—once fifteen, and twice ten minutes late. The American Institute of Heredity and the Boston Industrial and Educational Union have become affiliate with the C. W. S. S. A. One hundred and fifty-three women have become members of the Association during the year: 7 honorary; 4 corresponding; 3 life.

Summing up the thirteen months' work, what has Woman's Social Science set in motion in city and State? First, a man's (Rev. Dr. Stebbin's) Social Science Association second, The California Silk Culture Association; third, The San Francisco Fine Art Association; fourth *Woman's Herald of Industry*; fifth, the dormant energies of women. Social Science is a stirring science.

What benefits have accrued to members during the year just closed? Many people have met and become friends who would have never known each other only for Social Science. Teachers have obtained pupils which they never would have had only for Social Science. Obscure women physicians have become known to the public through Social Science. Prof. Denton gave the Society all the tickets that it could use for his second course of lectures in Dashaway Hall. The Sisters and their children have had first-class teachers for class-lessons, at 25 cents a lesson, and they have had 47 lectures on vital and important subjects, followed by interesting discussions. They have had a library of books, periodicals and papers, and a fine piano and beautiful parlors to use at their pleasure; and some of the Sisters have had all this for the sum of one dollar. The Society's entire unincumbered capital is a years' experience, knowledge acquired, friendships made, and a determination to succeed.

MARIETTA L. B. STOW, ELECTRICIAN.

The very first question that will be propounded in "*our*" (sometime) "*set*" will be, not How well qualified Marietta L. B. Stow is to administer electricity to long suffering, poison-tortured humanity? but, "Why does she appropriate another alphabetical *honor?*" "To B or not to B?" will be the grave interrogative. The B question has been agitated before. A gentleman, by the euphonious name of Pixley, asked "Why?" I replied: (I shall use the *single* personal pronoun, for several reasons: First, because there is but *one* of me, therefore there is no one to "*we*" with. Second, because Queen Victoria uses it. Third, because it accords with my principles of independence. There is no more sense in a "superfluous man" or a "superfluous woman" using "*we*" in a newspaper than there would be in a woman's saying "*we*" mixed yeast, flower and water, and made and baked a loaf of bread, when *she* was the only person in the house. What right has the insignificant *w* and *e* to join issue, and with malice aforethought, crowd out and uproot the capital *I?* They are fit representatives of ignoble majorities, and I eschew them now and *forevermore*.) "My" first husband's name was Bell, but when I bestowed myself upon J. W. Stow I dropped the Bell, for peace sake, (second husbands, as a rule, are but little interested in first husbands), but since Mr. Stow's death, I have resumed the B, for the reason that I was very happy while I was widow "Bell." "You don't mean to say," continued Mr. P., "that you will retain all the names of all the husbands you have had, or may have, do you?" "Certainly I do," I replied. "If I should marry you I should write my name in full, Marietta Lizzie Bell Stow Pixley." I expect, as soon as I unfurl my "shingle," which will be October the 3d, that I shall be arrested and imprisoned again. I was told by an old school practitioner, some months ago, that that would be *my* fate, although the city is full of women and men practicing electricity, who do not know any more about the human organism than they know about the physical structure of the *Man* in the moon. I am a favorite target for legal arrows and prison chains. This Esculapius said, "What do you, or will you, call yourself *Doctor* for?" "For the sensible reason," I answered, "that I will doctor out and dissipate, by means of electricity, the poisons that you have poured into the human system. My mission in life is to expose wrong doing wherever I find it, in Church or State, and I will do it fearlessly, regardless of taunts, arrests, imprisonment and all injustice. *I defy them!*" "Why don't you come *honorably* into the profession, and study the science of medicine?" he questioned. "Because I have studied physiology and anatomy, Hahnemann and Homœopathy, and am convinced that I am as intelligent as the average practitioner, and I shall give *no drugs*. I shall cure in a natural and safe way. The undertakers will not be my right-hand men." How to be well and happy is a solvable axiom in *Woman's Republic*. Come and be cured.

DR. STOW.

"OUR UPPER CLASSES."—Some journalistic scribes of America speak at times of "our upper classes." What constitutes our upper classes? Who are they? Is not the phrase comparatively new? Was it ever in use 40 years ago? Analyze American society. As to means, we have very rich men, very poor men. From which is drawn our upper class? Again, as to antecedents we have very rich men of two or three generations' pedigree, very rich men of no pedigree, 10 years ago keeping corner groceries—out of which cometh the upper class? Again, doctors, lawyers, ministers, editors, merchants. Generally well educated. A few well off; great majority of moderate incomes. Which of these belong to the American upper class? Again, army and navy. For the most part sons of merchants, mechanics, lawyers; in fact sons of the people. Is this the upper class, or a part thereof? Again, does an American of education and refined tastes, with an income of $1,500 or $2,000 per year, belong to the upper or lower class? Does the steady, honest, intelligent mechanic belong to the upper or lower class? Does the great republic in this class scale tolerate any standard save that of intellect, virtue and intelligence? Are intellect, virtue and intelligence at $1,200 per year relegated to a lower social standard than intellect, virtue and intelligence at $1,500,000 per year income?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—The pains taken by some of the Swiss cantons to instruct the rural population in theory of agriculture deserves high commendation, and might be imitated with advantage in the farming districts of England. In the canton of Geneva, for instance, every country schoolmaster is required to know something of agriculture and natural history, to the end that he may instruct his pupils therein.

MODERN PERSECUTION.

Church Inquisition.

James B. Roberts, Sabbath-school Superintendent of Calvary Presbyterian Church, accuses Sarah B. Cooper, Bible-class teacher, of teaching advanced ideas and heretical doctrines to her large class of several hundred pupils. The San Francisco Presbytery have been investigating the charges with closed doors for days, pursuing the victim with three sessions daily. She was taken from the rack of torture one day, weeping and entirely prostrated, and carried by sympathizing friends to her home in a carriage. Modern Christianity! Here is what the *Bulletin* says of the trial:

"Dr. Burrowes wanted to know where the tender chivalry of Jesus Christ was in this investigation. 'Here is a lady,' said he; 'who is she? If she were the veriest felon, she could not have been treated with more ferocity. Who is she? At 17 years of age she goes down into the State of Georgia as a governess, and meets with great success. Here she is now. She has built up a great Bible class. Now I hear that Mrs. Cooper is a heretic. I never saw a person in my life to whom the name of the Saviour is more dear. Yet she has been hounded, dragged down and brought before the world. Gentlemen, let us have more gentleness, more gentlemanliness; let us treat this tender woman as a sister, as a human being.'"

It was finally decided to exclude press and public, and all persons save the Presbyters, the complainant, the Session of Calvary Church and Mrs. Cooper.

J. B. Roberts then read his complaint, of which the following is a synopsis:

In August he, Roberts, had lodged certain charges of heresy against Sarah B. Cooper, a teacher in the Sunday School of Calvary Church, before the session of that church. He had been prevented from producing witnesses to prove his case, and had therefore appealed. He charged first that Mrs. Cooper taught a Bible class of over a hundred young ladies; that she was not a good Presbyterian, and therefore a dangerous teacher; that she was not orthodox; that she has been known to attend services at Dr. Stebbins' Unitarian Church; that she had attended Colonel Rob Ingersoll's lectures and maintained a friendly intercourse with that free thinker; that when she heard that he, Roberts, had protested against her behavior in visiting Ingersoll, she had called him names that grieved his heart; that she called him a bigot, a straight-laced hypocrite, and other names, and had said that she would rather live in hell with Bob Ingersoll than in Heaven with him, James B. Roberts; that Mrs. Cooper had interested herself in godless kindergartens, where sectarianism was forbidden, and where the name of God had been strictly suppressed; that she had been so unorthodox, unpresbyterian and wicked as to get up an entertainment that ended with a raffle, and had thus, unlawfully, realized $500 for three kindergartens; that Mrs. Cooper was not a member of Calvary Church, and had admitted that she did not want to be, because she did not believe as they, the church members did; and, lastly, that she had had infidels in her class and taught them. He had been shocked that Mrs. Cooper had allied herself with the Godless Silver-street and Jackson-street Kindergartens and their Christian teachers who did not dare teach sectarianism. He had gone to see Mrs. Cooper to pray and wrestle with her about her heresies, and she had become angry and talked very sharply to him that she would break up his business and drive him from town. He admitted that Mrs. Cooper might be a kind, and in her actions to her fellow beings, a good woman, but he contended she was an inconsistent one in her church principles. She inculcated teachings contrary to the teachings and spirit of the Presbyterian Church. On these grounds, and these alone, he had denounced her in the first instance, and believing that those grounds existed and still exist he had taken exception to the findings of Calvary Church Session and now appealed it to the Presbytery. In doing so he believed he was strictly performing his duty as a member of the church. He possessed letters written to him by Mrs. Cooper within the last two years, in which she addressed him in the kindest and most complimentary terms. It was, therefore, untrue, as now stated by Mrs. Cooper, that he had been persecuting her for the last five years. Mr. Roberts terminated by saying that he felt he was acting in the interest of the church, and especially so in the interests of those young persons in Mrs Cooper's Bible class, in bringing this matter to the attention of the Presbytery.

The pastor of Calvary Church, John Hemphill, is tainted, it seems, with Mrs. Cooper's heresy, for at the close of a speech in her defense, he alluded to her work in aiding the establishment of the Silver-street and Jackson-street Kindergartens, wherein hundreds of little children were cared for, and taught to clasp their baby hands in prayer to the Great White Throne, and terminated by saying, "If that is infidel work, then count me an infidel every time."

If we dig down to the substrata of this church scare, we shall find that it is man's fear of woman. There is a woman's sharp pick-axe under his ancient and time-honored stronghold of power. With prophetic eye the quasi-deacon sees the little cloud no bigger than a woman's hand, in Mrs. Cooper's Bible class, which will ere long burst above his "devoted" head and wash his bigoted chariot from under him. Mrs. Cooper is charged with heresy because she does not believe that the atoms composing the human body at death are resurrected and rehabilitate the spirit at the end of time—atoms which have passed through thousands of organizations, vegetable and animal. Mrs. Cooper is accused of twisting Rev. Hemphill round her little finger. A large twist for so small a finger. Hemphill is accused of dishing out heterodox diet to his hungry flock. Roberts smells new wheat instead of must and rot and it has turned his orthodox stomach. He declares that he will oust Mrs. Cooper from Calvary Bible class if he has to "split the church from cellar to dome to do it." He says this while he asserts that he is actuated solely by a regard for the "purity of the church and the welfare of souls." The plea "for Christ's sake" will hardly save his dignity or the dignity of the church, however. A deceased Calvary communicant used to say, "J. B. Roberts carries Calvary Church in his breeches pocket." But a plucky little woman has slit the pocket and riddled it with light. All honor to her bravery! No *man* has ever had the moral courage to do it.

There is a doubt in Mr. Martin's mind as to whether Elder Roberts expressed a wish that "a keg of powder might be employed to blow up Mrs. Cooper and her infidel Bible-class," but there is no doubt in Elder Sniffles' mind in regard to Mrs. Cooper's contingent choice of residence after death. It seems that some of the brethren have been towed by him into the breakers of contention, and that they retaliate by calling naughty and unchristian names and epithets, such as "Boss Roberts" and "Old Croaker." They accuse him of getting them in the "door" and then waging a "contemptible fight." These "fights" are closed with prayer. It is said that Mrs. Cooper has taught doctrines the very opposite of the trinity, of "awful" Unitarianism, Universalism and Ingersollism. She has sinned in accompanying her husband to the Unitarian church. In her defense she said: "I ask you as a Presbytery, as clergymen, as Christians and as gentlemen" (no women on the jury) "that I have every opportunity to defend myself." (So said Joan d' Arc to her masculine accusers.) "I want you to ask me every question. You hide yourselves under the poetic fiction that Calvary Church Session is on trial, but it is not so. It is Mrs. Cooper who is on trial for heresy. Her name has been bandied about and talked of everywhere." Because Mrs. Cooper has got beyond the earlier stages of Christian life and reached a higher plain, she is to be crucified and burnt at the stake of public opinion. Though public opinion, in the main is set against persecution for conscience' sake, the spirit which lighted the martyrs' fires, in sadly demoralized condition, still lurks in sectarian conventicles. Said the late Dean of Canterbury: "If we could translate subjective and mental into objective and corporeal, what a curious picture for men and angels our church would present; each half of our worshiping population, with fists clenched, heels uplifted, lips compressed for spitting at the other half;—and all for the honor and glory of God." *Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper is convicted* by the power and malice of *one man*.

Court Inquisition.

Mrs Marietta L. Stow is convicted by the power and malice of *one man*, and sent to prison because she declined to remake a perfect street. What of such law? What of such Christianity? What? Mrs. Cooper's case has been a popular one because she is in and of the church, and believes, for the most part, in the thirty-nine articles of faith formulated when people were not so intelligent as they are to-day. Newspapers have voiced *her* wrongs without stint, but they have made no moan in regard to a woman who has suffered imprisonment and every indignity at the hands of a corrupt municipality and an unjust court. Both these ladies are widely known for their humanitarian labors. Every large city in the Northern States is familiar with Mrs. Stow's indefatigable efforts to get a revision and unification of the entire probate-law system (which is a disgrace to the nation) of the land. Mrs. Stow is an independent thinker—a positivist—who worships God in her own way—and for this she is persecuted. She believes in a religion of the brain instead of an emotional religion—a *reasonable* religion. Is it not about time that one's creed should be a *personal* instead of a *public* matter? JUSTICIA.

MUSSEL SLOUGH "SETTLERS."

Eight Months in Santa Clara Jail.

The story of the wrongs suffered by the Settlers is a startling commentary on modern Christianity. But they have suffered that the next generation of men and women may live in a nobler, worthier, truer civilization. Step by step mankind has advanced, always fighting its way against overwhelming odds. In the beginning, disputing every inch of ground with the savage beast of prey; later, disputing every inch of ground with the savage greed of men. But great wrongs cause great agitations, and only by agitation is a public sentiment created and a public shame and indignation aroused. These people have been called "squatters." Squatters do not pay for their lands, but hold them by right of possession—acknowledging no right of ownership outside of themselves—whereas the Settlers acted very differently. They desired to pay the full value of the wild land.

There should be no stigma attached to the word "squatter," for we come of a race of squatters. Our forefathers were squatters. They squatted on Plymouth Rock, and when the original owners came with tomahawk and scalping knife to dispossess them, the Pilgrims fired a shot, and kept on firing, and they never offered to pay the original owners for Plymouth Rock or *untamed* pre-emptied lands. Our fathers said, "These people have more land than they need, and why should we be deprived of homes because of their great greed." So they made it very warm for Mr. Savage when he pounced down upon them; and all Christendom applauded. If the Pilgrim father is to be praised for protecting his land which he took by force, and did not pay for, why is not the son of the Pilgrim exonerated for protecting his land which he took by permission and offered to pay for? If the homes of the Pilgrims were sacred, why are not the homes of their sons sacred? The Pilgrim Fathers transformed the howling wilderness into homes, and were blessed for doing it; their sons have transformed the howling wilderness into homes, and are cursed for it. I, for one, protest against this curse, and the whole earth lifts up its voice in protest, and the barren fields cry, "Where is the husbandman who covered our nakedness with green corn and waving grain? Where is the husbandman who quenched our thirst with glad rivulets brought down from the mountains? Where is the husbandman who sang among the gathered sheaves, and called the lowing herds to pasture? Where are the joyous children who followed the moist furrow, with bare brown feet, and plucked the flower gems from our fragrant garments? Where?" The homeless children sit at the feet of their desolate mothers, while their fathers languish in prison.

On the 11th of April, three months from the date of their incarceration I visited these five men. They were in prison and I visited them; these husbands, these fathers, these five men with idle hands and aching hearts, longing for the sight of loved faces and the sound of dear voices, for the prattle of their babes, the pressure of warm lips, the comfort of their homes. Ah, how much sunshine, happiness and love bloated arrogance has taken out of the world, giving stones for bread and tears for joy. These poor men were glad to see me, and said, "You are the first woman from San Francisco who has come to visit us." And I marveled how my Christian sisters could ignore the command "Visit ye the imprisoned." I sat in company with Mr. Clark and Mrs. Willard for hours in their prison cell and listened to the bitter story of their wrongs. I noticed the moist eyes and trembling lips of those brave, strong, true husbands and fathers when they showed me the pictured faces of wives and babes. Ah, my friends, wrong and injustice exist largely because we are too selfish to look into it, and are unwilling to suffer with those who suffer; because we ourselves have never tasted Marah's waters. A kindred feeling makes us wondrous kind. I, too, have been in prison for owning a home in San Francisco. Perhaps this may account for my having visited them in prison. Perhaps? MRS. STOW.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Sad and Touching Letter from a Soldier to his Wife Just Before the Battle of Bull Run—Heroic Preparation for Death.

We are indebted to J. W. Stow, Esq., of this city, says the S. F. *Flagg* (1863), for a copy of the following letter from Major Sullivan Ballou of the Second Rhode Island Regiment. It was written and addressed to his wife the night before his departure to Manassas, where he was killed on the following Sunday. In his private note, Mr. Stow says: "It is difficult to conceive of a devotion to country more perfect and lofty than that which called this noble and gifted man so early to the field, from a home so dearly prized, from a household so tenderly cherished. I have never yet been able to read the letter except through my tears."

CAMP CLARK, Washington, July 14, 1861.

MY VERY DEAR SARAH.—The indications are that we shall move very soon—perhaps to-morrow. Lest I should not be able to write to you again, I feel impelled to write a few lines that may fall under your eyes when I shall be no more. Our movement may be one of a few days' march and full of pleasure, and it may be one of sorrow, conflict and death—to me. "Lord, not my will, but thine be done!" If it is necessary that I should fall on the battle-field for my country, I am ready. I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged. My courage does not halt or falter. I know how strongly American civilization now leans on the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution, and I am willing—perfectly willing—to lay down all my joys in this life to help maintain this Government and pay that debt. But, my dear wife, when I know that with my own joys I lay down nearly all of yours, and replace them in this life with cares and sorrows; when, after having eaten for long years the bitter fruits of orphanage myself, I must offer it as the only sustenance to my dear little children, is it weak or dishonorable, that, while the banner of my purpose floats calmly and proudly in the breeze underneath, my unbounded love for you, my darling wife and children, should struggle in fierce though useless contest with my love of country? I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm Sabbath night, when thousands of men are sleeping around me—many of them, no doubt, enjoying the last sleep before that of death, while I am awed with the feeling that Death is creeping around me with his fatal dart, as I sit communing with my God, my country and thee. I have sought, most closely and diligently and often, in my heart for a wrong motive in thus hazarding the happiness of all those I love, and I could find none. A pure love of country, and of those principles which I have so often advocated before the people—another name of honor that I love more than I fear death, has called upon me, and I have obeyed.

Sarah, my love for you is deathless; it seems to bind me with mighty cables, that nothing but omnipotence could break; and yet my love of country comes over me like a strong wind, and bears me irresistibly on, with all these claims, to the battle-field. The memory of all the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most grateful to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And how hard it is for me to give them up, and burn to ashes the hopes of future years, when, God willing, we might still have lived and loved together, and seen our sons grow up to honorable manhood around us. I have, I know, but few and small claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to me—perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar—that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I loved you; and when my last breath escapes me on the battle-field, it will whisper your name. Forgive my many faults, and the many pains I have caused you. How foolish, how thoughtless I have oftentimes been. How gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness, and struggle with all the misfortunes of this world to shield you and our children from harm, but I cannot. I must watch you from the spirit land, and hover near you while you buffet the storms with your precious freight, and wait with patience till we meet to part no more. But, oh! Sarah, if the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they love, I shall always be near you; in the gladdest day, in the darkest night; amidst your happiest scenes and your gloomiest hours, *always*—*always*; and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath; or if the cool air fans your throbbing temples, it shall be my spirit passing by. Sarah, do not mourn me dead, but think I am gone and waiting for thee—for we shall meet again. As for my little boys, they will grow up as I have done, and never know a father's love or care. Little Willie is too young to remember me long. And my blue-eyed Edgar will keep my frolics with him among the dim memories of his childhood. Sarah, I have unlimited confidence in your maternal care, and your development of their chatacters, and I feel that God will bless you in your holy work. Tell my two mothers that I call God's blessing upon them. Oh, Sarah, come to me, and lead thither my two children.

My wife, farewell. SULLIVAN.

Resolutions of Sympathy for the Nation's Widow, Mrs. James A Garfield.

Passed by the California Woman's Social Science Association, September 24, 1881.

WHEREAS, a dutiful son, a loving husband, an affectionate father, and the great Nation's Chief Magistrate has been foully murdered within the heart of its vast territory and under the very ægis of its Capitol, be it

Resolved, That we, the Social Science Sisterhood of California, tender to his venerable mother, his stricken widow and his orphaned children, our sincere and heart-felt sympathy in this their hour of bitter need.

Resolved, That we denounce in unqualified terms the law that will not visit swift and terrible retribution upon the cowardly assassin who struck down in the strength of his manhood one of Nature's grandest, noblest, purest sons—a man so loved, so honored, so revered.

Resolved. That in the widow of our martyred President we recognize all the unnobling virtues and heroic fortitude of the Roman matron whose jewels were heart jewels, and, therefore, priceless. The jewels of a mourning Nation's widow are set in black to-day. May they ever sparkle with their mother's purity and their father's worth. Lucretia Garfield, we weep with you, and strew lilies and violets of sympathy in your pathway.

MUSSEL SLOUGH SETTLERS' RECEPTION.

The Visalia *Delta* gives an outline of the proceedings to be held at the settlers' reception of their representatives who have been imprisoned in San Jose jail: On the following Wednesday, Oct. 5th, a grand reception will be tendered them at Hanford. A Committee of Arrangements, consisting of Dr. A. Bradley, W. W. Barnes and F. J. Clark, was appointed to make arrangements for the meeting. They appointed a Finance Committee, consisting of A. J. Pope and John Harris, of Hanford; Joshua Patterson, of Grangeville; Theodore Willard, of Rustic; Thos. Standart, of Lemoore; and Mr. King, of Jonesa, to raise the necessary funds. A brass band will be employed, and all other necessary steps taken at once to make of this meeting a perfect ovation. Invitations will be sent out to all the press and to many prominent men of the State to be present. Large posters calling attention to the meeting will be circulated all over the county, and in many other counties. Congressman C. P. Berry, a firm friend of the people, has been invited, and is confidently expected to be present and address the meeting, as will also several local speakers. On the same day the James one-track railroad, now in successful operation at Hanford, will be on exhibition, and it is expected that large delegations from abroad will be present to witness its operations, whilst joining in the congratulations of the people over the return of their neighbors. It is expected that the crowd of people present will be immense. The selected grounds will be well seated, and the canopy of leaves that will shelter the crowd from the sun is so dense as to make a complete shade. In fact, the Committee of Arrangements announces that everything possible will be done to make the attendants comfortable. Those from a distance will be especially cared for.

WOMEN AT OXFORD.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

This year's results of the Oxford examination of women over 18 years of age will be scanned with some interest by the friends of women's education. As we once before pointed out, the standard of the honor division of the examination is in most respects similar to that maintained in the university examinations, though, as the time of preparation never practically exceeds two years, and may be limited to one, the quality of the work done and the maturity of the training displayed ought to be compared with the quality and maturity shown by undergraduates in moderations rather than in the final schools. In the honor division, three of the selections—modern languages, English literature and philosophy—have been attempted this year for the first time. Somerville Hall has obtained a first-class in modern languages, two second-classes in the same section, and a second-class in modern history. Lady Margaret Hall has obtained a second-class in philosophy and a second-class in English literature. There are also various third-classes. Evidently, the examiners determined to maintain a high standard, of which the solitary first-class out of ten honor candidates is a salutary indication. To this record should be added the success of a Somerville Hall student in another field. One of its scholars appears tenth in the whole list of those matriculating in honors at the London University and first among the women candidates. Altogether, the Oxford women's scheme has made a good start.

SILK.—San Jose Mercury: The Pacific Silk Manufacturing Company set their weaving apparatus in motion yesterday, and turned out their first web of fabric—a piece of six or eight yards of the best quality of black silk. They have as yet but one loom put up. It was made by Mr. Alfred Sauffrignon, the treasurer, and engineer of the company. The company is composed of J. Sauffrignon, President; XavierVan de Casteals, Vice President; Alfred Sauffrignon, Treasurer and Engineer; G. Hermann, Manager. Mr. Alfred Sauffrignon was a professor at Santa Clara College, and resigned the position in order to devote his entire attention to the new enterprise. The manufactory is situated at the corner of Delmas avenue and San Salvador street. Other looms have been ordered from the East, and will soon arrive. There were none to be had on this coast. The enterprise was started as a joint stock company, with shares at $5 each. The gentlemen whose names are given above all possess liberal means, and deeming that the concern could be managed to a better advantage in the hands of a few, bought up the stock and are now sole owners.

WOMAN'S INDEPENDENT POLITICAL PARTY, 304 Stockton Street, will meet every Wednesday evening instead of Monday evening, hereafter.

THE STOW BILL.

(Introduced in the House of Rep., Dec. 9, 1879, by De Lamatyr, of Indiana.)

FOR THE AMENDMENT OF LAWS IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AND THE TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:

SECTION 1. That in all marriages hereafter contracted, the property of both parties and the accumulations of wedlock shall be common property. Separate estates, protected by antenuptial contracts, legacies, gifts, and bequests, shall constitute the private property of each, which shall be exempt from the debts or torts of the other. Property given to a wife by her husband, except during or in expectation of insolvency, shall be her private property.

SEC. 2. At the death of either husband or wife the survivor shall own, after the payment of all debts, half of the common property and have the use of the other half during life, or until remarriage, in which event the estate shall be divided, one-half going to the survivor *absolutely* and the other half to the children of the first marriage, unless otherwise ordained by the testator. If there are no children, then according to the will; if there is no will, then to the heirs of the deceased. No testament placed over the common property by the deceased shall take effect until after the death or remarriage of the survivor.

SEC. 3. All debts or claims against the joint estate shall be settled by the survivor subject to the same law which regulates the collection of partnership debts upon the death of one of the firm.

SEC. 4. In case of divorce the wife shall be entitled to her separate property, and half of the common property after the payment of all debts.

SEC. 5. The survivor, unless mentally or morally incapacitated, shall have the sole guardianship of the persons of his or her minor children under 14 years of age. In case of divorce the mother, unless barred by misconduct or mental aberration, shall have the guardianship of the persons of her minor children under 14 years of age, if she so elects and is able to support them.

SEC. 6. A homestead not exceeding in value $5,000 shall be exempt from levy and sale. If at the death of the husband there be no homestead, then $5,000 in personal property or wild lands shall belong to the widow, and shall be exempt from all claims made by creditors.

SEC. 7. No conveyance or endorsement affecting the joint real estate shall be valid without the signature of both husband and wife.

This Bill was published in many of the leading papers of the Nation, and in the dailies of Washington, as the most important bill which had been introduced during the session.—[Ed.

Why the Stow against Patterson case was not carried up: First—because there is no justice for women and poor people, in the courts of California. M. A. Edwards, the man on the bench, was not going to jeopardize that bench, at a subsequent election, by opposing the wishes of the law-firm of Dwinell, McClure and Plaisance. That was written all over his face, when he took his seat on the day of the trial. Second—Want of funds to carry forward the suit. The trial cost the plaintiff $52, and there was $100 more to be paid out, besides a $300 bond to be given if the case went forward, with a prospect of all the costs of the opponents to pay. Third—There was no reason to suppose that the decision of the upper court would reverse the decision, and if it did, then the same court would have its "farce" to react; therefore, it was abandoned. Could it have been continued for a decade, civilization would be so far developed that damages would be awarded. But that cannot be done. So the heinous perpetrator of the crime goes unwhipt of justice.

WOMEN AND BUSINESS.—"Men hate to transact business with women." Why? Because, in many instances, they expect to take a financial advantage of them—through some invisible loop-hole—which would never be practiced on a man. There are men who do not hesitate to prove to a woman that they have no self-respect, by dishonoring their word again and again. When the code of honorable dealings knows no *sex*, women will enjoy the same measure of exactness, promptness and *truthfulness* in the business world that men now enjoy. There are many such wise, honest men living to-day, and as civilization advances there will be more of them. A woman's time and good feeling may be as valuable to her as a man's time and good feeling is to him. A woman's money will buy as much bread and meat as a man's money will buy.

POSITIVISM.—The only pure religion, the only religion whose basic principles are not emotional. The passional and emotional are interchangeable terms. Positivism maintains that the sacred function of reproduction is for one purpose only; namely: the reproduction of the *human* species, with the higher order of animals the same as with the lower. But their use in any other sense is a degradation to both sexes. It is argued that all love between man and woman is threefold: First, brain or intellectual love; second, heart or affectional love; third, passion or emotional love. Positivism stops with the first and second stages of the phenomenon, and holds that the third is unworthy of rational beings and thoroughly demoralizing.

SILK CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.—Woman's Social Science has revived the interest in silk culture in this State, which impatient ambition knocked in the head a few years ago. If Social Science had accomplished no more than this, it can justly claim the meed of praise. Silk culture is largely woman's work. In the fair which has just closed, Mrs. Sellers of Antioch, and Mr. Newman of San Francisco, and several other parties made commendable exibits. The silk interest is being revived throughout the entire Union. Women, especially, are taking a great interest in the subject.

Madame Hoffman, 304 Stockton street, is conceded to be the most thoroughly artistic dressmaker in San Francisco. Her original designs and fitting are perfect and her prices are very reasonable. Elegant goods are often ruined in the hands of persons wholly ignorant of the first principles of the lines of beauty and harmony in the arrangement of draperies, colors and designs.

Children's Corner.

ROVER'S PETITION.

JAMES T. FIELDS' LAST POEM.

"Kind traveler, do not pass me by
And thus a good old dog forsake;
But stop a moment on your way,
And hear my woe, for pity's sake!

"My name is Rover, yonder house
Was once my home for many a year;
My master loved me; every hand
Caressed young Rover, far and near.

"The children rode upon my back,
And I could hear my praises sung;
With joy I licked their pretty feet,
And round my shaggy sides they clung.

"I watched them while they played or slept;
I gave them all I had to give;
My strength was theirs from morn till night,
For only them I cared to live.

"Now I am old, and blind, and lame,
They've turned me out to die alone,
Without a shelter for my head,
Without a scrap of bread or bone.

"This morning I can hardly crawl,
While shivering in the snow and hail;
My teeth are dropping one by one;
I scarce have strength to wag my tail.

"I'm palsied grown with mortal pains;
My withered limbs are useless now;
My voice is almost gone, you see,
And I can hardly make my bow.

"Perhaps you'll lead me to a shed
Where I may find some friendly straw
On which to lay my aching limbs,
And rest my helpless broken paw.

"Stranger, excuse this story long,
And pardon, pray, my last appeal;
You've owned a dog yourself, perhaps,
And learned that dogs, like men, can feel."

Yes, poor old Rover, come with me;
Food, with warm shelter I'll supply—
And heaven forgive those cruel souls
Who drove you forth to starve and die!

—*Harper's Young People.*

[A serial written for THE HERALD of INDUSTRY, by "Lizzie Bell."]

LITTLE ETTA'S FRONTIER LIFE.

Etta's Birth and First Journey Thereafter.

About forty-five years ago, in the town of Webster, New York, the subject of this true story first saw the light, and was said to be the homeliest baby that that usually conscientious town had ever produced. Mr. Breeze was the father and Mrs. Breeze the mother, and Milly Breeze the sister and Terry Breeze the brother of this uncomely child. Mr. Breeze lived in a modest, two-story frame house, set on a hill some distance from the highway, but a private drive led up to it. Here, as soon as the word went forth that a female child was born, all the wise, oracular dames of the neighborhood congregated, and after a grave consultation with the doctor, pronounced the new comer a marvel of ugliness, uncomely of countenance and behavior; for she was pugnacious from the first, and persisted in the unpopular demonstrations that a pink-and-red baby had a right to develop its lungs and strengthen its voice by screaming when it had nothing else to do. Here also came troops of little girls and boys to see the new baby, and each one of them thrust a fore-finger into the pink-and-red baby's plump hand to see if it was a "smart" baby, judging whether or not it was a smart baby by the grip it gave; and some of the juvenile investigators were in great doubt as to whether the pink-and-red baby would ever relax its hold of the fore-finger, it clung so tightly to the intruding digital. Here the pink-and-red baby was given a double name, but we will call her "Little Etta," or Etta, for short, as she was called then and now by her father, and for the reason that Lizzie Bell will treat of single facts instead of double ones.

Here Little Etta grew and waxed strong, during the first three years of her life, getting teeth and the measles at the same time, and not liking either. She preferred kicking up her heels with Towz in the clover to the measles, and a lump of sugar to the new tooth.

One day, after she had assumed the dignity of toddling on her own responsibilities, she thought she would help herself out of the sugar bowl, which was standing on the sideboard, and Miss Puss at the same time (pussy was a sharer in such goodies, by proxy); therefore, poising her plump ladyship upon a footstool she purloined, for herself and musical friend, a bountiful supply of forbidden sweets. But, oh, unlucky greed! in securing the last big lump, the balance was lost; the stool tilted; the bowl was upset upon the floor, scattering its ample shower. Cut glass, cat, and bruised Etta, and lump sugar all in a confused heap! while poor puss, with arched back and plumed tail, surveyed the catostrophe at a respectful distance.

Now Etta had her likes and dislikes as strongly developed as her will. She likes to see her doggy run and caper in the sunshine; and the water of the brook run laughing and capering over the pebbles; and she liked to run and caper herself, in her roly-poly fashion, after the speckled butterflies; but she did not like to see blood run. Therefore, when she saw the bright drops on her white apron, she cried with a great cry, which brought her mother from the next room to see what had happened.

Having taken in the situation at a glance, her mother said, very gently: "Did my little girlie forget that she was told not to help herself to anything without permission? Now, the poor little fingers that have been so naughty will have to be bound up with salve, which means no more pies made out of the beautiful, yellow clay in the pretty brook, and no more washing in the handsome, new, red tub. Dolly's clothes will have to be sent to the laundry, now."

This was a sore grief to Etta, for a vast half-hour; but after each wounded finger had been wrapped in linen, she repeated to herself many times;

"I des I 'member; I des I 'member allus!"

Then she went out into the yard and called, "Toogy, toogy, toogy," when up out of the grass, like an elongated snowball, came the object of her search; waddling and grunting it came, a veritable pig, with the cutest of tails, that looked as though it had been treated to a process of tissue paper and pliant lead over night, so crank and defiant was each glossy ring above the straightest of backs. He was a handsome pig and knew it, too. Was he not bathed every morning in the same water that had trickled over his fair young mistress' polished surface, and did he not make an early acquaintance with his own comely shadow in the brook? Was he not an educated grunter, cultivated in taste and refined in diet—prefering the sweet, fresh milk, warm from the udder, to the sour, creamless mass that satisfied his brothers?

What if Miss Etta did steal a march on him sometimes, and with Towz only make a raid on the melon-patch, down in the cornfield; thanks to his intuitiveness, or observation, he could scent them as well as Towz; and presently they would realize his close proximity by the rustling of the corn-leaves, and labored breathing—caused by his friendly haste to be with them, or the melons.

When Etta was three years old, the Western-fever swept over that part of the Empire State wherein her parents resided, and carried away her father into the wilds of the Western Reserve. There he had selected a a number of goodly acres in the county of Lorain, near Oberlin, Ohio, and there he felled trees and built a corduroy house in which to receive his dear ones, and waited and longed for their coming.

Etta sang and danced, at intervals, all day at the thought of going to live in the woods with her papa and the squirrels, and grew amazingly eloquent in her descriptions of the "'Hio," its wonders and delights, when her appreciative audience was all assembled—a trinity of intelligence and decorum, which consisted of the cat, the pig and the dog. But, alas for human happiness! her joy was of brief duration, for she soon made the terrible discovery that her darling pets were not to be included in the removal. Then she exclaimed, with hightoned color and flashing eyes:

"I won't do to de 'Hio, I won't, I won't! No, I'll 'tay wid 'ou, piggy; I will, so! I don't 'ike 'Hio's, 'an I don't want to see Pap nor de 'quirrels, nasty 'quirrels! I hates 'quirrels."

In vain were her mother's assurances that piggy would be taken good care of by her grandmother, and that she would feed and fatten him well and eat him afterwards. But Etta refused to be comforted, unless she could take one of her darlings, at least, to the "Bootifoo 'Hio." So after due deliberation, it was decided to transport puss, in a basket, and leave Towz and the pig to comfort each other in the great affliction that was so soon to overtake them.

On a bright morning, early in the joyous month of June, after many kindly farewells spoken by friends small and great, Etta was tumbled into the great lumbering stage-coach which was to take her mother, brother Jerry and sister Milly, herself and Miss Puss, with numerous bundles and boxes, to Rocester. From that place they were to proceed on their journy in one of the canal packets that, at that time, conveyed first-class passengers to and from Albany to Buffalo. In that early day the rail-pathway with its iron horses was not built. People were obliged to proceed more leisurely in their journeyings then, and lived longer in consequence.

Etta sobbed as though her heart would break at parting from her dear Grandma, pets and little friends. She loved the little girls dearly, who had so often played "hide-and-go-seek" with her in the sweet-scented hay; and she liked little Tommy Noodles, because he never called her "Towhead," and always remembered to fetch her such a long string of raspberries, strung on a grape stalk, whenever he went to the big woods berrying. But of all her playmates she best loved Piggy and Towz. Had they not shared with her every good thing? The beautiful, delicious cookies, with sugar-sand all over their crisp tops, that her dear grandmother always had stowed away in her capacious pocket whenever she climbed the miniature eminence where the house stood, which she called a hill, to see "Toddlins," as she playfully dubbed our heroine. Grandma's house was about half a mile away across the green meadows. These goodies were never shared alone, but were distributed in choice titbits, by Etta's deft fingers, to the three watering mouths, all eager and expectant, but politely waiting their turn. Had they not rolled over and over down the grassy slope so often together?—and now she must never see them again.

Just as the driver mounted the box, with his long whip in hand, Etta pushed back the half-closed door of the stage, and cried:

"Dood bye, Piggy; dood bye, Towz; Dod and Damma will take care of 'ou!"

When Towz, who had watched the whole proceeding with lively interest, heard his young mistress calling his name, he made a frantic leap and nearly succeeded in getting into the stage. But the driver's merciless whip sent him howling with pain and disappointment up to the vacant house and deserted porch. Standing there, abandoned, alone, he lifted up his voice in a prolonged cry of desolation. That wail of anguish told too plainly that he realized that he was forsaken. He thought it so strange that he should be left behind when puss was taken. He had tried to do his duty as well as puss. To be sure, he had not caught mice, but he saved "Toddlins'" life once, by pulling her out of the brook which ran throught the meadows, when it was swollen by the rain and no one was near to rescue her from drowning; and one night, when old Brindle, that gave such rich milk, was "cast" under a root in the field, he gave the alarm by scratching on the door, and then leading the way to where she was lying in such fear and pain that she would have died before morning if she had not been found. He had kept the coons and crows out of the corn-field, and had loved, so dearly loved, all and each member of the family, and had always expected that he was loved in return, and that he should live and die with them.

EXCHANGES.—Is there *one* paper in the United States—in the world—published by women for women that refuses to exchange with every other paper published by women? If so, that paper lacks the ring of the true metal. It is not working for women; it is working for personal aggrandizement. We shall commence publishing our *Womens' Exchanges* in January.

[Written for Woman's Herald of Industry, Nov. 1, 1880.]

SILK AND TEA CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

To provide suitable employment for women and children, no industries can compare with tea and silk culture. No country can surpass California in adaptation to these productions. A few years ago, speculators went wildly into raising mulberry trees, that grow 12 feet in a year from a cutting. Under pretense of making silk they got the Legislature to offer an extravagant premium for such trees, with no equivalent encouragement for making silk. The result was, that the idea of making silk was dropped, and everybody rushed into raising trees, as more immediately profitable. Moreover, they raised exclusively the fastest grower, which is the worst kind for feeding silkworms, viz., *morus multicaulis*. Soon the country was covered with them; everybody wanted to sell, nobody to buy.

Then, to save themselves, a very few went to feeding worms on leaves of the *multicaulis* principally, and in old stables with effluvia stifling to the worms. These single-board sheds and roofs, in the heat of day and without ventilation, gave 100 degrees of heat (Fahrenheit), and at midnight 65 degrees. These extremes killed many worms, and damaged the coccoons of those that lived and spun them. For even threads even temperature is necessary. At each extreme worms spin torpidly, and threads break in reeling off.

General disaster befel the speculative gentry, and a general scampering off, with cries of failure, occurred in the central groups along the hurried lowlands. Newspapers, eager for show of wisdom, trumpeted the cry, with, usually, "We presumed as much. This is no country for silk!"

Meantime, Felix Gillet, of Nevada City, and Mrs. Dawson, of Grass Valley, in their mountain homes, having planted choice varieties of mulberry trees, suitable for food of worms at different stages of growth, prepared buildings for rearing worms in good air, and even temperature. Their success was, and is to-day, perfect. Not a worm lost—not a coccoon that France nor Italy, China nor Japan can match for length and even thread, for strength, and unceasing cloth.

This practical demonstration should outweigh the clamor of ten thousand speculators who cry "failure." It is obvious that if they had done as Nevada County did, they would have succeeded; and if Nevada had done as the speculators did, it would have likewise failed.

Now, ladies, you can see your way clear to success. You see the wrong way to shun, and the right way that cannot fail.

How about the cost? In no country can coccoons be raised so cheaply, quality and quantity considered, and nowhere is recorded such health of trees and of silkworms. Here are no thunder-storms, so fatal in Europe; and nowhere else are active seasons of operations so prolonged. All we require is factories to utilize the coccoons. This want was felt from the beginning. Small capital suffers, and it is quick work for the inborn mechanical instinct of American children to learn silk manipulation.

Then and thereafter, for ever and aye, California coccoons will never want a market; nor will this generation of our women and children suffer for want of healthy, agreeable and remunerative occupation.

In our next number, we will give the history of the first attempt to cultivate tea in California, on a sufficient scale for reliable proof. It will be seen that our foot-hills are destined to be the great center of tea culture, that will supply the United States with its choice teas.

TEA CULTURE.

Can we grow tea in California? and can we cure it to profit at our tariff of labor rates? Ten years ago an enterprise of this kind was inaugurated in El Dorado, six miles north of Placerville. Herr Schnell, a Prussian Officer, long resident in Japan, took service in the rebellion of Japan, on the wrong side. His property was confiscated, and he fled to this country. He was short of funds. But he brought 22 of his former retainers, men and women, together with his Japanese wife and children, a million of tea plants and seeds, and various other plants.

He bought, on credit, a farm of 250 acres, fenced and well stocked; and without loss of a day, he went to work. Soon he had a million of tea trees in vigorous growth, besides Japanese experience, in his own tea gardens. He plucked some early leaves and made a few pounds of tea, which he exhibited at the San Francisco Fair. In common with others, we tasted and approved.

Tea plants are hardy, and on our uplands would not need watering, after being fairly rooted. But if you pluck the leaves and want new ones, in this climate they must be irrigated well. The Water Company gave free irrigation to help the enterprise, and it was freely used. Mine water is charged with iron in combination with sulphur; for this the plants in their young growth have great affinity. As the water evaporated, the iron clung to the stems, forming an iron ring, which, as the plants expanded, divided the bark, stopped circulation, and killed the trees. In a week, Schnell saw ruin face to face; so did his retainers, who, losing all prospect of pay, left him. Deserted and broken-hearted, he received a letter inviting return to Japan, and abandoning the enterprise, he departed, with the sympathy of hearts whose esteem he won.

The cows, goats and pigs made havoc in the tea gardens, leaving not a green thing to chronicle the disaster. "Failure" was on every tongue, and every newspaper proclaimed it as proof positive, that tea couldn't be grown in California. This was ten years ago, and to this day it is the popular belief. Yet, for sensible people in this age, meaning business, the facts which we personally attest, prove that tea plants grow luxuriantly here, and the leaves cured Japan fashion, make tea equal to that of Japan; also, that the cost need not to deter us. Ladies may, therefore, have faith that, next to silk, tea culture will provide pleasant and profitable occupation for women and children.

DR. SILVER.

WHY DO I TEACH A LITTLE SCIENCE SUNDAY-SCHOOL?

First—Because I am in love with nature and with nature's teachings. She teaches of a true God, of a loving Father. There is no terror in her harmonious lessons. The beauty of the Divine Architect's plans shines through all her various garments. It floats in the clouds and sets in the spangled heavens; it is woven in the foliage and dimples in the brook; it clothes the evening with purple splendor, and the morning with rosy light. I early became an earnest votary at nature's shrine. Her happy temples, the grand old woods, with their orchestra of singing birds, droning insects, and the soft undertone of swaying branches, were far more fascinating to my unadulterated ear than the singing of the "Mear" by Deacon Quaver and Miss High-pitch in the meeting house. My dear, close-communion Baptist mother—peace to her ashes—mourned over the unregenerate condition of her little girl who did not believe in miracles, who asked unanswerable questions about "two little fishes" feeding a multitude, and about one large one having living apartments to let; and about the sun standing still; about why innocent babies, only a "span long," were to burn in hell for the sins of their parents for all time. Could fond mothers be happy in heaven under such circumstances? I questioned. When I was told to learn fifty verses in the Old Testament, where Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt for asking questions and not believing, I utterly refused, and declared my determination to "toast" with the babies; and from that hour I was left in peace, but never loved or forgiven for my obstinacy. But to-day the unfettered spirit of my sainted mother walks in light; for

"Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between."

I made friends with all the wild creatures in the woods and took as much care of the young as the mothers by feeding the unfledged birds with worms and bugs, and the fish with crumbs, and the squirrels with nuts and acorns. I learned the habits of birds and little animals by observation; I had no books on natural history to teach me. I tamed birds, rabbits, squirrels, and my brother tamed a coon and an opossum. During my childhood I worked in the farm-house at home as very few little girls work in farm-houses now-a-days. Spinning, weaving, butter and cheese-making, knitting, sewing, etc., besides the cooking and laundry work of six in the family when the harvesters were absent ("Little Etta's Frontier Life" will give this in detail), and still had time to teach my wildwood pets many an antic.

Second—Because I love children. They are like nature before their plastic minds are turned and twisted and distorted by the false and untrue. I teach them in my Sunday-school the love of God through his handiwork, through his boundless wisdom and goodness; and not through the narrow conceit of men. God's marvelous open book of nature I substitute for weary text-books. Such lessons make of every child an investigator and thinker. There is no parrot-cramming in the Little Science Sunday-school. Every child is a teacher. He or she brings a week's knowledge, acquired with open eyes and ears, to tell to me and associate pupils every Sunday morning. I am the scholar; they are my teachers. When the beauty and worth of such a common-sense Sunday-school as this is well understood, we shall have money in the treasury to go into the country now and then, bug-hunting and bird-hunting, not to destroy, but to keep alive what is found for daily study and investigation. A hornet's nest hung up in the house will clear it of flies, and the buzzing yellow-jackets soon become harmless domestics. Every wild creature, nearly, can be tamed and taught tricks by kindness and perseverance; and the knowledge gained is commensurate with the labor. The beautiful trained horses, Tommy, Barney and Jack, demonstrate this fact. Every man, woman or child who develops and educates the intelligence of the lower animals is advancing civilization. When we have more Little Science Sunday-schools, we shall have fewer beer-guzzling entertainments; when we have a few more amphitheaters of educated animals, we shall have fewer demoralizing dramatic companies. I am not condemning the theater or stage. They are as necessary as schools and churches. It is only when they become outcast, prostitute, demoralizing, that I condemn. Bible Sunday-schools educate and develop the emotional nature. Science Sunday-schools educate and develop the reasoning faculties. Which is the most useful, beneficial, comfortable—reason or emotion? One develops uncertainty, speculation, unrest, warfare, theology; the other develops certainty, investigation, satisfaction, peace, *positivism*. Both believe in and teach God—one through fear and self-abasement, one through love and self-improvement.

Third—Because one of the darling hopes of my life for years has been to make a Little Science Sunday-school where I could teach and be taught out of the exhaustless book of nature. The little scientists in my school will grow up into real Social Scientists and Positivists. They are taught that they are born pure, and that they will remain pure if they do not transgress any of the natural laws of life. *Natural laws are moral laws.* The fear of death and hell is expunged where it has found lodgment in the minds of pupils. There is no hell, and natural death is only "transition," painless as sleep. We shall some day have men of sufficient enlightenment, culture and independence, who will one day give us a revision of the Bible which will be in harmony with progress, in which bad grammar and mythology will be left out. With a little common sense and care it could be made a useful and beautiful book. It is an inspired book, the same as every other living book, poem or noble deed is inspired, and no more. MRS. STOW.

WOMAN'S INDEPENDENT POLITICAL PARTY.—Object: To prepare women for political life by a system of gradual and thorough Political Education. I believe that the success of our methods of government depends on the active political influence of educated intelligence, and that parties are means, not ends. Therefore, we organize a new party of women, untrammeled and unfettered by old prejudices and old issues. Whenever there is an election we shall enter the field as "*Independents*," with our own nominees and our own methods of procedure. If our ticket is embellished with the best names, both men and women, we shall expect it to win, regardless of sex or previous or continuous condition of disfranchisement. We shall take up a course of reading pertinent to its object, beginning with Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans," Alex. Johnson's "History of American Politics," Professor A. L. Perry's "Introduction to Political Economy," Graham McAdams' "Alphabet in Finance," etc. We meet *one* evening in each week to discuss difficult questions, and by such means the intelligence of women is directed into the channels of sound political knowledge. It is not, of course, to be expected that the ripened fruit of such an effort can be gathered at once, but there is no doubt that if it is intelligently and persistently made it will be the means of developing a vast amount of reasonable and sound thinking on questions which lie at the basis of all healthy political movements. Intelligence will constitute the conserving power. Men's political parties have drifted with the strong tide of party prejudice for the first century of our national existence, guided by an unshaken faith in our "*destiny*." They have contented themselves with the amusing belief that the political history of all earlier nations was but a series of experiments leading up to the grand discovery of the American Constitution, the last possible phase of governmental history, and that with us, consequently, nothing could go wrong. They have been under the guidance of a strong political instinct. But in the second century we women will take nothing for granted until every subject is riddled with the light of investigation. We will examine the foundations of our government, criticise, and, if need be, amend. Our fundamental, wholly masculine laws, shall be invested with no traditional sacredness. We will accept or reject them according to their merits or demerits. Knowledge of the science of government is as vital and essential to women as to men. This Women's Party welcomes to its councilfires women and men of every other party, and thus, by an interchange of ideas there will grow up in our midst a co-operation of intelligence for the attainment and perpetuation of a sound government.

CLUB RULE IN SAN JOSE.

Four Society Ladies Arrested by a Santa Clara Officer.

SAN JOSE, September 12.—On Friday evening last, four young ladies of this city—Misses Georgie and Jennie Ryder, Miss Gertie Moody and Miss Jennie Hale—drove in Mr. Ryder's carriage to Santa Clara, where they arrived about 9 o'clock. The ladies make the following statement: As they drove along they ammused themselves with singing in a subdued manner. They drove past the college on the east side and passed down Franklin street to Lafayette, which bounds the college grounds on the west. They were proceeding leisurely along this deserted street singing, when two men sprang from behind trees toward the carriage. The young ladies thought them robbers, and screamed. Miss Georgie Ryder sprang from the carriage, receiving painful injury in so doing, and fled, pursued by one of the men. The other man sprang into the carriage shouting, "D—— you, stop!" at the same time seizing the reins. These men were Town Marshal, Frederick Farmer, and Holmes, a lamplighter. Farmer took possession of the carriage. Holmes pursued Miss Ryder, who took refuge in Mr. Metzler's house, where she asked protection from the robbers. Farmer, without stating his position or business, took the terrified girls to Justice Clencay's courtroom, where he locked them up. He then took Miss Ryder from Metzler's and locked her up also. Judge Clencay was summoned. One of the young ladies gave ficticious names for all. Clencay then told them if they pleaded guilty it would be all right, and he then fined them $5.50 each for disturbing the peace, taking their bracelets, rings, etc., for security. He then allowed them to go home.

The next day, Mr. Ryder, Mr. Moody and an attorney went to Santa Clara to demand an explanation. The Judge said he told Farmer he had made a mistake and arrested the wrong people. Farmer was looking for a party which had been in the habit of driving to the college wall and serenading, which was complained of by the President of the college. Clencay wiped out all the proceedings, and on Farmer's motion, dismissed the case. The young ladies say that Farmer's conduct was disgraceful, and during all the time from the first assault until the Judge appeared they thought themselves in the hands of brigands. Their terror was so great as to make the Misses Ryder ill the next day. During their flight Miss Georgie Ryder lost two very valuable diamond rings, which have not been found. They say they did not plead guilty, not knowing with what they were charged. Miss Moody resented Farmer's profane language during the ride, declaring that he should not thus insult them. He expressed admiration of her courage by a tap on the shoulder and the remark, "You're true grit." When begged not to lock them up he replied. "G—— d—— you, I'll put you in the tank."

The young ladies are daughters of our most respected citizens. There are none more modest or ladylike, and the affair has created a perfect furore of indignation throughout the neighborhood. Denunciation of Farmer is heard on every side and strong measures are advocated by many. A probable suit for damages will grow out of the matter—*Selected*.

The bearing and rearing of children should be considered as noble and important an occupation as money-getting. It is curious that, if we will consider it, the man, who is such a fine fellow, and thinks so much of himself—as the lord of creation—would, after all, be a complete nonentity without the woman whom he has hustled about and driven into a corner ever since she was born. One is a food-producer; the other, a life-producer. Both incomplete without the other.

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(*Fourth Edition.*)

This is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated.—*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherlesss children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passionate eloquence.—*New York Tribune.*

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News.*

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

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When man in the bush with God may meet."

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He, taking no counsel of past things, but only of the inspiration of his to-day's feeling, surprises them with his tidings, with his better knowledge, his larger view, his steady gaze at the new and future event, whereof they had no thought.—*Essay on Eloquence.*

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency, a great soul has simply nothing to do. * * Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. "Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood." Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.—*Self-Reliance.*

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The true test of civilization is, not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out.—*Civilization.*

The less government we have, the better; the fewer laws, the less confided power. The antidote to this abuse of formal government is the influence of private character, the growth of the individual.—*Politics.*

To help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope, and blow the coals into a useful flame; to redeem defeat by new thought, by firm action, that is not easy, that is the work of divine men.—*Success.*

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Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
The Problem.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. For sale by Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

HISOTRY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A short review of the "History of Woman Suffrage" appeared in the first number of the *Herald*, but the work is of too great significance to be passed with one brief comment: "Great skill is displayed in the manner with which its heterogeneous parts—letters, debates, orations, leaders, sermons, poems, bits of diary, resolutions and appeals are bound together by and with the reminiscences of Mrs. Stanton, who is not more distinguished by the clearness of her thought, the soundness of her judgment and the felicity of her expression, than by her genial, humorous and broad, yet penetrating sympathy, which appears in touches throughout the volume." It ought to be in every public and private library in the land—yes, in christendom. No library is complete without it. It is a marvel of excellence, historically, editorially, typographically, and in general finish. Edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Matilda Joslyn Gage. Fowler & Wells, publishers, New York. A. Roman & Co., 120 Sutter street, agents on the Pacific Coast.

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WOMAN'S REPUBLIC.—Founded by Mrs. J. W. Stow, June 7, 1881, for the purpose of creating an independent center of thought and action for women, where they can meet once, twice, thrice a week, and discuss all questions with a freedom and thoroness heretofore undreamed of; where every subject pertaining to the well-being of the race is fully exposed to the sunlight of truth and investigation. Only filthy and obscene minds can speak of the sacred function of creating and bearing children as "dirty." Every ray of light emanating from the lamp of reason should be focused upon it. To eradicate evil we must begin at the germ.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE PREMIUMS.

OFFERED BY MRS. J. W. STOW.

First Premium.—Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Labor: Its Value to Woman." Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Bread: The Staff of Life." Ten Dollars ($10.00) for the best loaf of bread.

Second Premium.—"The History of Woman Suffrage" for each of the second best of the two essays.

SUBSCRIBE for the HERALD, the cheapest first-class journal in the world. Price, $1.00.

THE very valuable article upon Rose Culture, by Mrs. J. H. Smyth, should be read by every one who is in love with the queen of flowers.

SARAH B. COOPER has walked *up* and out of Calvary Church and the garments of the investigators are made whiter thru the process of ejectment. The fumigation, cleansing and purging was more than one woman could stand—hence the withdrawal. The Christlike Presbyterians prest this woman into service and they prest her out of service. Amen!

OUR SPARKLING X from Lafayette makes its bow in a bran new suit. Its brilliant editor, Helen M. Gougar, has a happy taking way: she does not ignore the necessities of the sterner sex; she has given them a cosy corner in "Our Hearld," all by themselves, with a pictured top-off, a trinity of smiling bliss—real happiness in breeches—without the weed. Well done sister!

HERALD GREETINGS.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all! May Health and Happiness, twin handmaids of Richusness, attend your footsteps! May Wisdom and Knowlege, twin handmaids of Progress, be enthroned in each temple of Reason! May Love and Joy, twin handmaids of Peace, abide with you ever and always!

Fain would I enter the hearts of all people—*especially* the hearts of all *women*-people. Into the hearts of those sitting in sumptous homes, surrounded by all the refinement and luxury which affluence brings; to the women, with babes upon their breasts, in the miner's rude cabin, thinking of girlhood-gladness in sweet New England homes; to the women who watch and wait in the lone fisherman's hut, while the mad winds and madder sea lash and beat; to the houseless toilers, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from the Lakes to the Gulf, whose work is never done. All hearts have a kinship-birthright. It matters little whether they are covered with fine lace or rags, they long for woman's symphathy.

Women must learn to know each other, to trust each other, to believe in each other, as women. They must become acquainted with each other, forgetting, in a nobler humanity, the pride of place and power; and learn to help and trust each other as men help and trust each other; not in the degrading manner, however, of almoner and mendicant. No! no! not that! Such help has filled the world with paupers and criminals. *Woman's* Social Science—that most divine science—the science of life, will make a *feminine* civilization possible.

Greetings! to those whose homes and hearts are open wide to the stranger within the gates.

Greetings! to those whose love is a shield and buckler of defence. Greetings! a thousand greetings, warm and palpitating, to friends, *dear* friends, near and far.

Again and again: greetings! from the cottage to the throne, GREETINGS!

SOCIAL SCIENCE, AND WHAT IT HAS SET IN MOTION.

The "call" for the first Social Science meeting ever held on the Pacific Coast, was made by Mrs. J. W. Stow, Aug. 7th, 1880, in San Francisco, Cal. The name adopted was the California Woman's Social Science Association. There were fourteen Charter Members, and in less than twelve months the membership had increased to one hundred and fifty-three. Two months from the date of the organization Rev. Horatio Stebbins organized a Social Science Association in the Palace Hotel, composed of gentlemen and ladies. It is doing a much needed work, educating men in the duties of the hour. Three months from the birth of our society our silk section swarmed out of the parent hive and established an independent branch of social science under the cognomen of The California Silk Culture Association. This branch is doing well and will prove a great blessing to the State, for California is to be a great silk growing center at an early day. Our Fine Art section enjoys a transplant under the banner—Decorative Art Society. It, also, is in a flourishing condition and is creating a true taste for the useful and the beautiful in art. This is not all: The parent society was composed, from the first, of two elements—the practical and liberal; the æsthetic and conservative. Subjects which were of deep interest to the former were very distasteful to the latter. Another grieveous offence was that Mrs. Stow held Sunday meetings in the parlors sacred to week-day science; that the Bible was read and discussed in these meetings in too liberal a spirit; that the lamp of reason was permitted to shed its rays upon the pages of the sacred book; therefore, they, the conservatives departed and have established themselves in new quarters. The large heart of the parent society wishes every one of its branches an abundant success and all prosperity. They are only parts of a great whole. Social Science embraces everything. We may labor ever so selfishly or ever so generously we can not sever the tie which links us to the great fabric of humanity. But how much wiser we women would be, if we could learn to look beyond the petty likes and dislikes of the individual, and see only the noble purpose which actes the consecration of a life to any labor that will ultimate in benefit to womankind.

"Judge not the workings of the brain
And of the heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some internal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee, shuddering, on thy face."

Social Science has put new life into old organizations. Never in the history of San Francisco has the Church and the Y. M. C. A. shown such activity. The latter society has daily meetings and every week-day night an entertainment.

This demonstrates what persistent effort will accomplish. One woman, Abigal Scott Dunniway, by persistent effort, has educated the entire State of Oregon in Woman Suffrage. She has consecrated her life to the work for a decade. But how few women there are who are willing to do such herculean labor. But few can form an estimate of what it is to work *alone*. In reading Mrs. Robinson's History of Woman Suffrage in Massachusetts, it was impossible not to draw the line of comparison between that State and this. There every progressive woman puts her shoulder to the wheel, and the work goes bravely on. Union—not disintegration—co operation, not competition, is the watchword of success. Social Science preaches the new doctrine—association—the true brotherhood of man and the true sisterhood of woman. There is no reason why *societies* should live isolated from each other, but many reasons why they should affiliate. If it is beneficial for people to associate together in societies, surely it must be benefical for societies to associate together. Sectarian antipathies and theological bias prevent religionists from judging fairly of the lofty principles of justice involved in the science of society. They forget that the first Social Scientist was the Great Teacher Himself.

The way to understand each other better is to improve every opportunity for mutual acquaintance, to reach out a helping hand in all directions. Women, especially, must learn to do this. Co-operation is what will hasten the coming of a true civilization.

Woman's Social Science was brot over the mountains in the brain of one woman—Mrs. J. W. Stow—as the perfected designs of English machinery crossed the Atlantic in Slater's brain.

The California Social Science Association, located at 304 Stockton street, San Francisco, is the parent society. It is the tree, the fountain, the source, the acorn which holds an oak in *futuro*. Everything that emanates from this body is a *branch*. The original seedling can not be a branch. That is an impossibility.

S. S. S. DOINGS SINCE LAST WE MET.—Meetings every Saturday afternoon. Prof. Hilgard, of the University of California, addressed the sisterhood, Sept. 26th, upon the necessity of cooking schools for housekeepers and domestics. Two benefits have been given—one for a young lady who is qualifying herself to appear in opera, and one for Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, of Pomo. A beautiful feature of the latter was a reading of "The Mortgaged Farm," by Mrs. Judah, a lady far advanced in years, but fresh and lovely in spirit. The rendition was perfect and so very appropriate. A venerable trio: one white-haired woman personating another white-haired woman for the benefit of still another white-haired woman. The sums realized were not very large, but the sisterly act doubled the gifts. However, the benefits netted *more* than any previous benefits given by the sisterhood.

SCISSORS.

Is it not such fun to have life crowded full?

The Lakeport *Bee-Democrat* is full of notes which show that fruit-culture is a succes in that region.

Forty young ladies of Monticello, Ills., have signed a contract to keep no company with any young man who drinks, chews, smokes or swears.

A girl in Georgia has two silk dresses which she made herself, having raised the worms, spun the silk, colored and wove it with her own hands.

An Indiana girl last year cultivated, harvested, threshed and sold 350 bushels of wheat. She has just bought a sulky plow, and will extend her work.

Norah Perry's home is in Providence, R. I.—a little house shaded by branching elms. She favors soft, subdued light, open wood fires, pictures—pictures everywhere.

Miss Helen Taylor, daughter of Mrs. John Stuart Mill, has been speaking on Woman Suffrage before a meeting of delegates from English radical clubs, recently held in London.

We are learning from each other; we are becoming more interested in each other's welfare; we are beginning to feel we have a common interest, a common aim and a common end.

Rest is never so sweet as after a long and wearisome struggle; strength never so strong as through trial; joy is a more blessed thing after sorrow, and the fair dawn of sunny days could never come if we had no night.

Some Philadelphia women have started a co-operative grocery. They began about two years ago by buying a barrel of flour on shares, and now they buy all their family supplies on the co-operative plan. —*Boston Transcript.*

A great clothing house at Paris exhibits several sewing machines which move by electricity, with wonderful speed and regularity. The establishment uses them for its own sewing, and thereby greatly lightens the task of the hard-worked seamstresses.

A Brooklyn lady, at Poland Springs, is an accomplished pianist, a dextrous croquet player, pulls a good oar with any boy in the crowd, is an admirable fly-fisher, and a crack first base at base ball, besides possessing unusual attainments in social culture.

That the majority of the human race are anxious to become persons of leisure. We protest, as do all the laws of nature, against men and women of leisure. They do nothing for themselves, nothing for literature, nothing for humanity—they are nuisances.

A woman was recently convicted of gambling in New York City, and sent to jail. There are no male gamblers in New York City. At lerst we never heard of any being convicted and sent to jail. It is strange a woman should have fallen so low!—*Norristown Herald.*

The goodness which struggles and battles, and goes down deep, and soars high, is the stuff of which heroism is made, by which the world is salted and kept pure. It is the seed which bears fruit in martyrs, and makes men nobler than their nature—and demi-gods and the prophets of a better time.

Amanda Sloop, aged 65, was attacked in the woods at Salisbury, N. C., by a youth of 16. She gave him a sound drubbing with her cane and dragged him to a justice's court, a mile away. She remarked to the justice that if it would be nt all bothersome to punish the rascal by law, she would as soon take satisfaction in a further thrashing.

An independent class must be a free and equal class. Women are not free, nor are they recognized as equals. They will never be above the "necessity of having the aid of the other sex" until they are equals of men in political rights. A disfranchised class can not be otherwise than dependant upon the class in power.—*New Northwest.*

Whoever, by word of mouth, or by shrug of eyebrow, or by expressive silence, or by stroke of pen, endeavors to give a false and injurious impression of another—his character, his opinions or his actions—violates the ninth principle. It is this which introduces all heart-burning into society, and all bitterness into religious and political controversy.—*Lyman Abbott.*

MODERN FEMALE DRESS.—Take a man and pin three or four large tablecloths about him, fastened back with elastic and looped up with ribbons; drag all his own hair to the middle of his head and tie it tight; hairpin on about five pounds of other hair and a big bow of ribbons. Keep the front locks on pins all night, and let them tickle his eyes all day; pinch his waist into a corset; give him gloves a size too small, shoes ditto, and a hat that will not stay on without a torturing elastic, and a frill to tickle his chin, and a little lace veil to blind his eyes when he goes out to walk, and he will know how a woman's dress is. My!—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*

The annual meeting of the California State Incorporated Woman Suffrage Educational Association was held in Charter Oak Hall, San Francisco, on Tuesday, the 6th ult. At the executive meeting in the forenoon, Mrs. Clara S. Foltz was elected president; Mrs. Gordon, vice-president, and Mrs. Marian Hill, secretary. The following named ladies were elected as the board of directors for the ensuing year: Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Olmstead, Mrs. Dr. Smith, Mrs. Rowena Stern, Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Marian Hill and Mrs. Amanda Slocum. The president is *ex-officio* a member of the board. After the executive session the board of directors met and elected Mrs. Wallace as its president; Mrs. Dr. Carr, vice-president; Marian Hill, secretary, and Mrs. Slocum, treasurer.

THE HERALD'S TWO MONTHS' VACATION.—We read much and often about the wicked plumber, but very little and seldom about the wicked printer; but there is much to be said about both. This pen will scratch the printer. The agreement was (I always make an agreement) that I should have the paper ten days after "copy"—but instead it came limping in twenty-eight days after "copy," accompanied by the delightful promise: "On time for the next issue." I washed down my wrath with this drop of consolation, again furnished "copy," but I wore out all my old shoes and thredbare patience in looking after that "copy," or rather its proof, which looked as tho every "devil" in the establishment had had a finger in it. Such summersaulting of letters and pranks of periods I had never dreamed of.

It took just twenty-one days to make the October number. Then I said, "Life is too short, time too precious, and good nature too scarce, to put up with this state of things any longer," and to cap the exasperating climax I found twelve of my young chicken's pin-feathers warming another nest—same date, type, everything—and when I "Whyed?"—I always Why?—was told that it was customary. "Indeed!" I replied, "That is a custom that I will not put up with."

Sequel: We have brot the young child home. This number of the HERALD is manufaciured, all but the press-work, under our own motherly eyes. There are *two* of us, Mrs. Briggs and myself. I, have personally, set up (first type-setting) all the editorials and the entire article, "The Second President of the C. W. S. A." and was more pleased with the unique occupation than I would have been in working a whole regiment of blue lions, in Berlin wool, on black-and-tan fustian.

Type-setting should be largely in the hands of women. It is a light, pleasant occupation and pays well.

Women type-setters in this city get all the way from 25 to 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, cts. a thousand ems, and in eight hours time an ordinary hand will distribute and set six thousand. There is a lady in this city who has set fifteen hundred ems, of distributed type in an hour (there is now and then a man who can set two thousand) and another who earns thirty dollars a week at type-setting.

I wish to say to subscribers: Your year will commence with this issue of the paper. There will be fourteen instead of twelve numbers, in the first volume.

The HERALD is both local and national in character—and knows no FAILURE.

WOMAN AS AN INVENTOR.

Epitome of a Paper Read at the Annual Conference of the California State Woman's Social Science Association, Sept. 8, 1881, by Mrs. Knox-Goodrich, of San Jose.

In taking the platform, Mrs. Goodrich said: "This is the first time I ever attempted to read a paper in public."*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—By the careful study of ancient history, we find that the most useful people—women or men—were the most honored. Among the wise Greeks, and wiser Egyptians, we alike see woman worshiped as the first inventor. Archeology is truly said to have become the backbone of ancient history, and through its discoveries the world is having its most sacredly *consecrated falsehoods* overthrown. To it we shall look for the full elucidation of ancient mythology, with a firm belief that through it woman's position as the earliest inventor, will be unchangingly established; also, that she held superior rank as sovereign.

Diadorus says the Egyptians not only honored a queen, and allowed her more power and authority than they did a king, but in their contracts of marriage authority was given to the wife over the husband, the husband at that time promising to be obedient to the wife in all things. This custom of woman's rule worked the happiest results. The terrible vices of modern society, which tear asunder the marriage relation, were very rare in Egypt. Adultery was considered a sin so heinous as to call down the vengeance of the gods for the destruction of nations. Outrages against women were deemed a combination of the three most horrid crimes, and punished in a manner more terrible than death.

The original title to kinghood in Egypt lay in use, and the crown, at first, went not by descent, but by merit. The most highly useful person was entrusted with government over the rest. So truly did that become a part of the Egyptian polity, that even the Pharaohs were bound by its rules as to food and employment of their time—rules which even the most powerful ventured not to disregard.

Isis discovered the art of bread-making, and embalming the dead. Bread is the germ of all domestic inventions. The science of medicine dates back to Isis, who not only healed the blind and lame, but restored life even to the dead.

Letters, ascribed to the Muses, look back to a previous source for invention. To women mythology ascribes the first building of houses, before which men lived in caves and trees. Women were the inventors and founders of religious rites, laws and logic. As the soul of life and its intuitive needs, woman brings all activity—"Necessity being the mother of invention."

Minerva was regarded by the ancient Greeks as the inventor of every kind of work usually done by women. She was also deemed the originator of agriculture and mechanics—the inventor of all tools of handicraft, of musical instruments, of the arts, and the inspirator of philosophy, oratory and poesy; also ship-building, the distaff and the needle. The mother of the Incas carried the art of spinning and weaving to a high state of perfection. Nitrocis, the flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked Egyptian queen, invented the arch when she built her beautiful pyramid. Babylon, the great, was built by Semarimus, with inscribed and beautifully colored bricks, designed by herself. She was the inventor of engines to batter down walls, and of royal robes which became symbols of honor in all lands. It was this lordly queen who invented and utilized the tunnel by constructing one under the Euphrates, in order to connect her palaces on opposite sides of the river. The largest obelisks ever erected at Thebes—the great monolith obelisks at Karnak—were the work of a woman—Queen Amannon-het. She is represented as alone presenting offerings to the gods. Si Lung Chi, Empress of China, discovered the uses of the silk worm, and invented silk manufacture, and was deified by her grateful subjects. Catherine Greene, of Savannah, invented the cotten-gin. The importance of this invention can not be estimated. Every cotton mill throughout the world that whirs its machinery in drawing out threads, or whose shuttles fly back and forth in the manufacture of cloth, is indebted to Mrs. Greene for its activity. The cry, "Cotton is King," could never have risen had not the gin, with its myriad manpower, first come into existence. Every particle of revenue the government receives from cotton has been ten thousand times enhanced by the inventive genius of a woman. Had Mrs. Greene had the moral courage to have taken out the patent in her own name, or in connection with Whitney, what a wide-spread benefit her example would have been to others of her sex. It would have encouraged inventive genius among women, and induced many to claim as their own patents that have gone forth accredited to men.

The first straw bonnet manufactured in the United States, was braided in 1798, by Miss Betsy Metcalf, of Providence, R. I. In twelve years from that time the value of the straw bonnets manufactured in Massachusetts alone, was $551,988, or over half a million dollars added to a single State by the inventive genius of one woman.

Barbara Uttman, of Annabery, Saxony, invented pillow lace and saved thousands of her countrymen from starvation. A great revenue is derived from this woman's invention, all over Europe. Two hundred thousand women, in France, are employed in the manufacture of pillow lace. Barbara Uttman was a highborn lady, yet she became an inventor and was not too proud to teach the art of lace-making to the peasantry. Three hundred years ago she learned the lesson so many women of to-day have failed to learn, i. e. all the worth of life is, to to be useful to ourselves or to those about us.

Isabella Cunio, of Ravenna, Italy, invented the art of engraving. Mrs. Hawks, of Troy, N. Y., has invented a valuable stove damper. Another Trojan woman invented an improved horse shoe; a French woman invented the Manikin; many delicate surgical and mathematical instruments owe their origin to women. The deep-sea telescope, whereby the bottom of ships are examined without elevating them into dry-docks, is the invention of a Massachusetts woman, and this woman was ashamed of her God-given genius and would not permit her name to appear as an inventor.

It is not fashionable for women to have ideas. Custom teaches repression and the genuis which does them honor, is deemed a matter to be hidden out of sight.

We, as women, must emulate the world, when laborers and inventors, both women and men, were looked upon as entitled to the highest honor, and held the first place in the estimation of mankind. Use was the road to power, and the greatest benefactor to mankind, though at the same time the greatest servant of the race, was, through a true induction, placed in the highest rank by the early peoples, and obeyed as kings or worshiped as gods. The gods and goddesses of the mythological and traditionary period, were human beings, who, during the pre-historic age of the world, discovered or invented what was of use to mankind, and for such useful inventions were, after death, deified. Genius knows no sex.

*[From the value and quality it should not be the last.—ED.]

Business Notices.

MRS. COOK'S elegant Hair Goods make handsome Christmas gifts. It is more blessed to give than to receive. Take the elevator at Thurlow Block.

BANCROFT'S is the place to buy Holiday gift-books. Mothers should make presents of books instead of dolls. No fear in regard to "mother-love" when the little women of to-day have grown into matrons.

CO-OPERATIVE WATCH REPAIRING CO., at 331 Kearny street.—This is a new departure in the right direction. These men ought to have busy hands and full pockets. They are deserving of every confidence.

HORN'S Electro-Magnetic Belt is conceded to be the very best on the Coast. It cures without medicine many of the most aggravated forms of disease. If you do not believe that electricity is life, call at 702 Market street and be convinced.

BUY your paper of Bonestell, Allen & Co., 415 Sansome street; your hardware of Osborn & Alexander, 628 Market street; your fruit-dryers and Blymyer bells of Linforth, Rice & Co., 325 Market street, your artists' materials, paints, oils, glass, varnishes, of Bass & Co., 27 Dupont street; pure groceries of Hawley & Co., 217 Sutter street; dry goods at The White House; cloaks at Sullivan's; and crayon portraits at Kalenmyer's, 724½ Market street.

"Probate Confiscation" and "Probate Chaff," valuable Christmas books, sold at 304 Stockton street.

Book Reviews.

TORY OF WOMAN SUFFRAG IN MASSACHUSETTS.

BY HARRIET H. ROBINSON.

This book has all the flavor of a campaign march. You see the glint of the intellectual bayonets and smell the powder with which the "crowing hens" touched off their arguments. Mrs. Robinson and her staunch husband Warrington, helped hold the fort when pulpit and press, and the great unwashed, stormed it with the hot-shot of ridicule, paper catapults and spit-balls. From nearly every pulpit came the cry that "Women were to keep silent," etc., and one over-anxious Malden minister, announced Lucy Stone's meeting in these christian words: "This evening, at the Town Hall, a hen will attempt to crow." This was considered a huge joke at the time. But Bishop Haven was gifted with a clearer vision, for after making a rousing argument in favor of woman suffrage at a meeting, a friend who met him as he left the hall, exclaimed, "What! *you* here?" "Yes," said he, "I *am* here. I believe in this thing, and I'm not going to wait to come in at the tag end of this reform. I'm going to start in the beginning and ride with the procession." And his place was never vacant, until called to his reward. It should inspire the most faint-hearted with courage to see how the leaders of the movement labored night and day, lecturing, distributing tracts and rolling up petitions—to be rolled down and out by the legislative lords. A thirty years' warefare, which has become etched in the granite of New England's hills, and written in the archives of Christendom. The book is dedicated to the young women of Massachusetts, who enjoy the fruits of all the labors of the brave band whose deeds it records. Every Massachusetts woman should possess a copy of this condensed history of a great movement, and every lover of liberty should enrich her library with it. Price, $1.25; Roberts Brothers, publishers. For sale at Bancroft's.

MANUAL OF SILK CULTURE.

A little gem of a book by a little gem of a girl, only fifteen years old. I wish the nation could boast of many more such enterprising misses. This pamphlet gives every particular about tree planting, time, soil, and the raising and care of worms, eggs, cocoons, etc. It is worth many times the price—25 cents. For sale by the publisher, Miss Nellie Lincoln Rossiter, 2824 Goldbeck street, Philadelphia, Pa., and at this office.

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ANTI-PROBATE MANIFESTO.

At the first meeting of the "National Anti-Probate League," organized July 7, 1878, in New York city, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It having become unsafe for a rich man to die leaving a will, a widow, and a fair name, owing to the monstrous corruption of the Probate Court, and the legions of satellites that subsist upon it; and

WHEREAS, The laws governing marriage property, which put absolute control into the hands of the head (husband) of the household, are a part of the old common law, and therefore need revision—in that the identity of the wife is no longer swallowed up in the being of the husband; and

WHEREAS, We believe that the period in the nation's growth has arrived when it is expedient to acknowledge that a well-balanced household should have *two lawful* heads instead of one; and

WHEREAS, Wives have ceased *conniere in manus*, own property, and are recognized as individuals; and

WHEREAS, A widower takes all the joint estate by succession, is not kept in probate for years until his property has been largely or wholly absorbed in costs, is not robbed of the guardianship of his offspring, but is left in peace at the grave of his dead; and

WHEREAS, We claim that wives stand equal with husband in the economy of life, even the most favored, as producers of life in contradistinction to the producers of wealth in its coarser fiber, and that the real wealth of nations consists of brain, bone and sinew—human life—beside which gold is dross; and, therefore,

Resolved, That the home shall in no way be broken up any more when the husband dies out of it than when the wife dies out of it.

Resolved, That the Probate Court has outlived its usefulness as regards the joint estate of dead husbands and living widows.

Resolved, That the aim of this organization shall be to search out and hold up to view every case of hardship in the State of New York and throughout the nation; to personally investigate the cases of every probate-plundered widow and fatherless child; to expose and eradicate this unjust and cruel system; to never cease to agitate the question until husbands and wives stand equal before the law *on a property basis*.

Resolved, That we no longer remain supinely indifferent and culpably ignorant of the causes which despoil the widow and the fatherless, but that we carefully and thoughtfully master the science of marriage and mortmain law, holding that ignorance on this vital subject is both a crime and a disgrace.

Resolved, That the change we seek is not experimental, for the State of Louisiana has set the unprecedented example in this country, and continental European marriage-property laws stand a living embodiment of justice, as compared with our own, and a constant reproach to our boasted freedom.

Resolved, That we most earnestly urge upon wives and widows, and all women, the importance of forming anti-Probate leagues in every town and city in the Union. "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

MRS. C. FOWLER WELLS, President.
MRS. J. W. STOW, Secretary.

THE SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click
Goes the type in the stick.
As the printer stands at his case;
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick
The type at a rapid pace;
And one by one as the letters go,
Words are piled up steady and slow—
Steady and slow,
But still they grow,
And words of fire they soon will glow;
Wonderful words, that without a sound
Traverse the earth to its utmost bound:
Words that will make
The tyrant quake,
And the fetters of the oppress'd shall break.
Words that can crumble an army's might,
Or treble its strength in a righteous fight,
Yet the type they look but leaden and dumb,
As he puts them in place with finger and thumb;
But the printer smiles,
And his work beguiles
By chanting a song as the letters he piles,
With pick and click,
Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!

O, where is the man with such simple tools
Can govern the world as I?
With a printing press, an iron stick,
And a little leaden die,
With paper of white, and ink of black,
I support the Right, and the Wrong attack.

Say, where is he, or who may he be,
That can rival the printer's power?
To no monarchs that live the wall doth he give,—
Their sway lasts only an hour;
While the printer still grows, and God only knows
When his might shall cease to tower!

TEMPERANCE.

THE BEER CRUSE.

Extracts from a Speech by John B. Finch.

"Shall the beer traffic be favored in the proposed prohibitory legislation?"

If you wish to dry up a river, you must cut off its resources. If you wish to avoid an effect, you must avoid the cause. The law of common sense should be applied to the question under consideration. I will not insult your intelligence by presuming there is need of demonstrating to you that the lesser alcoholic beverages, wine, beer, and cider, are the A B C of the drink custom; the steps by which youth descends into the highway of drunkenness. If there was need, this evening would not be long enough to examine the evidence which could be brought on this point.

The experience is overwhelming in favor of the observation that the use of alcoholic stimulants seals the reasoning power, makes weak men and women the easy prey of the wicked and strong, and leads men and women, who should know better, into every grade of misery and vice. It is not poor, repenting Cassio alone who cries out in agony of despair, "Oh, that a man should put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brain!" It is thousands upon thousands of Cassios who say the same thought, if not the same words, every day, every hour. I doubt, indeed, whether there is a single man or woman who indulges or who has indulged in alcohol who could not truthfully say the same; who could not wish that something he had unreasonably said or expressed, under the excitation from alcohol had not been given forth. If, then, alcohol enfeebles the reason, what part of the mental constitution does it exalt? It exalts and excites those animal, organic and emotional centers of the mind, which, in the dural nature of man, so often cross and oppose that poor and abstract reasoning of nature which lifts man above the lower animals; and, rightly exercised, to a plane little lower than the angels. Exciting these animal centers, it lets loose all the passions, and gives them more or less unlicensed domination over the whole man. And if I were to take you through all the passions that remain to be named—lust, hate, envy, avarice and pride—I should but show you that alchohol ministers to them all; that paralyzing the reason, it takes from off these passions that fine adjustment of reason which places man above the lower animals, but when celestially attired, places him a little lower than the angels. The demonstrative evidence of alcohol in its influence on the mind is then most clear. From the beginning to the end of its influence it subdues reason, and sets free passion. The analogies, physical and mental, are perfect. That which loosens the tension of the vessels, which feed the body with due order of precision, and thereby lets loose the heart to violent excess of unbridled emotion, loosens all the reason and lets loose the passions. In both instances the heart and head are for a time out of harmony—their balance broken. The man descends closer and closer to the the brute; from the angels he glides farther and farther away.

What better agent could a villain have to prepare himself for, and assist him in his work? Certainly not a property or effect is wanting to make it the devil's agent to ruin the young, fair and virtuous of our land. But it must be remembered that a majority of the young girls whose ruin is attempted have never used alcoholic liquors, and it would be useless to attempt to induce them to drink whisky or ardent spirits. "Cool lager," "Creamy ale," and wine—which contain the alcoholic spirit in diluted form—are the kinds of liquor especially fitted for this use.

"When a woman drinks she is lost." It will be conceded that the habit of intoxication in a woman is not an indication of the existence of actual depravity or vice, is a sure precursor of it, for drunkenness and debauchery are inseparable companions—one almost invariably following the other. In some cases a woman living in service becomes a drunkard; she forms acquaintances among the depraved of her own sex, and willingly joins their ranks. Married women acquire the habit of drinking, and forsake their husbands and families, to gratify, not so much their sexual appetite, as their passion for liquor. Young women are often persuaded to take one or two glasses of liquor, and then their ruin may be soon expected. Others are induced to drink liquors into which a narcotic has been infused to render them insensible to their ruin. In short, it is scarcely possible to enumerate the many temptations which can be employed when intoxicating drinks are used as an agent.

One of the most common methods of seduction, employed by libertines of cities and larger towns, is to invite the victim to a supper at a restaurant, or, in other words, a low brothel; where, by sneers or persuasion, she is frightened or induced into drinking. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, in its issue of July 1, 1878, on the murder of Mrs. Mamie Stevens in that city, by her husband, refers to this practice in the following ringing words: "There is another class, for which decent humanity can have nothing but contempt. Nothing like honor or sentiment is connected with them. All is low, groveling, and brutish. The human hyena, known as the 'masher,' prominent at matinees and particularly observable in front of saloons, is a beast particularly known in Chicago. He watches for a word, a look or the slightest intimation that his presence will be tolerated by a decently-dressed woman. If he can gain the acquaintance of some outwardly respectable married woman, and then, when the latter is accompanied by a really innocent female companion, present himself and make the second acquaintance, he is over-joyed. He will spend his time from that hour in an effort to entrap the inexperienced one; and it will go ill with him indeed, if, sooner or later, he does not succeed. Many a young woman, really innocent of any intent to do wrong, but foolishly flattered, has been enticed into one of a thousand places in Chicago, dignified by the name of restaurant, and there, fearful of the disgrace of an outcry, practically compelled to suffer disgrace and wrong at the hands of a two legged brute, who deserves to be shot in his tracks. Hundreds of women and girls in humble life, to whom a wine dinner in a restaurant was a novelty to be wondered at and coveted, have a reason to curse the day and the hour when their curiosity and indiscretion led them to accept such attentions from the scoundrels who have led them to ruin. The proprietors of these beer and wine restaurants are nearly all accomplices of these devils in human form."

I don't wish to assert that every woman who drinks wine and beer will lose her virtue, but I do wish to assert that no woman under the influence of wine and beer can rssist the advances of the brute who seeks her ruin. Such is the testimony of every author who has ever investigated, or written upon, the social evil.

Judge M. D. Bartlett, of Eau Clare, Wis., one of the first lawyers of the Northwest, in a recent conversation, said: "The only houses of prostitution known in the city are run as beer-shops. All other causes combined do not make as many prostitutes as the beer-saloons and beer-gardens. Several cases have come under my observation as a lawyer where girls have been stimulated with beer and ruined in a beer-garden, while their parents were sitting at a table in the same garden, not suspecting the terrible crime being committeed against their daughters. I have come to regard beer-gardens as gardens for the propogation of this terrible vice."

The evidence already offered points to the inevitable result of beer-drinking and beer-selling—debauchery in public and private life in this country. Such has been the result in Germany. A celebrated German author, by the name of Sass, in a work entitled "Berlin," says of public life in that city:

"No city in Germany can boast the splendid ball-rooms of Berlin. One, in particular, near the Brandenburg gate and the parade ground, is remarkable for its size, and presents a magnificent exterior, when hundreds of lamps stream through the windows and light up the park in front. The interior is of corresponding splendor, and when the vast hall resounds with the music of the grand orchestra, and is filled with a gay crowd, rustling in silks or satins, or lounging in a hall, or whirling in the giddy waltz, it is certainly a scene to intoxicate the youth who frequent it in search of adventure, or to drink in the poison of seductive and deceiving, although bright and fascinating, eyes. Should the foreigner visit this scene on one of its gay nights, he may get a glimpse at the depth of Berlin life. Many a veil is lifted here. This splendid scene has its dark side. This whirling, laughing crowd is frivolous Berlin, whether of wealth, extravagance and folly, or of poverty, vice and necessity. The prostitute and swindler are on every side. Formerly the female visitors were of good repute, but gradually courtezans and women of like character slipped in, until at length no lady could be seen there. And the aforesaid foreigner, who lounges through the rooms, admiring the elegant and lovely women who surround him, in charge of some highly-respectable elderly person—an aunt, or a chaperone, or possibly in company with her newly-married husband—seeks to know the name of evident celebrity and fashion. 'Do yuo know her? Any police officer can give you her history.' There is a class of men at this place who perform a function singular to the uninitinted. These worthies are the 'husbands' of the before-mentioned ladies. They play the careless or strict cavalier; are Bluebeards on occasion; appear, or keep out of sight, according to the necessities of the occasion."

Richelieu, the French cardinal, whose neice was pursued by like bold and shameless enemies, after trying all other remedies, plucked from his vest a cross, and, drawing the circle of the Church of Rome around her, hurled in their faces the defiance:

"Look where she stands!
Around her form I draw the awful circle
of our kingly church:
Step but a foot within the hallowed line,
And on thy head—yea, though it wear a
crown,
I'll hurl the curse of Rome!"

As all other remedies have failed. We ask you to draw the protecting circle of law around the loved ones of our land, and thereby say to this "black death." "Here shall thy black waves be stayed."

WOMEN AS EMPLOYES.

A correspondent of the *Woman's Journal* writes: "Some of the reasons why men do not like women as employes, and do not pay them as well as men, are these:

"1. The average female employe is not punctual at her business in the morning.

"2. When the women employes do come they almost, without exception, consume the first half hour in talking about the ball, the party, drama, or concert of the previous evening; while by them stand men and boys who have been at the same entertainment with them, or to some other place of like character, and who come in, nevertheless, with a cool nod, going immediately to their duties. We have looked sharply about in several offices and representative shops of the city, and could not but notice this absorption of girls and middle-aged women in pleasures which the very errand boy forgets while in harness. This chatter is often kept up during the day, accumulating volume by the accretion of new matter, such as: 'My new dress,' 'I am bound to have those bangles,' and 'They say Sophronia Fitzgerald is going to have Gus at last.' Men and boys hear this, and do not respect women in the trade any more for it.

"3. Women almost universally complain to men, and even to call-boys, because they have to work for a living. It is not in one class of office, store or shop that you hear these feeble wails, but in nearly all. 'It's men's place to work and support women,' 'I think it is the greatest misfortune that can happen to a woman, this going into the world and earning a living;' 'I wish I was rich;' and 'I am tired of work.' Now, do not men and boys hear all this? And when our grand apostles of the new dispensation demand equal civil place for women in the State, energetic George and industrious Peter, proud of their craft, think of these jeremiades and—sneer.

"4. We often hear business men say: 'Women are uninterested in and careless about their work; they don't care how it is done, if only off their hands; they gossip with the men in the office (or shop) the minute the employer goes out.' There is certainly a lack of concentration and inability to focus down deliberately with a man's bull-dog grip on the large issues of life. How can men help sneering when, instead of correct copy, or well-stitched garments, they reap 'I wish I was married' for their patronage?"

WANTED, *immediately* from ten to a hundred acres of land, in the vicinity of a railroad station, for the purpose of training women and children in the delightful avocation of silk, flowers, fruit and vegetable culture, along with the keeping of poultry, cows, bees, etc. This is to be a woman's co-operative business enterprise. Those who have land to donate or sell, and women who wish to join the organization, should communicate *immediately* with the HERALD OF INDUSTRY. California is the veriest paradise for founding such an undertaking.

Lucy L. Churchill, of West Richfield, Summit Co., Ohio, has been confined to her bed for nine years with spinal disease. She is trying to raise money to defray the expenses of a course of treatment at Dr. Jackson's Home on the Hillside, by the sale of the books: "Mother Truth's Melodies," "Science in Story," etc., and by her Freethinker's Badge. Send for both.

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A MONTHLY NEWSPAPER,

Published in San Francisco, Cal.,

Devoted to the interests of WOMAN—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help.

MRS. J. W. STOW, - Editor and Proprietor.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1882.

Correspondence.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

ROSE CULTURE.

"And first of all the Rose; because its breath
Is rich beyond the rest; and when it dies,
It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death."

THE ROSE IN ROMANCE.

Sappho says of it, in one of her poetic strains: "If Zeus had willed to set a king over flowers, the Rose would have claimed that distinction. It is the ornament of the earth, the glory of the plants, the eye of the flowers, and the blush of the meadow."

Since Sappho and Anacreon, many poets, both ancient and modern, have celebrated in song the beauty of the Rose.

Among the ancients, the Rose was conspicuous in all the sacred ceremonies, and in public and private fetes.

The list of varieties of Roses is very extensive, reaching over 1,000. They will grow in almost any soil, yet no plant requires a richer compost, or better repays the cultivator for preparing it. They delight in a very rich soil composed of decomposed sod or manure. Cow manure is better than any other for roses, but it must be so decayed that it will crumble easily in the hand. Well rotted stable manure is also very good.

Rivers recommends as the best compost for roses, rotten dung or pit-sand for cold clayey soils; and for warm, dry soils, rotten dung and cool loams. He also states that he has found night soil, mixed with the drainings of the dunghill, or even with common ditch or pond water, so as to make a thick liquid, the best possible manures for roses, poured on the surface of the soil twice during winter—one or two gallons to each tree. For poor soil, and on lawns, previously removing the turf, this will be found a powerful stimulant.

Where a bed or border of roses is to be planted, it is well to dig out the soil to the depth of two and a half, or even three feet; fill the bottom to the depth of six inches with small stones, and then replace the earth, well fertilized as directed above. I find in the climate of Oakland, where the summers are never hot, that it is a good plan to put in the bottom of the hole a shovelful or two of fresh manure, covering it to the depth of ten or twelve inches with well pulverized soil, before putting in the plant, as the roots must not come in contact with the fresh manure. Roses set out in this way require more watering, on account of the bottom heat, but they grow more rapidly for the trouble. Nothing is more injurious to the Rose than a wet, retentive sub-soil; a rich and dry soil is all important to ensure a thrifty growth and perfect bloom.

Parsons says that it is impossible to make the soil too rich; that in proportion to the fertilizing matter contained therein, provided it is properly decomposed, will be the approximation of the plant and flowers to perfection. The fertility of the soil may be very much assisted by frequent applications of liquid manure, made either of cow dung or guano; the former is always safe, the latter must be used with care. The soil for roses can not be plowed, dug or stirred too much. Cultivation is to all plants and trees, manure, sun and rain. It makes the heavy soil light and the light soil heavy; if the earth is saturated with rain, it dries it; if dry and hard, it moistens it.

A decoction of soot is very good for the Rose. Take a tablespoonful from a chimney or stove in which wood is burned, and dissolve it in two quarts of warm water and apply to the roots once a week, and the growth of the plants will surprise you. Never give up a choice, decaying bush without giving it a few doses of the soot tea.

Faded roses should be cut off; the quicker the flowers are cut off after they are fully open the more blossoms the plant will produce. If they left on, the strength of the plant goes to produce seeds; the removal of the flowers encourages new growth and fresh bloom.

PRUNING.

The Ever Blooming Roses do not require pruning in the summer, except to keep them in good shape, and this can be done at any time. In the spring it is best to cut back one-half or two-thirds of the last season's growth, and cut off all dead shoots, down to the live wood. Spring is the best time to do the principal pruning in the Eastern States. In a climate like that of Oakland and San Francisco, the fall is the best time. The principal object in pruning, is the removal of the old wood, as it is generally only the young wood that produces large and fine flowers. If an abundant bloom is desired, without regard to the size of the flower, only the weak shoots should be cut out, and the strong shoots shortened a little; but if the flowers are desired as large and perfect as possible, all the weak wood should be cut out entirely, and all the strong wood of the last season's growth should be cut down to two eyes, always applying the knife or shears just above a bud and sloping upward from it. In transplanting, if the plant is very bushy, all the weak branches should be cut out leaving not more than three or four of the strongest shoots, and shortning these down to a few eyes, say two or three. Climbing Roses, when planted, should be cut down almost to the ground, and well thinned out. Only a few of the strongest branches should be left, and the new wood of these cut down to two eyes each. I find it a good plan in transplanting, to cut off all the large leaves of the plant, and by so doing it is safe to transplant any time of the year. The plant should be taken up carefully, with all the root possible, the root examined and every portion that has been bruised cut off; all the broken ends, also, as far as they are split or injured. Parsons says: the Rose, even in the best soils, should be taken up every three or four years, and have its roots shortened and pruned, a portion of the soil in which it grew removed and replaced by a rich compost. Where the soil is poor, they should be taken up every other year and replanted, after renewing the soil, or forking in plenty of manure." I know of my own experience that if roses that do not thrive are treated in this way it will amply repay one for the trouble it may take.

CUTTINGS

should be made from wood the growth of the season, and about eight inches long, the lower end cut square close below the bud; and in the Eastern States they should be planted two-thirds their length in sand, in a light dry cellar. Here a callus will be formed on the bottom of each cutting and on being planted out in the spring will at once throw out roots. They should be planted as early in the spring as possible in a light sandy loam, two-thirds of their length, and at least one bud above the surface of the ground, which must be pressed down tight around them to exclude the air. If the weather is dry they should be carefully watered after sundown. When a cutting is made near the old stem, it is well to take a portion of the wood which forms the enlarged part of the young branch, called the *heel*. A good sharp *knife* is indispensable in making cuttings. A regular pruning-knife costs but little and will last an amateur a life time. In an Oakland climate, cuttings do better planted in the fall, after the rainy season begins. The following is my method of propagation: take either from woody pieces without leaves, but all ready to send them forth, or from young green shoots—I mean by the latter the growth of the summer—cut off all the leaves, and prepare the cuttings as long or short as the branch will admit of; if I have plenty of material, from six to eight inches in length; but if the rose is a choice one, three eyes, or even two, will answer, and as a general thing the short tips do better than the long ones. I cut with a sharp pruning-knife just below the bud and a little slanting downward, or, if near the main stem, I cut off the *heel*, clean and smooth. No cutting will strike root that has been split or bruised in preparing it. I then set them out in a frame described below, cover them over with a sash, and over the glass I place a piece of cloth, or one thickness of a grain sack, to protect them from the sun, until they show signs of life, then the sack can be removed during the day. The cuttings must be set out very carefully, thus: Take a round stick, a little longer than the cutting, and make holes in the wet soil, stick in the cuttings about two-thirds of their length below the surface, then, when all are in place, give them a good watering with the hose and sprinkler, and let them remain until the soil is dry on the surface before watering again. Too much water will cause the cuttings to rot; but they must not be allowed to become dry—once a week, I think, will be often enough to water them. Cuttings will strike root more readily under glass and with bottom heat. For this purpose prepare a frame as follows: Take a sunny location, protected as much as possible from the north wind, dig down and remove the soil to the depth of eighteen inches, or more. Three feet, by six or nine is a convenient size for the frame; insert at each corner scantling posts, rising eight inches above the surface in front and eighteen inches above at the rear; nail boards to these posts, at the sides and ends. Now cover the bottom of the pit with bits of charcoal, broken pots, or small stones for drainage; over this put a layer of fresh, strawey stable manure (eight inches deep will suffice), thoroughly mixing it up together, and if some old leaves can be added, so much the better; now over this put finely pulverized garden soil, decayed manure and white sand, equal parts, thoroughly mixed, to the depth of ten inches, water thoroughly and cover the top with glass sash and let it remain two or three days until the bed has become warm, keeping the frame closed. After the cuttings are set out give them air as they progress in growth, and eventually remove the sash from the frame during the day. It is well to protect the young plants from the frost at night. I lost hundreds of choice plants a few years ago by taking off the frames and exposing them to the frost.

Cuttings, of the more hardy varieties of roses, may be grown very successfully in the open ground, but they are of slower growth and are not as sure as if started under glass. Hoping that these few hints may be of use to the lovers of the Rose, I will close with a word of recommendation for the Conard & Dingee Co., Rose Growers, of West Grove, Chester county, Penn. I have dealt with them for years, and take pleasure in recommending them as a most honorable and generous firm.

MRS. J. H. SMYTH.

Oakland, Nov. 18, '81.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR IN THE HANDS OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. LAURA W. BRIGGS.

I suppose there is no word that I can say, or new thoughts that I can present to your minds upon this most absorbing theme; but at the same time that I am fully conscious of this, I am also aware that there are many things that will bear constant reiteration, and upon which it is quite impossible for too much to be thot and said. I am sure you will agree with me in thinking this subject, to the minds of women, should be all-absorbing. I would like to be understood to believe that there should, if possible, be no antagonism of the sexes, but that they should work together harmoniously for the good of each other; and that each and every woman, as an individual, should exert her influence to bring about this result of co-labor. And why not? What possible good gift can woman receive that would not be shared by man? Must man enter heaven by a different road from his mother, his wife, his sister, his daughter? Is his birth-right peculiar? Are not both their highest gifts the same—energy and harmony, power and beauty, intellect and love. Then why not share and work together with these good gifts?

And as men were the first to feel this petty jealousy, lest the opposite sex should encroach upon their privileges, let it be the highest delight of women to induce them to lay it aside.

The girls of the present day can never fully understand or appreciate what the women of the last forty years have been doing for them. It is within my recollection that there were but three really legitimate occupations for women, namely: housekeeping, sewing and teaching. And now think of what a blessed era has long since dawned, and you are basking in the sunlight of, when you may turn your attention to following any occupation which your taste, and better still your ability, direct you. Anything, so that you do not sit with idle hands and inactive brain.

I think it was about thirty-six years ago that Margaret Fuller wrote: "It is natural enough to see 'female physicians,' and we believe that the lace cap and work-bag are as much at home here as the wig and gold headed cane. In the priesthood they have, from all time, shared more or less—in many eras less than at the present. We believe there has been no female lawyer, and probably will be none." And now, after these comparatively few years, there are so many most eminent and useful ones belonging to that profession, that we know of in our very midst, ready to work for and with us, to give dignity to all women workers. And why, having attained so much, should they not look forward to being the representative women of the next decade or era. And I do so wish girls—girls of great cities, particularly—to feel how precious is every dollar that they honestly earn, to build up their own independence of self-sustenance. I would I could be gifted with inspiration to write upon this subject; I do feel it so deeply, and know how much encouragement they need. If they only knew how much more potent was every charm of youth and beauty, that carries with it the glorious independence of self-reliant industry; how many a dark wave of temptation they can resist, how much joy it will put into their lives, and how much happiness it will bring to those by whom they are most surrounded, that by their own exertions they may always keep by them this potent charm—a well-filled purse. I have seen so much of bitterness, where it might have been sweet, so many sacrifices that might have been avoided, if woman could only have said, with her right of bread-winning as well as bread-making and bread-eating, "I shall do only what seems to *me* right and best—not what you dictate."

I know that with money woman's power of action for woman lies, and it is to we women of mature thot that it is intrusted this courage to work for our own selves, to teach them to aim for the highest, that whatever their work may be, it may be the best of its kind, and as best, best paid for always. I think it was about ten years ago that I listened to one of Anna Dickenson's most able lectures, in which she said, "If women have occupations which call them daily from their homes, they go thru all possible little by-ways and alleys to get to their daily work, in the most shame-faced way. I am glad that I can say this is not true of women workers as a whole; but I am sorry that I do know that it is true in individual cases. And pitiful indeed it is that it is true, and I am sure that time is fast passing away—that mothers are beginning to feel just as much ashamed of their daughters who have no legitimate occupation or calling, as of their sons. Indeed all and every question of sex in business, will soon be one of the things that were—but not before the ballot is in the hands of women.

I know this subject of female suffrage is most distasteful to many of the sisters here assembled, but I am too selfish to let this opportunity pass without quoting what Wendell Phillips said of it in his late great oration before Harvard College: "Social science affirms that woman's place in society marks the level of civilization. From its twilight in Greece, thru the Italian worship of the Virgin, the dreams of chivalry, the justice of the civil law, and the equality of French society, we trace her gradual recognition; while our common law, as Lord Brougham confessed, was, with regard to women, the opprobrium of the age and of Christianity. For forty years, plain men and women, working noiselessly, have washed away that opprobrium; the statute books of thirty States have been remodeled, and woman stands today almost face to face with her last claim—the ballot. It has been a weary and thankless, tho successful, struggle. But if there be any refuge from that ghastly curse, the vice of great cities—before which social science stands palsied and dumb—it is in this more equal recognition of woman. If, in this critical battle for universal suffrage—our fathers' noblest legacy to us, and the greatest trust God leaves in our hands—there be any weapon which, once taken from the armory, will make victory certain, it will be, as it has been in art, literature and society, summoning woman into the political arena."

A short time ago I referred to women of mature thot who were permitted to direct and encourage others in life's highways, and it is particularly to such women as our president, and many others of this society, that I would quote these few lines in closing:

"Age cannot wither them,
Nor custom stale their infinite variety.
Like wine well kept and long,
Heady, nor harsh, nor strong;
With each succeeding year is quaffed,
A richer, purer, mellower draught."

EQUAL RIGHTS.

The narrow vein which denies to woman the same capacity for intellectual enjoyment, and refuses her the same degree of intellectual culture allotted to the other sex, belongs to a past age, or at least to a less advanced civilization.

The age demands high mental culture for women; but it calls for no change of sphere, no reversing of the manifest order of nature, tho it does secure to women a large increase of influence when it affords her a thoro education and accords to her accomplishments that can not fail to add to her attractions, while she remains the equal, as well as the companion, of man.

It is but just that woman should claim all the rights which her nature dictates as belonging to her. We are to imagine, not what *man* will allow, but what *God* has ordained!

Welcome! thrice welcome, all effort to free woman from the conventional bondage that has restrained her honest efforts to *labor for herself!* Give her a chance among you, oh! ye workers; a broad, *equal* chance—*not* because she is a woman, but because she has a right to honest labor—and *then*, if she can not keep your books, sell you tapes or silks, and teach in your schools, as well as men, by all means hire men. But if she *can*, oh! by your manhood, your regard for the Divine command to be *honest, pay* her what she *earns*. As you value your own souls, do not, in God's name, force her to make shipwreck of her's to gain her daily bread. How large will the dollars you have gathered by pinching and grinding to the last farthing, that pale worker, look in the light of eternity? Oh! beware, lest they become "mill-stones" about your necks to drown you. But not only to men do the women of today have to appeal for their rights, but to those of their own sex as well. Sister woman, from you they claim sympathy, loving kindness and the appreciation and fellowship their merits deserve. All over this land there are women toiling, sadly and alone, for their scanty pittance, whose education, talents, womanly sweetness, and native dignity fit them to adorn the highest stations of society; and yet, because misfortune's hand has been heavy upon them, and they must work for their daily bread, they are branded, cast aside from the society they would grace, and their hard lot made harder still to bear. Oh, sisters, is this justice? You, who are cradled in luxury, around whose paths love and sympathy, and tender care rise like sheltering walls, and make labor, toil and hunger only words, whose meaning even you can not imagine, should

you be the ones to make their sad, toil-worn lives sadder still? Should you deny to these lone workers—your equals in all save money—the appreciation and fellowship you grant to the vapid, shallow, shoddyites whose only claim to brains or dignity lies within the compass of their purse strings? No, no, my sisters; be true to yourselves, and stretch out strengthening, loving hands to all whom God, not money, has made your equals, and out of your boundless store of love, and care, and wealth, give as freely as you have received.

These are woman's rights, as I see them. To labor bravely in any field they are capable of filling well; to recieve every dollar they thus earn; and to retain the standing among their fellows which their intellect, not their dollars, would give them. To those who labor for the advancement of these rights we say heartily, God speed!

Ben Hame, Cal.

HERALD NOTICES.

[California Farmer.]

We hail with pleasure the WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, sent forth from the California Woman's Social Science Association, and under the able editorial management of Mrs. J. W. Stow, the president of that association. It is a journal very much needed in this city and State, for we need an outspoken herald of thought, from woman to woman. It does honor to the independent editor, and honor to the association, which we trust will ably hold up the hands and fill the treasury of those who edit and publish so useful a journal. The "History of the Rise and Progress of the Social Science Association" is full of interest, and the spirited story of "A Night Behind the Bars," should be carefully read by every wife and mother, lest they, too, may be imprisoned, oppressed or robbed of their rights. We most heartily commend the paper to every women of this sunny land.

[Boise City (Idaho) Republican.]

A paper devoted to the promotion of industrial pursuits and opportunities for women and girls; an advocate of temperance and woman's rights; an opponent of probate confiscation and all monopolies; an exponent of the philosophy of sciology and the kindred sciences. It supplies a long-felt need in journalism. Judging from the copy before us, which we have perused with much interest, Mrs. Stow is the right woman in the right place, and we earnestly wish her success in her very laudable undertaking.

[San Leandro Weekly Sentinel.]

This paper is one of the best of its class we have ever had the pleasure of looking over, and it should certainly succeed. Its mission is a noble one, and it has the right person at the helm. Mrs. Stow makes a readable, earnest and effective paper, and every woman who neglects subscribing for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY does not know how to spend a dollar—the yearly subscription price—profitably. As an advertising medium it must be a splendid publication, as its circulation will undoubtedly soon extend into every part of the coast where there are women—and that is saying a great deal. Ladies, if you have a dollar, get a $1 greenback and send it to Mrs. J. W. Stow, 304 Stockton street, San Francisco, as a year's subscription. If you have not a dollar, send 25 cents in stamps for a three months' trial.

[Lecmoor Advertiser.]

This paper fills a niche never yet occupied in the history of journalism, and its mission is one that commends it to every family in the land. It most eloquently proclaims the rights of woman, which she never yet enjoyed in this land of "liberty," and we most heartily endorse its sentiments. May it speak forth in tones of thunder, until the sound thereof reverberates throughout the whole land; and may it live to enjoy the peace and blessings that surely will follow its wholesome teaching.

[Medico-Literary Journal, San Francisco.]

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a paper published monthly by Mrs. J. Stow, a woman of rare ability and fine attainments, will prove a great educator—if women will read it.

[Times and Standard, Manistee, Mich.]

OUR SUFFRAGE EXCHANGES.—We are in receipt of Mrs. Gougar's paper, "Our Herald;" "The New Northwest," by Mrs. A. S. Duniway; "Western Woman's Journal," of Lincoln, Neb., and now from far San Francisco comes WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, published by Mrs. J. W. Stow, the indefatigable worker who has fought the probate system so long and so well. Every woman should have her book on Probate Confiscation, showing up the beauties of that system.

[Woman's Journal.]

Mrs. Stow is well known in many States of the Union, by her persistent attempts to alter and better the probate laws, and by her books on that subject. Her new paper is remarkable for the boldness with which it states facts, and attacks unjust and unequal laws.

[Western Woman's Journal.]

This beautiful publication is edited with marked ability, and is "devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational and industrial advancement thro' co-operation and self-help." We hope and prophecy a successful career for this new enterprise.

[Mountain Echo.]

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.—We have just received Vol. 1, No. 2, of this sterling journal, edited by Mrs. J. W. Stow, in the city of San Francisco. It is an eight-page paper, published monthly, of neat appearance, and contains a vast amount of good reading matter, such as would, no doubt, interest intelligent lady readers, as it seems devoted mostly to their interests. The editor is free and outspoken in denouncing what she conceives to be wrong, and vigorously advocates what she believes to be right. She is an excellent writer, as will be seen by a careful perusal of her paper, which we recommend to all our lady readers. Subscribe for it at once. Only one dollar a year.

[Daily Talk, Salem, Oregon.]

Its columns are full of interesting and important reading to women, and no doubt the paper will prove to be a powerful exponent of the woman's cause.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a GEM I am greatly pleased with it. I see thee believes in all true reforms—a true Radical in deeds as well as words—and I am anxious to make friends with thee. I am a full believer in Woman; her mission of purifying the race, exalting love, ennobling work, and all that elevates and makes us better. ELMIRA D. SLENKER.

BOSTON, Aug. 11, 1881.

MRS. J. W. STOW, Pres. of the C. W. S. S. A.—Dear Madam:—The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union sends greeting to your society in conference assembled, and shakes hands across the continent, bidding you God speed in your noble work and desires to co-operate in all possible ways. Yours cordially,

MARTHA B. GOODRICH.

OMAHA, Neb., July 27, 1881.

MRS. J. W. STOW—Dear Madam:—Your paper came to hand a few days since. I read it with an intense interest. Such agitation is necessary, but very few are brave enough to attempt it. I think your bravery will challenge the admiration of every thoughtful person in the country, and I hope it will bring you hosts of friends. HARRIET J. BROOKS.

CONNEAUTVILLE, Oct. 18, 1881.

I saw a notice of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY in the "National Citizen," and its motto was so impressive that I must see the paper. I also saw an account of your persecution, arrest and imprisonment, in the same number of the "Citizen." Is it possible that such things are allowed in these days, and in this country of freedom? If true, it is certainly the cruelest and most outrageous act that could be imagined. I should suppose the indignation and wrath of the people would be roused to the utmost, and that parties perpetrating such violence upon the person of a peaceable woman, would either have to leave the country, or the mob would lynch them on the spot.

MRS. R. A. FRAISER.

[Mrs. Fraiser should have seen the joy on the faces of the man on the bench, the honorable opposing counsel and the scot free ruffians who caused and made the arrest shaking hands and slapping each others' backs at the close of the farce, called a COURT OF JUSTICE. To them it was a highly amusing transaction, which broke open a house and dragged a defenseless woman down stairs tearing her clothing in shreds and bruising and blacking her person, and forcing her into a loathesome prison cell to spend a night of unmitigated horror.—ED.]

MARION, Oct. 15, 1881.

MRS. J. W. STOW—Dear Madam:—Many thanks for your HERALD. I have read A Night Behind the Bars, with feelings of indignation too strong for utterance. I do not wonder that widows subject to such infamous treatment are desirous of waging war upon the outrageous laws that make such things possible; that they seek, by every legitimate and honorable means, for the annulment and annihilation of such monstrous statutes. I strike hands with you upon this question. Laws which legalize a wholesale robbery of widows and orphans should be shorn of their power. A man may lose forty wives, but there is no law to force him into court on that account, and subject him to heavy pecuniary loss also. It is an injustice which women should be freed from, and to this end women themselves should address their aims and efforts. Men are, invariably, the parties who profit by these cruel laws—into their pockets go the plunder—therefore they will make no effort to change them. Yours truly,

MRS. LIZZIE M. LATHAM.

BOSTON, Oct. 19, 1881.

MRS. J. W. STOW—Dear Madam:—I am requested to send you the thanks of the Board for the donation of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY to the reading room of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, and to also express our deep interest in the Social Science Association over which you have the honor of presiding. May it have a long and prosperous career and be the means of extending in every direction the usefulness of women.

Believe me to be

Very sincerely yours,

M. CHAMBERLIN, Sec.

HARTFORD, Oct. 12, 1881.

ED. WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY:—I have juse received a couple of copies of your paper, which I like exceedingly. I have gradually extended my subscription list to such an extent that I sometime ago made up my mind I would not subscribe to anything else—even if the angel Gabriel should establish a weekly or monthly—so when I opened your two papers I said, "There's no use in sending any more new candidates for public patronage to me, in the way of publications, for my tables are piled with unread papers—some of which I can't get time to open—and my purse is empty. No use; no use!" But as I glanced along your columns I saw so much that attracted my attention—for I can take in at a glance when a thing is good—that I decided I would have a little further acquaintance with the paper. These two numbers are breezy with the spirit of liberty. I enclose ——. If the paper continues as good as it opens I shall probably renew. Among other things, I am glad to see you have a little account of the case of Mrs. Cooper. I have been wanting to get a full history of that. A Night Behind the Bars must be intensely interesting. I am anxious for time to read all the good things in these pages.

Yours truly,

FRANCES ELLEN BURR.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 15, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND MRS. STOW:—The initial and second numbers of your bristling journal came to hand a couple of days ago—many thanks for your thoughtfulness. I congratulate you; and from my heart of hearts I bid you God speed in your grand work. Your field is wide, and your workers are few. You will need courage and fortitude, and I know you are not lacking in either; you will need sympathy, and I know you will get it. When reading your paper to-day, I was forcibly reminded of Garibaldi's immortal manifesto, that "rang like a silver trumpet, around the world," in which he said: "Whosoever is in love with hunger, with cold, with death, follow me." Reformers must be fighters, and every footprint of human progress has been wet with tears, and led through tribulation, suffering and strife.

And your professional shingle "floats in the breeze," too. I bid you welcome. May your patients be many, and your labors crowned with success.

Yours, in search of truth,

WM. H. ROBB, M. D.

VINELAND, N. J., Oct. 21, 1881.

MRS. STOW—Dear Sister Woman and Worker:—Many thanks for your paper, with which I am more than pleased. I like its bold, affirmative position. * * But few women, unless they have been subject to martyrdom, as you have been, can realize what is due from womanhood to the progress of civilization and the building of humanity. Woman's circumscribed sphere, in the old order of things, has narrowed her aspirations and sympathies. She has grown too intense and emotional because circumscribed and repressed. I like the name HERALD OF INDUSTRY, because Industry, organized and emancipated from the despotism of corporate power, and the crime of usury, is to emancipate the masses more than education in any other direction. Justice can not become a vital force in society until labor is rewarded with its hard earned profits. One-half the race has tried to carry forward human welfare on a basis that is directly apposed to that welfare—selfishness, so-called sagacity, policy. It has failed to secure peace and happiness, health or harmony. The other half must now work from the opposite basis of mutuality—love is the key, co-operation the arrangement. We must do as the universe does in all its parts—work together, for the benefit of all.

In spirit I shake hands with you, and pledge myself your hearty co-worker. I congratulate you on your ability, both mentally and pecuniarily, to do such valiant battle for justice. I have not had the pleasure of seeing your valuable book, "Probate Confiscation," but have heard many good words concerning it.

Most heartily yours,

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1881.

MY DEAR MRS. STOW:—God bless you, sister; you are fighting the battle of freedom for woman. May you never lay down your noble warfare till the victory is ours. The fact that we must record on the pages of American history, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, that a woman can be thrust behind the bars of a prison, for no crime save that of protecting her property from the grasp of a tyrant's power, clothed in a little brief authority, and denying to others the boon he holds most dear, simply because that other is a woman, and a widow at that, and he has no fear of being met by a bludgeon or a ballot, either to disable or displace him. I can but think that these frequent and continued insults offered woman will, ere long arouse our American womanhood so as to array this better half of the human race in one solid phalanx, to demand their equal and God-given rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," to stand man's peer everywhere, even in our legislative halls, to enact such laws as shall protect her person and interests, and wipe off from our national escutcheon the foul blot of the more refined slavery of mother, wife, sister and daughter, who are now held subject to man's laws, without her consent. Out on such professions of freedom, where one half are slaves. But you talk with these lordly lords of ours; they will tell you that they are afraid to give woman the ballot lest she might do some wrong that man could not counteract. Well, I think if I was a man, six feet in my socks, well proportioned, with a towering intellect, with the purse in my pocket and the ballot in my hand, I should be a little ashamed to admit that I was afraid that a little woman, whom I could pick up in my arms, would vanquish me if I allowed her any chance in the battle of life. It seems to me that the God of nature has sufficiently protected man against woman by giving him four fold more physical strength than is given woman, without his claiming all of the other advantages. Such claims prove him not only a knave, but the veriest coward, who would be willing that woman should stand single-handed and alone, with all of one-half of the responsibilities of life on her hands, and yet compelled to depend upon the selfishness of man for means to perform her part in life's drama.

Why men should fear to trust woman has always been a mystery to me, when they know, and all thinking, all learned, men are ready to admit, that woman has ever been a refining power and influence in every field where ever she has been allowed to hold a place. Even the battle-field became a tender nursery when woman found her way there. Literature lost its coarseness, and put on the charm of eloquence, when woman's pen came into the field. So it will be in the political world when woman takes her place, and enacts such laws as will do honor to woman, the whole world will feel the electric shock and bless God for the advance in a higher sense of right, for such proofs of the law of progress that will, and must, remove the race from the relics of barbarism that still hang on the skirts of our civilization. And this most desirable state of things will be gained only when justice is done by women, so that she can do justice by the immortal souls given to her care through the laws of reproduction, for no imbecile mother ever produced a brilliant son or daughter, and when men learn this fact, so as to act upon natural laws in regard to the human species, as they act in regard to the animal kingdom, we shall have a better—yes a greatly improved—representative man, who will comprehend the unspeakable advantage of being well born. If a man wishes to live a second life in his children, he will feel very solicitous to produce such children as he can feel proud to have represent him. Now this can never be until woman ceases to be a slave, and has and enjoys all of the rights and privileges God has, or ever can give to the most favored of His children. And the whole race must suffer loss, degradation and defeat until this state of things obtains.

And the sooner woman is relieved of the effects of all laws that oppress her, the sooner will the world realize that the hand of love has lighted the deathless torch that shall dispel the darkness of superstition, ignorance and crime, and make our earth a fit dwelling place for the angels and the gods.

With the most earnest prayer for the success of your independent paper,

I am, as ever, yours truly,

L. C. SMITH.

SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

Now that I have returned to work *directly* in the whitning field of Woman Suffrage I think it necessary to make some statements and correct some errors.

During my first seven years widowhood, as Mrs. Marietta L. Bell, I was actively engaged in humanitarian work. First, as an officer in the American Woman's Association for the protection of shop girls in New York city; associated with such well known people as Mrs. Beaty, Judge Edmunds, James T. Brady, and others of like eminence in the realms of brains and benefactions; Second, during the Rebellion I read and lectured all thru the Northern States. The last year I traveled over 25,000 miles. I raised by subscription, in three months, in California, nearly $8,000, which money, when I abandoned my life work for a lovefeast and home, was given to the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society of this city, and is represented as a living monument of woman's labor in the main edifice of the society's home. I paid all my own expenses while raising this money, which amounted to over a thousand dollars, counting costs too and from New York. The $8,000 was raised and $40,000 subscribed—not paid—in New York, Boston, and other cities, to establish a home and school combined for the indigent orfan dauters of soldiers; the institution to be perpetuated, when the children had grown out of it, as a college of industry for women. Mayor Faxon, of Utica, was to have given ten acres of land for the site and the citizens $50,000, making, with the $50,000 which I had undertaken to raise, a $100,000.

After my marriage with J. W. Stow I found the "folded hands" business very irksome. My husband insisted that I had done public service enuf for one lifetime, therefore I did not enter the universal mission field of church charities. In '69, learning that there was a woman suffrage association that held meetings in Dr. Corbett's parlors, I attended a session, and, becoming interested in the able president, Elizabeth Schenck, and officers, joined the society. Soon after we secured the butiful and commodious Mercantile Library Museum, to hold our meetings in. This was the year that Anna Dickenson was here. She was invited to speak before the society and did so. We, the suffragists, afterwards gave her a "breakfast" at the leading restaurant of the city. The affair was highly successful, some thirty ladies being present, who made it bright with witty speeches, toasts, and good cheer.

Mrs. Schenck, owing to frequent attacks of indispostion, wished to resign the presidency into *physically* stronger hands, and Feb. 18th, 1881, the Saturday following the Monday that Anna Dickinson left the State, I was, very much against my earnest protest, put in the chair by acclamation. My objections were, want of qualification and the adverse wishes of my husband. However, the society was very prosperous under my three months' administration. It rapidly grew in numbers and public favor. I entered into the work heart and soul, and when my husband saw the deep interest I took in the cause, he, too, began to sympathize with the movement.

I proposed holding a convention early in January, at the Capital, during the legislative session, and to introduce a bill asking for the right of suffrage, but the "money question" was at once raised as an insurmountable barrier. My reply was, "We will overcome this obstacle with a series of lectures." Argument: "But who will be the speakers? Who will listen to lectures given in behalf of women who want to vote, like men? Who will foot the bill?" Answer: "I will open the course, and get two clergymen to follow. The 'cloth' will give tone and character, and I will see that the society is not left in debt, at all events." This was done. I sold to friends more than tickets enough to cover all expenses, and we netted $325 for the society. Nov. 2d, I opened the course at the Mercantile Library Hall, to a full house. The subject of the lecture was "Woman's Work." Rev. L. Hamilton followed with "The Harem and the Parlor." One week from that date, on the 16th, Rev. Chas. G. Ames gave "What Does it Mean?"—a vivid portrayal of what does woman suffrage mean—before an enthusiastic audience. The three lectures were well patronized and handsomely reported by the press.

The $325 was the first money ever put into the treasury, aside from the annual membership of one dollar, and the two bits monthly dues; but this money soon began to grow very warm cramped up in the treasury. It wanted to be heard from immediately, and greatly to my surprise Saturday, Dec. 11th, 1869, Mrs. Caroline H. Spear, of Philadelphia, who was visiting the city, said, "Mrs. President, it has been decided to hold the convention three weeks from this time in San Francisco instead of Sacramento. Mrs. Schenck, the founder of woman suffrage on the Coast, is not able to leave home, and there are many reasons why the *first* convention should be held in the metropolitan city where the society had birth." I refused to sign the call, and was requested to resign. The reason I refused was embodied in these words:

"I have been instrumental in raising money to defray the expenses of a convention to be held in Sacramento, not in San Francisco. My husband, the vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, has promised to go with us and speak and push the bill in the legislature. His influence will be of great help to the cause; furthermore, I refuse to sign the call because I will not place myself in a false and frivolous attitude before the public, and I will not allow my name to be connected with a fiasco. There cannot be a *first* State convention called and properly worked up in three weeks time. It is an impossibility!" I pass over the discussion that followed. The meeting came to an abrupt close. My husband was waiting for me at the door, and when I told him that I was requested to resign, he was very indignant and said, "After you have brot that society into prominence by your priceless labor you shall have a prominent resignation; with the Why attachment. I will write it, and see that it is published in the morning papers." All of which he did, and that severed my connection with the direct movement up to September last. After I left the room, those who had changed the order of things re-organized the society, with Mrs. Mary W. Coggins in the chair, and Mrs. McComb, secretary—the secretary, Miss Blackman, having promptly resigned—and the "call" was signed.

The date of these resignations are to be seen among the locals, third page of the *Bulletin*, bound volume, December 13th, 1869.

The Convention was held and some of the daily papers, then and there, spit on their hands and went in.

There were whole columns given over to caricaturing the leading speakers, and that portion of the press of San Francisco has been in red-mouthed cry after suffrage meetings and suffragists ever since. Another thing which has injured the movement in this State is the party has adopted a "Code" with rules and regulations a mile long, I should judge from what their young and brilliant lawyer president, Clara S. Foltz, said to me about it, which in substance was this, "We are code-killed! Whenever I have advocated a *live* measure, I have had this code piled on my shoulders and the cry, 'O the Code! the Code! the *Co-ode!!!*' has been rung on all its changes about my ears."

How many sucking babes of societies have been strangled to death in their swaddling clothes by these twin fiends—Constitution and By-Laws. As old and tough as I am I was nearly done to death, last year, with the hot-shot of this dual arsenal of man-made rules and regulations. This year the sisters have made a bonfire of Cushing, and his colleagues in mischief, and live in peace and harmony without the aid of these bile-engendering gentlemen. We are an abiding law unto ourselves. Men-made laws are hung in effigy on the outer walls of the S. S. S.

In 1874, while I was in Europe, my husband died in San Francisco. Returning home I found everything locked up in the bull-dog jaws of the probate court, even to my private personal property, husbands apparel, jewels, papers and black-and-tan dog.

I commenced at once to ask Why? and the oftener I asked the oftener I was spit upon and brow-beaten, in this just, richus and humane court which fattens upon the financial marrow of widows and blood of orphans. I lost $200,000 community property, $10,000 private estate and seven years of indefaticable labor.

I gave three lectures in Mercantile Library Hall upon Probate Confiscation; had my Bill before the California legislature; wrote and published the book, "Probate Confiscation," and crossed the continent with bill and book. They were my oak to twine about, my staff to lean upon, my shepherd's crook to stay me from the slough of Dispond. I visited nearly all the Northern States and principle cities—waging a single-handed battle, from sea to sea, beside which Sherman's famous march dwindles into insignificance. The heroism that battles *alone* is not to be measured by that which is supported by armies and navies and backed up by an applauding nation.

No one can estimate the sacrifice, the mental and physical exhaustion of such unwearied effort continued thru long months and years. Seven years of unflagging labor was given to the subject of a revision and unification of the entire probate system of the United States—the same as it is in Germany. A law that will give to the survivor, children, home, property—half the property to children; half to widow or widower. This has been, essentially, an individual work for the reson that it was not *directly* for either of the two great movements, Woman Suffrage or Temperance.

No welcoming committees met me at depots and stations and bore me away to hospitable homes but instead, a wearisome search for inexpensive hotels and boarding-houses; then the never varying routine of seeing editors and then the careful canvass of cities and towns to sell Confiscation and roll up petitions to the Stow Bill, which has been before six State legislatures and the 46th Congress.

During this seven years pilgrimage up and down stairs (mostly *up*), halls rooms, streets, lanes, country roads, and across fields, I must have traveled more than a hundred thousand miles, and interviewed privately and addressed publicly more than twice that number of people. I dout if any woman, living or dead, ever expended as much physical, fhree for the public good, in seven years of continuous effort, as was done in these never-to-be-forgotten years.

All this has been indirect suffrage work. Hundreds of people have told me, by word and letter, that the reading of my book had made staunch suffragists of them. An indirect blow, well aimed, will kill as quickly as a direct blow.

Two circumstances of recent occurrence have brot me back into the whitening field of Woman Suffrage. First, imprisonment because I would not tear up and remake a perfect street in front of my house; Second, having the honor of being the first woman-candidate for School Director in San Francisco. At the last City and County election, Marian Todd, Esq., was nominated, by the Greenback party, for City and County Attorney, and I for School Director. Sept. 5th, 1881, we held a rousing "Woman's Political Mass Meeting," in the parlors of the California Woman's Social Science Association, in honor of the event.

Eloquent speeches were made by lawyers Foltz, Todd and others. In a few introductory remarks I said, "I find myself in the dirty pool of politics without rudder or compass or previous condition of qualification, but another year all shall be changed; I will be prepared to fill any office, from superintendent of streets to the presidency of the United States. I dont let my ambition go sneaking up any back stairs. I dont burn my candle under a bushel. When I get the first named office I will imprison every law abiding man-citizen who has the temerity to own a home in San Francisco and who has the effrontery to keep the street in front of it in good repair. In a few days we shall organize a 'Woman's Independent Political Party.' I want to vote. I want to hold a fat office, and shall use every endeavor to obtain the right to do so."

The next day we turned the porch into a polling booth, with all the glamour of box and banner, for women to vote. Ever since that time some of these *hightoned* dailies have gone into æsthetic rubbies over me and my work. This is the penalty a woman pays for being an outspoken woman suffragist in San Francisco. It is largely this allpotent newspaper terrorism that has succeeded in paralyzing every movement made by women, outside of church protection, in California.

These papers trail themselves in the lowest gutter of journalism, with the most offensive and untruthful personalties, calling people's names and putting into their mouths things that were never said, or dreamed of being said; describing their persons and apparel and generally besmearing themselves (papers) with the blackgardism of the 17th century—and the most shocking part of it is that *women* reporters are paid to do this dirty work.

If every suffragist in the city and State would stand, not only shoulder to shoulder but back to back, as the three Parisian Zouaves did when they kept at bay a mob of a thousand people who thirsted for their blood, we could repel the enemy of social progress. In the close phalanx of defence every side would be guarded. We should compel respect.

The California Woman's Social Science Association has officially invited Mrs. Foltz, Mrs. Gordon, and other prominent suffragists to occupy the S. S. S. parlors, once a month with a suffrage meeting.

In a broader and nobler humanity women, everywhere, forgetting caste, must know only the common cause and steadily work for it thru evil as well as good report. A night behind the bars has so unscaled my vision, in regard to unbridled masculine power, that I shall hereafter criticise the edifice and not the builders. Let us learn the humane lesson: to keep the object in view and the deeds accomplished rather than the petty likes and dislikes of individuals.

We offer our butiful parlors *gratuitously* once a month to the California Woman Suffrage Association. Will it accept our generous and sisterly invitation? If it does not we shall hold a suffrage meeting, all the same, on the first Saturday of each month, and cordially invite all women sympathizers to be present with us. We also ask the society to join with us and hold a three days conference, instead of two, in September. Here is our right hand of fellowship, with the earnest heart in it. Will the Suffragists accept our offer? We hope they will for some of us want to join the society. We hope they will, for in union there is strength.

Much earnest and effective work has been, and is being, done in the Legislature, and in a quiet way thruout the State, but weekly or monthly meetings and stirring speeches are needed in every town to awaken a concentrated effort. Some one must be willing to give entire and unlimited time, as Mrs. Duniway is now doing in Oregon, and as the great leaders have done in the East: as Mrs. Packard has given years of time to the insane question and as I have given years of time to the probate question. These are the things that make niches on the wheels of progress. But whenever such work has been undertaken in San Francisco there has been a hue-and-cry raised at once, that that woman wanted to make herself the "representative woman of the Coast"—as tho such a thing were possible. "Representative women" are counted in dozens, hundreds; thousands—and not in *one's*

I have commenced to labor, with all my earnest persevering nature, for the cause of Woman Suffrage and desire to co-operate with every society, large or small, in the world. But I shall never mix up suffrage with reform measures for the insane, or with widow's rights bills. Each must stand out clear and distinct by itself. It is the jumbling together of many issues that disgusts legislators.

Now sisters and co-workers, one and all—first, in California; second, in the nation; third, in Christendom—let us agree to disagree upon minor matters and in the great struggle before us form a solid phalanx of strength, and thus hasten the grand ultimatum.

Let us be patient with explanations and just criticism. What we want is truth not error; light not darkness; knowledge not ignorance; union not disintegration.

Mrs. J. W. Stow.

Errata:—For "Dec. 18th," read "Sept. 18th."

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

Turning back the pages of time, in the unabridged volume of my life, I look upon beautiful faces, earnest faces, kindly faces, dear faces, loved faces. Faces whose radiance has fallen like a shaft of divine light across my path up the rugged hill of life. Sweet and holy is the memory of these dear faces. They dwell in perennial freshness in the inner temple of my heart. God bless them! "Some are living, some are dead." Among the latter is one whose name is inscribed on the hearts of all living—worthy of life. She had the rare gift of doing pioneer work without antagonizing those who did not think as she did. I first saw this lady upon the steps of the quaint old Hixite Church in Philadelphia. It was the school children's annual meeting day, some three thousand being present. After all were seated the usual solemn silence prevailed for a few moments and then Lucretia Mott laid aside her bonnet, and rising in her seat beside the elders and apostles, spoke to the assembled children as I never heard man speak. What advice she gave them! painting in deathless language the grandeur of a life of purity; the exaltation of a noble manhood and womanhood; the dignity of labor and the moral excellence of a life compassed by the Golden Rule.

So rapt and glorified was her face during the hour that she poured forth that living stream from her heart, that I was as spell-bound as though Christ had spoken from Sinai.

As soon as the services were closed, I said to the brother who had seated me, "Introduce me to Mrs. Mott." Greeting me in her simple, cordial manner she said, "I have heard and read about thee. Thou art doing a good work. Come and see me in my home and I then will sign the petition to thy bill." "No;" I urged, "please to sign it *here*." "Thou art very persevering," she smilingly replied. "If thou wilt give me thine arm, we will cross over to the library, where there is pen and ink. I need a little of thy physical strength to lean upon. I am eighty-five years of age. When thou art as old, thee will need a staff, too." I felt, as we traversed the short distance between church and library, that an angel was leaning upon me for support.

After writing her name, she turned to me, still holding the pen, and said, "Would thee like to have me write one of my mottos after my name in this little book? I have *two* mottoes." "I should be most happy to have one or *both*," I answered, and this is the one she gave me: "Truth for authority, and not authority for truth."

This was the only time I ever saw the saintly sister, but the memory of that meeting rises like sweet incense from a fragrant altar. The light of those clear eyes, at times, seems to dispel besetting darkness. The mellow cadence of her sweet voice still falls upon my ear, and her parting salutation of "God bless thee, my child!" is as palpably distinct as when spoken. The lips may be dust, but the words live and glow and warm and ennoble.

Mrs. Stow.

Woman's Medical College and Hospital, recently organized by Mrs. M. P. Sawtelle, M. D. and Mrs. Dr. Wells, both ladies of rare intelligence and executive ability. Dr. Sawtelle is the able editor and publisher of the *Medico-Literary Journal*, of San Francisco. Dr. Wells brings to the professor's chair the ripe wisdom of a world-wide traveler. The S. S. S. bids this branch of social science Godspeed!

Children's Corner.

THE CHANGED FAIRIES.

They danced over meadows,
They danced through the woods,
The gay little fairies
With downy white hoods;
They lit on the hedges,
And clung to the trees,
And peeped into windows
Without "If you please."
High up in the air
They went sailing along,
And the children who watched
Sent up a glad song;
So, to kiss rosy faces
They fluttered below,
While the children all cried:
"Welcome! beautiful snow!"

In gray little cloaks
And in dull little hoods,
Other fairies gave chase
Through the meadow and wood.
They slapped at the windows,—
Not very polite,
And the lovely white fairies
All vanished from sight!
And on little faces
Turned up to the sky,
Came plashes like tear-drops
From each little eye;
And sad little voices
Were heard to complain,
"The beautiful snow
Has just all turned to rain!"

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

BY LIZZIE BELL.

What, with the care of Puss in the basket; the bobbing about of the stage, and a big lump in her throat that she had tried in vain to swallow, Etta had found very little pleasure in trying to see the pretty houses which they were continually passing, and the curious people whom they met in the dusty road. So, long before Rochester was reached, overcome by fatigue and excitement, she was cradled in the arms of sleep and love, dreaming that what was passing was only a dream, and that she was telling the funny things to Piggy and Towz, under the old apple tree that had scattered its golden harvest of sweets every Summer, for so long a time before Etta came to enjoy them.

She was startled from her pleasant slumbers by a great noise. The rumbling of many carts over cobble-stone pavements was a new and strange sound to her country ears; and the tossing of baggage and the hoarse din of loud voices grated harshly on her tired nerves. She soon found herself in a cozy cabin, with Puss crying to be taken out of the basket. Hearing a shrill cry outside, of "Git out! git out wid ye, yer mis'able spalpeen!" she ventured a look from the open window, just as a rough man hurled a stick of wood at a frightened dog who was running off the gang-plank, and that looked, she thought, so much like Towz. But her mother quieted her fears by telling her that it was impossible for Towz to be there, as they had left him with Grandma and Piggy, twelve miles away.

The next day was the Sabbath, and a venerable gentleman, with long white hair reaching down to his shoulders, and a benignant look upon his countenance, read to them—after the passengers were all seated in the cabin—the beautiful story of Joseph and his brethern. So touchingly tender were the tremulous words when he portrayed the grief of Joseph at the loss of his beloved son, that Etta burst out crying, and when asked what was the matter could only exclaim:

"Oh, my Piggy! oh, my Doggy!"

Jacob's sufferings had found an echo in her poor little heart. When the good man had ceased speaking he took her on his knee, and requested her to tell him all about her sorrow, which she did, and received in return the sincere sympathy of the Reverend Father, which he was.

He, too, had once had a dear little dog, which had refused to leave him during a severe illness, but had remained by his bedside a constant watcher day and night, for weeks, until all danger was past.

[TO BE CONTINTED.]

The grand uprising of women every where thruout the Nation is an earnest of what is in store for us when we learn to act in concert.

ROCHDALE CO-OPERATIVE RULES.

ARTICLE I.

NAME, OBJECTS, MEMBERSHIP, LOCATION.

SECTION 1. The name of this Society shall be the CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

SEC. 2. The objects of this Society shall be:

First.—To supply its members and others with articles for household and personal use that are unadulterated and of good quality.

Second.—To buy such articles at wholesale, to sell the same for cash at retail at the same prices as those charged by other retail dealers, and to divide the profits thus realized among its members and others in proportion as they have contributed to the production of said profit by their CAPITAL, LABOR, or CUSTOM.

Third.—To provide a safe and profitable investment for the capital saved in small sums by its members, and for the re-investment of the profits made by the business of this Society.

SEC. 3. Any person whose application for membership is approved by the Board of Trustees may become a member of this Society on paying an entrance fee of *fifty cents*, subscribing for one or more shares of its capital stock, and signing an agreement to abide by these by-laws and amendments thereto. In case of his rejection by the Board of Trustees, all money, if any, that he shall have paid shall be returned to him.

The Board of Trustees may suspend any member who persists in conduct which in its judgment is injurious to the Society. In such case they shall, at the next regular meeting of the Society, state the cause of complaint against said member, having first given him three clear days' notice of the same. If a majority of the members present so vote, said member shall be expelled, and on the surrender of all share certificates held by him he shall be paid the (book) value of such certificates. A person who has been expelled shall not be again admitted as a member, except by the vote of two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting of the Society, nor unless notice has been given at the last previous regular meeting of the intention to propose his name for re-admission.

SEC. 4. The office of this Society shall be located in the County of....., and State of..... It shall be established at the store of the Society, or at such other place as the Board of Trustees may from time to time appoint; and at such place all books of account, securities and documents of the Society shall be kept, other than such, if any, as are required for carrying on its business elsewhere.

ARTICLE II.

MEETING AND QUORUMS.

SECTION 1. Regular monthly meetings of this Society shall be held on the third Tuesday in each month.

The monthly meeting occurring in the month of January shall be the regular annual meeting of the Society.

The monthly meetings occurring in the months of March, June, September and December shall be termed regular quarterly meetings, and the financial quarters shall commence on the first of said months. The President shall preside at all meetings when present. In his absence the members present shall elect one of their number to preside for that occasion.

SEC. 2. The following shall be the order of business for all regular meetings of the Society except the regular annual meeting:

1. Reading the minutes of the last meeting.
2. Reading the minutes of the Board of Trustees since the last regular meeting.
3. Secretary's and Treasurer's reports.
4. Reports of Committees.
5. Unfinished business.
6. New business.
7. Enquiries and suggestions.
8. Adjournment.

This order of business may be amended or suspended during any meeting by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

SEC. 3. Special meetings shall be called at any time by the President and Secretary, upon the written request of ten members or by order of the Board of Trustees.

Three clear days' notice shall be given to each member of every special meeting. The notice shall state by whom and for what purpose the meeting is called; and no business shall be brought before the meeting not specified in the call for the same.

SEC. 4. Each member shall be entitled to but one vote, and voting by proxy shall not be allowed. All votes shall be taken by show of hands, unless a majority of members present shall determine otherwise. In case of a tie, the President shall have the right to cast the deciding vote, in addition to his vote as a member.

A majority of members present shall decide all questions, except in those cases otherwise specified by these By-Laws.

SEC. 5. No member in arrears to this Society, on any account whatever, two days previous to any meeting, shall be entitled to vote.

SEC. 6. All meetings shall be held at the Society's place of business, or at such other place as the Board of Trustees may from time to time appoint. At least fifteen (15) members must be present to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; but no meeting shall be rendered incapable of transacting business after the chair has been taken and a quorum has been found to be present.

In case a quorum is not present within one hour after the time stated in the notice for such meeting, the meeting shall stand adjourned to that day week, unless it be a special meeting, in which case it shall be adjourned *sine die*.

A meeting may be adjourned from time to time for any period not exceeding fourteen days, except as herein specified.

ARTICLE III.

OFFICERS AND MANAGEMENT.

SECTION 1. The affairs of this Society shall be conducted by a President, who shall be *ex-officio* a member and Chairman of the Board of Trustees, eight other Trustees and a Treasurer, who shall be elected at each regular annual meeting to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected and qualify.

SEC. 2. Any vacancy occurring in the Board of Trustees may be filled for the unexpired term at the next regular quarterly meeting of the Society after the vacancy occurs, subject to the conditions of nominations herein provided.

SEC. 3. All candidates for office shall be nominated at the regular monthly meeting next preceding that at which the election is to take place.

The Secretary shall prepare a list of all persons nominated, together with the names of the retiring officers, and shall post the same in several conspicuous places in the Society's store at least ten (10) days before election.

Retiring officers shall be eligible to re-election.

The Board of Trustees shall keep a record of the attendance of its members during the year, a summary of which shall be read at the regular annual meeting previous to the election of officers.

SEC. 4. Any member of the Board of Trustees or other officer who shall accept any other office or place of profit in the Society shall first resign the one held by him before entering upon the duties of the new office to which he has been elected or appointed.

This rule shall not apply to any officer who may be elected to represent the Society in any wholesale co-operative society of which it may become a member.

No member of the Board of Trustees shall be interested in any contract with the Society, excepting when he is a member of a firm or company which has entered into contracts with or has done work for the Society, in which case he shall not be present or vote when such contracts are being discussed or acted upon.

SEC. 5. The Board of Trustees shall appoint a Secretary and a business manager. It shall also appoint all employes, and fix all compensations and define all duties not specifically provided in these By-Laws.

SEC. 6. The Secretary shall attend all meetings of the Society and of the Board of Trustees when required, and keep a correct account of the same. He shall keep a register of the addresses of all members, which register shall be open for the inspection of members during business hours. He shall post all notices as required. He shall keep the accounts of the Society in such manner as the Board of Trustees may direct. He shall receive all money due the Society, and pay the same to the Treasurer. He shall, on all occasions, in the execution of his duties, act under the direction and control of the Board of Trustees.

SEC. 7. When any member shall change his address, he shall, within one month thereafter, give notice thereof in writing to the Secretary, who shall, on receiving such notice, make the necessary change in the address of such member in the register of members provided for in the sixth section of this article.

SEC. 8. The Treasurer shall be responsible for such sums of money as may from time to time be paid to him by the Secretary or other persons on the account of this Society, and shall dispose of all money received by him as directed by the Board of Trustees.

All deposits of money in bank shall be in the name of the Society. All checks shall be signed by the Treasurer and counter-signed by the Secretary.

SEC. 9. The Board of Trustees shall require from every person elected, appointed or employed to or in any office or position of trust in this Society, such security as, in the opinion of said Board, shall be duly proportioned to the trust reposed.

SEC. 10. At any regular quarterly meeting of the Society the members present may fix the compensation of the members of the Board of Trustees, Auditing Committee, and of any person or persons delegated to do any special duty for the Society. One month's notice shall be given to all members of any proposed change in the compensation fixed for the members of the Board of Trustees.

SEC. 11. At the regular annual meeting in each year, an Auditing Committee of three members shall be elected, to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected and qualify. No member shall be eligible to serve on the Auditing Committee who holds any other position of honor, trust, or profit in the Society. It shall have power to employ experts at the expense of the Society, if in their judgment necessary. It shall audit the accounts of the Society monthly, and, if found correct, shall so certify on the books of account. It shall lay before each quarterly meeting a balance sheet of the receipts and expenditures, also of the assets and liabilities of the Society, together with a statement of the business of the Society for the last quarter, and its then condition. It shall have power to call for and examine all books, papers, and documents belonging to the Society, and any officer, employe, member, or other person as witnesses. The balance sheet shall bear its certificate of correctness. In case a vacancy occurs in the Auditing Committee, the remaining members shall have power to fill the vacancy for the unexpired term.

SEC. 12. If a member makes any complaint relating to the quality of, or price charged for goods supplied by this Society, or respecting the conduct of any officer or employe of the Society, he shall make such complaint in writing, and deliver it to the Secretary, who shall lay it before the Trustees at their next meeting. Such complaint shall be investigated and acted upon by the Board, and the complaint, with the decision of the Board on the same, shall be entered on its minute book, after which the complaining member shall be furnished with a copy of such entry. If the decision is not satisfactory to such member, he may appeal from the decision of the Board, and lay his complaint, with the decision thereon, before any regular meeting of the Society, having first given fourteen (14) days' notice of his intention to do so. The decision rendered by a majority of the members present shall be final.

If a member makes any suggestion for the good of the Society, it shall take the same course, and be acted upon in the same manner, as herein provided for a complaint.

SEC. 13. The first Board of Trustees shall adopt a seal for the Society, which seal shall be placed in the custody of the Secretary, and shall be affixed to such papers and documents as the Board may direct, from time to time, and an engraving of such seal shall also be printed upon such papers as it may direct from time to time.

SEC. 14. All notices issued by this Society to its members shall be mailed by the Secretary to the address last given by each member, as shown by the register book kept for that purpose.

SEC. 15. No person shall be employed in any capacity for a longer period than three months, unless his appointment is made in writing by the Board of Trustees, and attested by the President and Secretary. No person shall be dismissed after receiving such an appointment, except by a majority vote of the Board, unless it be done as provided for in Section 12 of this Article.

SEC. 16. This Society may become a member of a wholesale co-operative society, by a vote at any regular meeting, provided such action is recommended by the Board of Trustees, in which case the number of delegates by which it is entitled to be represented in such society shall be then elected to serve until the next regular annual meeting and until their successors are elected and qualify. Except as above provided, the delegates shall be elected at the regular annual meeting in each year to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected.

Their compensation shall be fixed by the meeting at which they are elected and qualify.

ARTICLE IV.

THE ACCUMULATION OF CAPITAL AND FINANCIAL MANAGEMENT.

SEC. 1. The capital of the Society shall be divided into shares, having a par value of *twenty-five (25) dollars each.*

They shall be paid for as follows: ten per cent. on subscription, and the balance in installments of one (1) dollar per month. Any member may pay for the whole, or any part of his share or shares in advance, at his option.

All interest and dividends due members shall be placed to the credit of any unpaid share or shares held by them, until the same shall be paid for in full, but shall not be applied in payment of any monthly installment.

SEC. 2. All share installments shall be on the first of each month, commencing with the month next following the date of subscription for the share or shares, except that installments on shares subscribed for to organize a society, shall not commence to be due until such a day as shall be previously fixed by the Board of Trustees, and shall be payable, without special notice, at such place as the Board of Trustees may designate from time to time.

SEC. 3. If any member shall fail to pay any installment when due, he shall pay, with the installment, a delinquent fee at the rate of ten cents for each month or part of a month the installment shall remain unpaid, except that if paid within twenty days from date of maturity, five cents only shall be charged.

SEC. 4. If, on the second ensuing quarter day, the delinquent member shall not have paid his dues and fines, the Board of Trustees may, at their discretion, order the certificates for this shares so in arrears to be cancelled by the Secretary, and a scrip certificate for the amount paid and interest and dividends credited on such share, less the delinquent fine, shall be issued to the holder of the same, and such person shall, thenceforth, cease to be a member, unless he is the holder of another share certificate.

SEC. 5. Scrip certificates shall be issued to members and others, at their request, for any sums of money due them for interest, dividends, or money paid to the Society to the credit of their account; provided that no such certificate shall be issued to any member until all shares held by him are fully paid for, as required in Section 1 of this Article. Such certificates shall be receivable in payment for shares.

SEC. 6. Investments in scrip certificates shall draw interest at the rate of not to exceed six per cent. per annum (one and one-half per cent. per quarter), payable at the end of each financial quarter, but shall not further participate in any division of profits, nor entitle their holder to vote. Interest shall not be paid for any fractional part of a month.

SEC. 7. Holders of scrip certificates may withdraw the amount represented by such certificates from the funds of the Society, provided they are not indebted to the Society in any way, by giving the Secretary a notice in writing of their desire to do so. The Secretary shall, upon the surrender of such scrip certificate, issue to the holder thereof a draft on the Treasurer for the amount to be withdrawn, said draft to be due the number of days after the date of said notice, according to the amount to be paid, as herein specified:

Ten (10) dollars and under, at sight; over ten (10) dollars and under fifty (50) dollars, ten (10) days; over fifty (50) and under one hundred (100) dollars, fifteen (15) days; over one hundred (100) dollars, fifteen (15) days for the first one hundred (100) dollars, and ten (10) additional days for each additional one hundred (100) dollars or fractional part thereof.

SEC. 8. Installments or money paid, and interest and dividends, credited on one share or scrip certificate, shall not be transferred to another.

SEC. 9. All share and scrip certificates shall be transferrable, provided the holder of the same is not indebted to the Society in any way.

Transfers shall be effected by the surrender to the secretary of the certificate issued, with a direction written upon it, signed by the person in whose name it is issued, and one witness, directing the secretary to issue a new certificate to the person to whom the transfer is made; provided that no new share certificate shall be issued to any person until all By-Laws relating to the admission of members shall have been complied with by the person to whom the transfer is proposed to be made.

The secretary shall charge, for the Society, a fee of twenty-five (25) cents for each new certificate issued on a transfer.

SEC. 10. The transfer book may be closed during the seven (7) days immediately preceding the regular annual or quarterly meetings, and may be closed for any time not exceeding seven (7) days thereafter. Any transfer executed while the books are closed, shall be deemed, for the purposes of said meetings, to have been executed after the time for which the books were closed.

SEC. 11. Every owner of a share or scrip certificate shall receive from the society a book giving, if a member, the member's registered number, and show the amount paid and the amount of interest and dividends credited on the said share or shares or scrip held by him, as the case may be.

SEC. 12. An account shall be kept, termed "*Fixture and Organization Expense Account*," to which shall be charged all organizing expenses, and all articles bought for the use of the business of the society, which are not a part of its stock-in-trade. This account shall be credited with all fees and fines, and its balance shall be reduced at the rate of two and one-half ($2\frac{1}{2}$) per cent. per quarter, by crediting the account and charging the general expense account with that amount.

SEC. 13. The profits of this society, if sufficient, shall be divided as follows:

First—A dividend at the rate of one and one-half ($1\frac{1}{2}$) per cent. per quarter shall be paid quarterly upon the share capital of this society, for all amounts invested at the beginning of each financial quarter.

Second—After paying the sum provided for in the first paragraph of this section, five (5) per cent. of all remaining profit on the busines of any quarter shall be placed to the credit of a Reserve Fund, which fund shall be disposed of as directed by the members, at any regular quarterly meeting of the society, or a special meeting called for that purpose.

Third—After paying the sums provided for in paragraphs first and second of this section, two and one-half ($2\frac{1}{2}$) per cent of all remaining profit on the business of any quarter shall be placed to the credit of an Educational Fund, which fund shall be disposed of by the Board of Trustees, subject to the approval of the members, at any regular quarterly meeting of the society, or at any special meeting called for that purpose.

Fourth—After paying the sums provided for in paragraphs first, second and third of this section, if the remaining profit on the business of any quarter shall be sufficient to pay a dividend of one (1) or more full per cents. upon the amount of one-quarter ($\frac{1}{4}$) of the share capital invested at the commencement of the quarter, the full amount paid as wages during the quarter, and the full amount of sales for the quarter, such a dividend shall be made. Any amount of undivided profit on the business of each quarter shall be carried forward to the credit of the business of the next financial quarter.

Fifth—One-half ($\frac{1}{2}$) of the dividend on such sales as are made to known non-members, and the full dividend on sales made to unknown persons, shall be placed to the credit of the "Reserve Fund," and the other half of the dividends on sales to known non-members, shall be paid to the persons to whom such sales were made.

SEC. 14. Interest and dividends shall be paid to the persons entitled to the same, at such time and place as the Board of Trustees may from time to time direct. Notice of such time and place shall be given by posting the same in several conspicuous places in the store of the society, at least ten (10) days previous to the day fixed for payment.

All amounts due members whose shares are fully paid, not called for within five (5) days after the date fixed for payment, shall be placed to the credit of such members as a scrip investment.

All interest and dividends due non-members shall be forfeited and placed to the credit of the "Reserve Fund" if not called for within ten (10) days after the date fixed for payment.

SEC. 15. Share and scrip certificates shall be signed by the President and secretary, and all contracts, legal papers and documents issued by or of binding force upon this society, must bear an impression of its seal, or a printed engraving of the same, and shall be signed by its secretary and treasurer, and such member of the Board of Trustees as said Board may appoint to perform that duty. All legal papers shall be placed in the custody of the Treasurer.

SEC. 16. The capital stock of this society may be increased or decreased at any time by such an amount as may be decided upon by vote at any regular meeting of the society, by complying with the law of the State in such case made and provided.

SEC. 17. Should the society, at any time, have more funds than can be profitably employed in its immediate business, the Board of Trustees may call in and pay off such scrip certificates as it may see fit. The secretary shall notify the holders of such certificates that, by authority of a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees in conformity with this By-Law, it calls for the surrender of such certificate, and, upon the receipt of the same, the secretary shall issue to the holder a draft upon the Treasurer, payable at sight, for the full amount of the investment represented by such certificate. In case such certificate is not surrendered within fifteen days (15) days after the date of said notice, interest shall cease thereon. The Board of Trustees may also, at its option, purchase the share or shares held by an expelled or non-purchasing member, by giving a like notice to said member, and, at the expiration of the term therein specified, if such certificate shall not be surrendered, the book value thereof shall be placed to the credit of the holder, and such shares or amount shall thereafter cease to bear any interest or dividends.

The Board of Trustees may, by giving a notice as hereinbefore provided in this section, demand the surrender by any member of such shares and the certificates therefor as he may hold in excess of five, by tendering to him the book value of such extra shares; provided, however, that said Board shall have been authorized so to do at a previous meeting of the society.

If such certificate or certificates shall not be surrendered, the amount due thereon shall be placed to the credit of the holder, and such shares or amount shall thereafter cease to bear any interest or dividends.

SEC. 18. In case this society shall become a member of a wholesale co-operative society, the Board of Trustees shall invest in the capital of such society, such *pro rata* amount of the capital of this society as may be required by the By-Laws of said wholesale co-operative society.

SEC. 19. The funds of this society shall not be invested in any way other than for the purposes of carrying on its immediate business, except as provided for in sections 18 and 19 of this article, and in loans upon bonds and mortgages on real estate, or on United States or State bonds, or bonds of any city in the United States, for such amounts and such time, and at such rate of interest as the Board of Trustees may from time to time direct.

SEC. 20. The property of this society shall not be used by any of its officers, members, employes, or other persons for their personal benefit, without compensation being made to the society for the same, and then only as previously directed by the authority of the Board of Trustees.

SEC. 21. All sales made by this society shall be for cash. It shall not allow any discrimination in price to be made as between its customers.

SEC. 22. No money shall be borrowed for the use of or in the name of this society by any officer thereof, or by its Board of Trustees unless previously authorized so to do at a meeting of the society.

SEC. 23. In case this society shall become a member of any wholesale co-operative society, it shall buy all its goods through such society, provided that in so doing it does not incur any commercial disadvantage.

ARTICLE V.

AMENDMENTS.

SECTION 1. These By-Laws shall be amended only by a two-thirds vote, and at a special meeting called for that purpose, of which fourteen clear days' notice shall be given.

Proposed amendments must first be approved by, and the call for a special meeting for their adoption must be ordered by vote, at a regular meeting of the society.

SEC. 2. In case any question shall arise, not provided for in these By-Laws, the Board of Trustees shall have power to decide the same provisionally until a regular meeting of the society shall decide the same.—[From "Co-operation as a Business," by Charles Barnard.

Greatly to the grief of the HERALD the gentlemen were crowded out of their "Corner" this month

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and homeless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated.—*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherlesss children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *supidness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with starting vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passionate eloquence.—*New York Tribune.*

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News.*

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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The Second Saturday in each month, at 2½ P. M., is held, in the Social Science Parlors, 304 Stockton street, a Woman Suffrage meeting, when a short paper, of half an hour's length, (on the power of the ballot) is read and discussed. No other subject, or side issue, obtains a hearing at these meetings, sacred to the one vital question—Woman Suffrage.

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FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE
(Sept. 7th and 8th, 1881)

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Two days and two evenings of unalloyed pleasure. What with fine papers and letters from absent sympathizers, music and recitations, the two days and evenings will be remembered for a twelve-month, at least.

WOMAN'S REPUBLIC.—Founded by Mrs. J. W. Stow, June 7, 1881, for the purpose of creating an independent center of thought and action for women, where they can meet once, twice, thrice a week, and discuss all questions with a freedom and thoroness heretofore undreamed of; where every subject pertaining to the well-being of the race is fully exposed to the sunlight of truth and investigation. Only filthy and obscene minds can speak of the sacred function of creating and bearing children as "dirty." Every ray of light emanating from the lamp of reason should be focused upon it. To eradicate evil we must begin at the germ.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE PREMIUMS.

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First Premium.—Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Labor: Its Value to Woman." Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Bread: The Staff of Life." Ten Dollars ($10.00) for the best loaf of bread.

Second Premium.—"The History of Woman Suffrage" for each of the second best of the two essays.

When will girls stop selling themselves for lucre and lust? Let the unenviable lot of Mrs. Sprague and Mrs. Christiancy be a warning to all women who are in love with the trappings instead of the person. With becoming deference to the opinions of Prof. Swing, the advice to mothers is: Educate your daughters the same as your sons. Develop the brain instead of the "emotional and inspirational." Self-poise is what many women lack. "Clingers and hangers-on" are not *alicays* to be landed and admired.

Most men look upon women simply as objects of art or convenience. As ornaments they butify the home; as housekeepers they attend to man's physical necessities, but for intellectual nourishment he goes to men. All the majority of men want of women is the physical. Mark how an old lecherous dedanchee devours, with his eyes, a butiful and elegantly appareled woman. Is she flattered by his withering gaze? Probably, yes, judging from the history of the frantic yung wife mentioned above.

Prison Reform Conventions in which ministers take the lead to the exclusion of criminal lawyers and judges are "cumbrous concerns." None but those familiar with crime in all its revolting phases can cope with the gigantic problem of how to suppress it. None but those who have experienced the horrors of brutal incarceration in prison cells can testify to what is being done in the subterranean dungeon, called a prison in San Francisco. Mrs. J. W. Stow, who was dragged to this dungeon in broad daylight in this Christian city, was not allowed a hearing in the high toned convention just closed. She knew too much. She had been treated too shockingly by a policeman, whom she is taxed her pro rata, without representation, to support, while he indecently serches defenceless widows. He grabbed all about her person in the vilest and most brutal manner, after he had torn her purse from her pocket, and when she indignantly told him to desist he said that he would satisfy himself that she had no concealed pockets in her undergarments.

Mrs. Stow wrote to the president, Ira P. Rankin, requesting the privilege of reading a paper before that convention, stating that her experience of "a night behind the bars" ought to be of value, and here are parts of the reply. "I have brot the matter before the Board of Directors, and they have decided, quite unanimously, that it would not be convenient or desirable to have such a paper introduced. The Convention is not to be simply a local gathering, but is interested in prison disipline and kindred subjects from the whole Pacific Coast. The matter of which you wish to complain is a matter of personal grievance connected only with our local municipal government, and as such it does not seem to us it would have any *proper* place in the discussions of the Convention."

That was the thot of all those who attended, evidently, for no mention was made of the appalling crime, by women or men, that will ever leave a blackening stain on the pages of San Francisco's history. A crime that no blood atonement can ever purify.

Mrs. Stow did not attend the convention, but she wrote His Excellency, Gov. Perkins, and offered herself as a very "proper" person to become a trustee as soon as there occurs a vacancy in the Board, saying "In my own State (New York) there are two women upon the Prison Commission Board, and there will soon be a normal Board with half women and men; that Mrs. Lowell of New York city and Miss Carpenter of Poughkeepsie are doing such efficient work that there is no gainsaying as to their adaptability for the responsible position."

It is a new and amusing phenomena in penology when "local matters" in the centers of crime are not to be touched upon during the sessions of prison reform conventions. Is not all outrage "personal grievance" even that of unlawfully restraining one of *personal liberty*? Is it a part of prison dicipline to encurage brutal officials in rausacking the persons of defenseless women? Is it a part of prison discipline to thro intoxicated women upon the floor and then thro their wraps in their faces? Is it a part of prison discipline to have convicts undress and put to bed insensible women and then keep guard over them all night? This is prison discipline in San Francisco.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY from ten to a hundred acres of land, in the vicinity of a railroad station for colonization purposes, where women and children can be trained in the delightful occupation of silk, fruit, flowers and vegetable culture; and the rearing of cattle, poultry, bees, etc. This is to be a woman's co-operative business enterprise. Communicate *immediately* with the Herald of Industry. State location, price, and terms of payment—when not a gift. Donations of lands or money will be of great assistance. Lands in the vicinity of such a colony would double in value. Women desiring to become associated with the undertaking will make known their intentions at once. California is the veriest paradise for founding such an institution. Climate, soil, tropical and semi-tropical fruits—everything to make it desirable.

Every woman who adds to the world's wealth, all prosperity and happiness by her industry, in ranges and conditions of life, should advertise her business thru the colums of journals published by women. A simple, inexpensive card giving name and occupation will serve as an introduction to each and all others who may be engaged in that or any other business. By this means a tru sisterhood of women will be developed and good incalculable will grow out of it. Advertisements help sustain a paper and they let people know how many and varied are the pursuits of women, thereby encouraging the timid to make ventures which would be undreamed of only for such a wholesome stimulus.

A card in a paper is a traveling sign-board.

Think of these things, sister producers, distributers, practitioners, and let your light shine in the Herald of Industry.

The editor of the Herald acknolwedges an urgent call, from the American Woman Suffrage Association, to be present at the annual Convention, held in Louisville; also an invitation to attend the Ninth Congress of Women, at Buffalo, and the Oregon Annual Suffrage Convention. Thanks! sisters and co-workers, perhaps another year will find the S. S. S. with more time and money; if so, the Golden State shall be represented when again you light your council fires.

NEWSPAPERS—bright, crisp, fresh—are fast taking the place of books in this eager, pushing, practical age. Women are beginning to realize that a journal that comes every week or month aglow with statistics of womanly industries, ideas and achievements in every department of life which add to the world's welth, buty and adornment is of more sterling value than a book which costs double the money and is read once and is then given over to the elegant seclusion of the library. Women are eager for practical nolege. They are tired of tinsel and glitter and long for a grander, nobler, more worthy life. The time has forever past when painted dough in dimonds and satin can enchain men's souls. The pitiable spectacle of 250 bedizened women at a fashionable "hop" at Saratoga, languishing and weltering alone in a hot ballroom, with the unsatisfactory accompaniment 25 callow youth, smelling of cologne and cardoman seeds, will substantiate this assertion. Where were the mature lords of creation, the chivalrous, the brave? Seated on the breezy piazza in round tail coats and bare hands enjoying themselves, and they showed their good sense in refusing to claw-hammer and white-kid and turn themselves into spining tops of jelly and perspiration—at the behest of dame Gundy.

To organize and develop a Woman's Republic with raw material is no easy task. However, it must be done sooner or later, and some there must be to bear the heat and burden of the day. Women must learn to become successful financiers ere they can escape the tyrany that hedges them in on every side. Dependence must be merged in independence; when they become an independent class industrially they will marry or remain single as best pleases them. They must create independent Orders and work for and by themselves—as men have always done—and when they have become strong by "runing alone," they will then be in a condition physically and mentally to cope with men in all avocations. Light work and large salaries will then know no sex. "Chance" and "favor" will then become obsolete. Men will govern their passions instead of governing women.

It pays better to set type than to stand behind a counter and sell dry goods for three dollars a week, and it is just as respectable. It is more tiresome to handle ribbons than types, and types are the best educators.

SCISSORS.

One glorious hour of crowded life,
Is worth an age without a name.

The age demands principle—not policy.

Agitation is the soul of progress, knowledge and wisdom.

The cooks at Wellesley College are men; the professors are women.

Nothing can be worse than for idleness to eat the bread of industry.—*Ingersoll.*

Let a woman once show to the world that she feels
Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at her heels;
Let her fearlessly face it, 'twill leave her alone,
And fawn at her feet if she toss it a bone.

Health is the basis for the growth and development of symmetrical character.—*Lucy L. Churchill.*

Popular prejudice is another word for popular ignorance. Prejudice, which means judging without reason, ceases to exist when people begin to reason before they judge.

Very few women who work for men, in New York city, escape seduction.—*National Citizen.*

Margaret Hicks is a recent graduate in architecture. Internal architecture should be exclusively in the hands of women. Houses with an exasperating jumble of rooms without closets or places for beds will then become relics of barbarism.

The Princess Louise is fond of housekeeping, and is the best of friends and hostesses. The Princess of Wales, when at Sandringham, has little tea parties for which she churns the butter, cuts and spread the bread, in the nattiest of chintz gowns and white apron.

Santa Barbara produces pure olive oils. All importations, it is claimed, are adulterated.

Women have been called angels and treated like fools long enough. Ignorance and weakness have long been synonymous with a "perfect woman," and this, too, when ignorance and weakness have been synonymous with "fool" when applied to a man.

Laura and Mary B. Clay, daughters of Cassius M. Clay, are managers of a large farm between Lexington and Richmond, Kentucky. Both ladies are highly cultured, very refined in manner, and possess the characteristics of their illustrious father, in his unswerving devotion to principle. Both are leaders in the suffrage work in their native state, Laura being president of the State Suffrage Society.

Education does not begin at birth. The germs of character are planted at conception. Attend to generation and regeneration will take care of itself.

The utter sacrifice, body and soul, of tens of thousands of women in all lands, is the logical outcome of that vile doctrine that "woman was made for man."—*The Duties of Women.*

Miss L. B. Humphrey, of Hopedale, was recently awarded $800 by L. Prang & Co., being the second and third prizes offered by that Company for the best designs in Christmas cards. Artists of the United States and Canada were invited to compete and 600 designs were recently placed on exibition at the American Art Gallery, New York City, Miss Humphrey taking the second and third prizes.

A woman shoemaker in New York supports a large family by her trade.

Miss Rosini Emmet has received a prize of $200 for the best design for covers of the bound volumes of the *Babyland* magazine.

The Palmer Hotel, Chicago, has three lady clerks in the office, at salaries ranging from $600 to $1,000 with board. Mr. Palmer says, "The trial we have made has been so satisfactory that wherever they can be properly employed we shall substitute them for men.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has earned during her life upon the stage about half a million dollars.

There are sixty papers published in the United States by women. The first daily paper in the world was established and edited by a woman—Mrs. Elizabeth Mallet, of London, England, 1702.

A young man in Tulare county pre-empted 160 of land, built a house and barn, bored a well, dug ditches, sowed wheat, and spent hundreds of dollars upon it. It happened to be a dry season, and the crop failed. This so discouraged him that he sold out to a young lady school teacher for $100. The first crop she sold for hog feed, but the volunteer crop brought her in $1,500 clear, besides having the land and improvements. So much for enterprise—and the girls.—*Visalia Delta.*

Children's Corner.

BABY BOBBY.

I know a house so full of noise,
You'd think a regiment of boys,
From early morn till close of day,
Were busy with their romping play.
And yet, I'm ready to declare,
There is but one small youngster there,
A little golden-headed chap,
Who used to think his mother's lap
The nicest place that e'er could be,
Until he grew so big that he
Was most a man, and learned what fun
It is to shout and jump and run.

This restless, noisy little elf
Has learned, alas! to think himself
Too old in mother's arms to sleep,
Yet his blue eyes he cannot keep
From hiding 'neath their lids so white;
And, climbing to the sofa's height,
He snuggles down, forgets his play,
And into dreamland sails away;
And then it is that mamma knows
Why the whole house so silent grows.
—Mary D. Brine, in "Nursery."

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

After drying her tears he obtained permission of her mother to take her on deck. Etta thought she had never seen anything so beautiful before. The sun filtered through the tall branches of the forest trees in checkered light; bright winged birds flitted in and out of the pendulous foliage, filling the air with melody; while thousands of wild flowers scattered their perfume on the whispering breeze.

Suddenly Etta cried out, "Oh, oh! dar's 'ittle 'ed 'idin'hoo's wo'f! I see 'm 'un in de busses, he's dot dus such a pitty toat as Towz." Whatever it was it gave one beseeching look at the interesting group on the gliding packet, then plunged into the thicket and was lost to view.

At that moment came the alarm "*Bridge ahead!*" and one and all fell on their faces so as to let it pass over them without endangering the top of their heads. The bridges were only two feet above the top of the boat, which made it perilous to sit upon deck, especially at night. Many persons were killed or wounded by being struck violently on the head, while trying to escape them ere good sense and humanity caused them to be raised up out of harm's way.

That night they were to arrive at Lockport and pass through the Locks, nine in all. One old lady passenger was very much alarmed, and kept asking if they would not all go to the bottom and be drowned? Then Etta's mother said, "To be sure we shall all go to the bottom of the Locks and gradually rise by the flow of water through the gate and go into the next and so on until all are passed, but there is no danger."

The first word the old lady uttered the next morning, when she saw the light of day stealing through the blinds was, "O, have we got through the terrible Locks?" and when assured of the fact, she fervently continued, "God be praised, I shall get home alive, after all!" She further expressed her joy by taking several pinches of snuff off hand, and Etta having joined in the last demonstration sneezed until the tears ran down her face, to the infinite amusement of a very small boy, who had persisted in calling her his "little wife," thereby much disgusting and alarming her too; for he said "as soon as I am a man I will 'lope with you, see if I don't!"

That morning ushered in a brisk shower, which washed and rinsed Nature's fair face with a right good will. Etta laughed to see the big drops come dancing down so merrily. They dashed gurgling and laughing, over the sides of the packet, or gathered in pearly splendor outside of the windows. Each pane of glass shown and sparkled like a tiara of diamonds. They played hide and seek under the clover blossoms, and ran in tiny rivulets down the bark of the sturdy oak. They tattooed in the tow-path and skipped up on the horses' smoking backs, and stole into every canny crevice with a chuckle of delight, while little birds spread wide their sheltering wings over their shining eggs and downy young ones. At last the sun peeped through a rift in the clouds and said, "This will do, sister rain! you are a good house-wife and have polished everything as clean as silver, and now I will fetch my warm napkin, the sun's rays, and absorb all that is not needed to strengthen the roots, expand the buds, and ripen the fruit."

Then the clouds chased each other over the hills; the birds sprang from their hiding-places with a song of praise; the wind and sun waltzed through the dripping leaves and grass; the clear sky arched its blue dome like a large umbrella over all.

"How charming!" every one exclaimed. As the last cloud disappeared in the distance, the kind old gentleman, with the snowy locks, came for Etta. He wanted to take her on deck to see the boatman roll off the big barrels of flour and meat, for they were just entering a small town.

As soon as the plank was made secure, there came on the boat a funny little old woman in a mob-cap, with a basket dangling from her arm, in whose mysterious depths were stowed away many wonderful things. Whistles and jacknives for boys; dolls and china cups for girls; shaving soap for men and knitting needles for women. She had a little sharp, squeaky voice and twinkling grey eyes, and she kept calling her wares and repeating, "Buy, come buy! ladies and gem'lin, all good people, to help an old body to bread, old body to bread! Buy, buy! Toys for the kittens and lace for the cats, corn for the chickens and bane for the rats!"

And they did buy nearly all she had in her basket. Etta was the happy recipient of a blue-eyed dolly, with real hair on its cunning little head and a silver comb to keep it nice. The old crone patted her on the head, as she handed it to her, saying, "You be a nice chile, you'll eat bread in two kingdoms, and see the big world on the other side of the waters, mind what I tell ye."

When she turned to run down the plank to leave the boat, Etta felt something as cold as ice touch her her hand, and looking down she saw what? She gave one great cry of joy, calling, "Mama, oh, mama! tum hea, dis minit. *Towze has tum*, Towzie has tum, *Dea' old Towz!*"

And with the last sentence she threw her plump arms around the faithful creature's neck and kissed him many times. He was so weak that he could hardly stand up and wag his tail, but he licked Etta's hand and laid his poor starved, tired, aching head in her lap, and said so eloquently with his pleading eyes:

"Dear little mistress, let me stay with you *always!* You know how much I love you now. Three days have I followed you without food, trying to get on the boat, but the men have driven me away each time. Just now as a little old woman, that came trotting down the plank, said to them, 'Fie, fie, for shame! Dogs bring good omens; let im cum on an' guid luck t' ye,' so here I am and do not drive me away to die alone."

Then Etta's mother came, and was so surprised and delighted that she said he should go with them clear to Ohio; and that she would share her last crust with him as long as he lived, he had proved himself so faithful and true. Etta clapped her hands and ran for Puss. Puss had become perfectly reconciled to her condition as a first-class traveler and was sleeping in state, curled upon Etta's warm shawl, on one of the sofas in the cabin. In the mean time Towz was treated to a nice mutton broth, and made very happy by being patted on the head and praised by every one, for his valor and devotion; and was assured, by Milly and Terry, that he should never go hungry again if they could prevent it.

WOMEN AND TEMPERANCE.

Ed. Herald of Industry;—We have recently been quite interested in remarks made, and in articles published in the daily papers, in regard to Temperance. From the *Mercury* of December 8th, we have an article with the above heading, from which we propose to take a few extracts. The article is written from man's standpoint and of course holds women responsible, as it were, for man's fall by drinking, and we have heard women admit that they believed they were too. But we do not propose to hold women responsible, nor to quietly submit to the accusation that the fall of man is in any way chargeable to women, either by influence or example. You say, "From the very nature of society women suffer more from intemperance than men do." If you mean by that, that their suffering for the acts, the sins, and the crimes committed by men of dissipated habits, we agree with you; but who is to blame for the suffering, surely not the women.

"They are largely dependent upon the men for maintenance." We do not think that true, by any means; according to law and custom the man claims the labor and earnings of his wife and daughters as his own, and then tells them he is supporting them.

What a generous good fellow he thinks he is, but let the wife, who has been supported, die, and leave one, two or half a dozen children, it would seem by the removal of one, the man's burden would be lessened, but what does he do? oh! he can't possibly take care of, or support the children now. Even if he is a sober, hardworking man he must scatter them around among the wife's relations, if she has any, or send them to the Home. But what does the wife, the one that has been supported, do, in case the husband dies? Of course the law protects her; the property, if there be any, is tied up until the youngest child comes of age, she must give bonds for being allowed the privilege of looking after her own children, and in nine cases out of ten, whether there is property or not, the mother keeps the children together, supports and educates them, if she has to do it with her needle, making shirts for shops, at one dollar a dozen, or by going out washing. There is good reason why women are "so largely dependent on the men,"—they are deprived of the right to their own earnings. "Is it not a wonder that the sex is not unanimous in opposition to the use of intoxicating drinks? If women as a mass, were really, earnestly and determinedly opposed to the use of liquors they would be reformed in a day." Now we think the women come about as near being a unit on temperance as they ever can be on any one thing. We will cite you to Miss Frances E. Willard's experience in trying to influence the Legislature of Illinois, and we presume the members of that Legislature were very much like other men. We give her own words, copied in the *Northwest*, from the official organ of the Indiana Women's Christian Temperance Union, the *Herald* of November 19th: Miss Willard states her conversion to Women's Suffrage in this concise way, and many other ladies endorse it: I went to the Legislature of Illinois believing in the silent influence of women, and opposed bitterly to Woman Suffrage. I presented a petition bearing 200,000 names of women, asking merely for the passage of the 'Hume Protection Bill'. Seven men, representing not more than 20,000 voters, went before that Legislature on behalf of the whisky ring, and threatened to take off the political head of any man 'that legislated in the interest of those 200,000 women.' I found that these 20,000 voting men had control over this body, and the 200,000 voteless women were ignored, notwithstanding the righteousness of their demands. Women must organize and move in masses."

In Massachusetts alone there are over 20,000 members belonging to this same W.C.T.U., and all over the United States for the last fifty years a large majority of women and many good and noble men have been working for temperance, but the good men are in the minority.

Mr. F. L. Parker, of Newton, Massachusetts, some years ago, when the women went to the Legislature with the names of 5,000 women signed to their petitions, told them they were no more than 5,000 mice, that they did not have a vote among them. He, of course, expected to run again for office, and so we could go on giving you illustrations of women's influence.

But we propose now to begin at the beginning, and call your attention to a few stubborn facts: 1st. Who build and run the distilleries to manufacture your rum, whisky, brandy and such like beverages, to cultivate the "abnormal and unnatural appetite for rum?" 2d. Who license the selling of it, and appropriate the proceeds to suit themselves? Who keep the saloons, the dead-falls, and deal out both by wholesale and retail this elixir of life by which men make demons of themselves and of each other. Do women do all of these things? Oh, no, gentlemen, you are entitled to all the credit of preparing the ways and means of destruction. There are a few instances, we are sorry to say, that we find women so low as to keep saloons, although they know as well as you men do, that there is money to be made at it, and it must be quite a temptation to many poor women who have to work for half the wages a man gets for the same amount of work, and you know there is no law to prevent a woman from keeping a saloon, or from getting drunk, all the same as a man.

In your generosity you have allowed us both those privileges, and are you not astonished when you think how much women often resemble their fathers in so many ways, that so few comparatively resemble them in such social qualities as drinking, treating, smoking, gambling and similar amusements. Your whisky saloons are so very attractive, too, hung with beautiful pictures, always warm and cosy, as we have been told, with all of the latest pictorials and newspapers, and such jolly, fine company, that a man can hardly find it in his heart, as long as he has ten cents to treat his companion with, to go to his poverty-stricken home, made so by some of your most respectable male citizens, who have grown rich by dealing out not only to the hard working man, the poor and degraded, but to the refined, the educated and aristocratic gentlemen daily, yes, hourly, what you call the social glass. So long as good mothers have control of their own little boys, and can keep them home under their own and their sisters' influence, they feel that they are as innocent, good and sweet, and as dear to her heart as the little girl, who has been his companion from birth. Then who is it that entice the young men to these gilded halls of vice and intemperance, who prepare these pit-falls for the innocent? Surely the women are not responsible. You see from the report of Chief Haskell that there were fifty arrests for drunkenness in San Jose for November, and from the amount of fines collected from that class of persons, we imagine that the families who are "dependent on them for maintenance," suffer as much from other sources as they do "from blighted affections." Twenty-four brandy distilleries have gone into operation in Los Angeles county, Cal., says the Hartford *Examiner*. Could the women stop them if they should try, ever so hard?

At a recent Temperance meeting in Chicago it was stated that there existed in that city 5,400 saloons. "The speaker thought by raising the license the number could be greatly reduced." Does any one suppose that would be the way women would manage that kind of business? Oh no, that is a man's way. Well, we think you are getting very well along when you call on us to help you. The voice of the people is the voice of God, and united womanhood can make a voice which will fill the land with harmony and gladness. Yes, when women get to be people in other things as well as in crimes and taxes, when "We, the people," includes women equally with men; when "taxation without representation" is considered tyranny for women who are taxed, but not represented; when "Governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed" in fact instead of theory; when the eagle, the emblem of American freedom, will not represent such a restricted kind of freedom—the freedom of the strong to prey upon the weak, from the United States Senator down to the pound-keeper; while women are taxed for their salaries, and allowed no voice even in the choice as to offices—many of whom would be in about the same fix as the man who had become so terribly worn out from dissipation that he could not keep anything on his stomach. One of the listeners asked, "Why, what does he live on, then?" "On his relations, ma'am," answered the nurse. Seventy-five thousand women are earning their living in the trades and professions in Massachusetts. Three millions of women are earning wages in various trades and industries in England and Wales. Can some one tell us how many women are carning their own living, and their families also, in California and are compelled to pay taxes, are denied the ballot, and are expected to "reform the world in a day."

Oh, no, gentlemen, not alone, we need not only your permission to use that most powerful of all levers, the ballot, but we need the temperate men to assist us, before we can do anything. Neither men nor women can ever accomplish much by working alone. "Divided we fall, united we stand," and we must rise or fall together. We women are "no more dependent on you," than you are on us, and for your wrongs in licensing saloons, encouraging intemperance and drunkenness, we must all suffer the consequences. We are all of one family, although we occupy very different positions, one sex governs while the other is expected, it seems, to do all the reforming and building up what you drag down, without power or recognition. But never can either men or women, old or young, succeed until they are willing to work together for a common cause, and take for their motto, "Equal Rights and Justice for all."

S. L. Knox-Goodrich.
San Jose, Dec. 22d, 1881.

Co-operative Watch Repairing Co., at 331 Kearny street.—This is a new departure in the right direction. These men ought to have busy hands and full pockets. They are deserving of every confidence.

The Plymouth Lapboard

Is conceded by every one who has seen it, and especially by every lady who has used it, to be the most convenient, and in all respects the most desirable article of the kind that has yet been placed upon the market. The peculiar felting finish upon both sides, effectually prevents the slipping of the work from the board, also the slipping of the board from the lap, thus entirely overcoming two great objections to wooden or other boards with a smooth surface. It is manufactured from a material specially adapted to this purpose. It will neither warp nor crack, and with proper care will last a life-time. The graduated scale entirely does away with the need of a yard-stick or tape-measure. C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Grocers, 215 and 217 Sutter St., San Francisco, Sole Agents for Pacific Coast, will forward samples to dealers on application, with particulars and price to the Trade.

WOMAN.

BY MRS. ELMINA D. SLENKER.

"Of brotherhood, and joy and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and the progressive mind
Soars unfettered as Nature designed."

The world of civilized enlightment has ever been dreaming of this coming millenium, when all will be harmony, love and peace; science, knowledge and wisdom. Some place the time far away when they think we shall be done with earth and go to regions in the unknown; and some imagine the righteous will one day inherit the earth and the lion and lamb will lie down side by side; and others wait in hope for the race to progress onwards and still onwards till it reaches this noble and pure plane of existence, by progressive steps of natural improvement. To me, the last is the only means that looks feasible or promissory of success; so for this one I am ready to work in full earnestness of purpose and strength of heart.

The first steps to be taken to bring about "the brotherhood of joy and peace" is to inaugurate a reign of perfect equality between man and woman—a reign where the two are equal halves of a complete whole, and that whole not man and brother, not meaning only manhood and brotherhood—but something that shall embrace womanhood and sisterhood as well—a new word born of the new system of equality that does not swallow woman entirely up in the comprehensive term *man*. This *he* language must be reformed into one that is equally applicable to each sex, and as honorary to one as to the other.

It is only when all are equal that jealousy and hate will cease and "war shall die." "But," says a friend, "would you have woman go to elections and enter into all the petty squabbles for office and position just as the men do?" No, I would not desire them to "squabble," or to do anything unladylike or unrefined; nor would I have *men* do these things, either. We want the whole race to be gentle, kind, courteous and "progressive." We want woman to have an equal voice in all things that pertain equally to each sex. Let them hold an equal proportion of the offices in all our societies, in temperance lodges, Masonic halls, in churches, in benevolent institutions, in jails, in schools, in law, medicine and government. Let the whole panorama of social combinations be free, frank and open, and each sex equally share the burdens and enjoy the privileges as far as they choose to do so and can be made capable.

Very few reforms have amounted to much till woman took hold of the work and gave it her influence and aid. Woman's pen did more than man's to bring about the abolition of slavery. Her powerful influence permeated all the political and social ranks. Her soft, gentle, persuasive teachings, her regenerative, ardent, loving and reformatory nature is, and ever has been, opposed to wrongs and oppressions of all kinds. The motherhood in her renders her protective, patient, charitable and forgiving. The position she holds as the guide and care-taker of innocent childhood is one that tends to develop in her the very qualities the world most needs in its rulers and leaders during this age of mental and moral improvement. A nation is but a larger family, and the mother of a home who fills well her place, with a little broader training, would fill equally well the position of the mother of a nation. With a purer insight into all that is mean, dishonorable and corrupt, all that is contaminating in political intrigues and lawful injustice, she would give her influence for good, generous and wisely provident laws—laws that even bad men would respect and delight to obey—for we all have at heart a reverence for the good and a joy in subjecting ourselves to its influence. The worst child in school admires good order and wholesome rules, even while doing his best to overthrow them. The most wicked citizen loves and glories in the national honor, fame and pride of his native land, even when his own life is one of wrong and outrage.

Woman is more persevering than man. She is not so easily discouraged. She has had the patient, hopeful, subtile soul-influences drawn out continually by her loving efforts to rear and train up the little ones around her hearthstone, and now she demands the right to do her share towards governing the larger family of the nation. She wants to vote men and women into office who will work for temperance, work for liberalism, and work for equality; who will make good laws and promptly enforce them; who will wield good moral influences, practically and personally, as well as theoretically. A good, wise mother lives out, and is what she would have her children to be. She teaches them love, patience, charity, neatness, industry, grace and truth, by living these daily before them; and precisely thus should the law-makers and rulers of a nation impress upon its citizens good morals and good habits by living them. No man who holds any office should have any bad habit or do a wrong deed. He should not lie, chew, smoke or drink, nor break a single law of the land. As the child looks up to its parent, teacher and guide with love and reverence, so should every citizen of the land look up to its rulers and officers, and so *will* they look when woman's influence is felt in all its coming power and strength.

As in the reforms of the past she has shown her faith by her good works, so will she do in the new field of political labor that she is destined very soon to enter. Her voice will plead for peace, and war shall be no more. Intemperance shall die away, and lust shall be superseded by love. Not a tavern shall be licensed as *lawfully* devoted to purposes of prostitution. All these will depart from the land where woman's voice is legally heard. And who is there of all those who read those words who will not say amen to them? Who does not believe in the possibilities and probabilities here set forth? When was woman's voice ever heard pleading for war, rum, slavery or wrong? When men's unholy passions and grasping greed brought war to the home and hearthstone of a loving wife, sister or mother, she has then entered heart and soul into the struggle, defending, aiding and encouraging those she loves, and even drawing sword and sabre in behalf of the precious lives in which her own is enwrapped, or more nobly still, yielding them up to a cause she deems sacred and just, but never for wrong, outrage or plunder. Men may fight for honor, fame and money, but women only enter into the bloody combat for love, justice or conscience. Intuitively she beholds the Right and defends it.

"Her rapid mind decides
While his debates,
She feels a truth
That he but calculates."

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THE STOW BILL.

(Introduced in the House of Rep., Dec. 9, 1879, by De Lamatyr, of Indiana.)

FOR THE AMENDMENT OF LAWS IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AND THE TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:

SECTION 1. That in all marriages hereafter contracted, the property of both parties and the accumulations of wedlock shall be common property. Separate estates, protected by antenuptial contracts, legacies, gifts, and bequests, shall constitute the private property of each, which shall be exempt from the debts or torts of the other. Property given to a wife by her husband, except during or in expectation of insolvency, shall be her private property.

SEC. 2. At the death of either husband or wife the survivor shall own, after the payment of all debts, half of the common property and have the use of the other half during life, or until remarriage, in which event the estate shall be divided, one-half going to the survivor *absolutely* and the other half to the children of the first marriage, unless otherwise ordained by the testator. If there are no children, then according to the will; if there is no will, then to the heirs of the deceased. No testament placed over the common property by the deceased shall take effect until after the death or remarriage of the survivor.

SEC. 3. All debts or claims against the joint estate shall be settled by the survivor subject to the same law which regulates the collection of partnership debts upon the death of one of the firm.

SEC. 4. In case of divorce the wife shall be entitled to her separate property, and half of the common property after the payment of all debts.

SEC. 5. The survivor, unless mentally or morally incapacitated, shall have the sole guardianship of the persons of his or her minor children under 14 years of age. In case of divorce the mother, unless barred by misconduct or mental aberration, shall heave the guardianship of the persons of her minor children under 14 years of age, if she so elects and is able to support them.

SEC. 6. A homestead not exceeding in value $5,000 shall be exempt from levy and sale. If at the death of the husband there be no homestead, then $5,000 in personal property or wild lands shall belong to the widow, and shall be exempt from all claims made by creditors.

SEC. 7. No conveyance or endorsement affecting the joint real estate shall be valid without the signature of both husband and wife.

☞This Bill was published in many of the leading papers of the Nation, and in the dailies of Washington, as the most important bill which had been introduced during the session.—[Ed.

ANTI-PROBATE MANIFESTO.

At the first meeting of the "National Anti-Probate League," organized July 7, 1878, in New York city, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It having become unsafe for a rich man to die leaving a will, a widow, and a fair name, owing to the monstrous corruption of the Probate Court, and the legions of satellites that subsist upon it; and

WHEREAS, The laws governing marriage property, which put absolute control into the hands of the head (husband) of the household, are a part of the old common law, and therefore need revision—in that the identity of the wife is no longer swallowed up in the being of the husband; and

WHEREAS, We believe that the period in the nation's growth has arrived when it is expedient to acknowledge that a well-balanced household should have *two lawful* heads instead of one; and

WHEREAS, Wives have ceased *coeinere in manus*, own property, and are recognized as individuals; and

WHEREAS, A widower takes all the joint estate by succession, is not kept in probate for years until his property has been largely or wholly absorbed in costs, is not robbed of the guardianship of his offspring, but is left in peace at the grave of his dead; and

WHEREAS, We claim that wives stand equal with husband in the economy of life, even the most favored, as producers of life in contradistinction to the producers of wealth in its coarser fiber, and that the real wealth of nations consists of brain, bone and sinew—human life—beside which gold is dross; and, therefore,

Resolved, That the home shall in no way be broken up any more when the husband dies out of it than when the wife dies out of it.

Resolved, That the Probate Court has outlived its usefulness as regards the joint estate of dead husbands and living widows.

Resolved, That the aim of this organization shall be to search out and hold up to view every case of hardship in the State of New York and throughout the nation; to personally investigate the cases of every probate-plundered widow and fatherless child; to expose and eradicate this unjust and cruel system; to never cease to agitate the question until husbands and wives stand equal before the law *on a property basis*.

Resolved, That we no longer remain supinely indifferent and culpably ignorant of the causes which despoil the widow and the fatherless, but that we carefully and thoughtfully master the science of marriage and mortmain law, holding that ignorance on this vital subject is both a crime and a disgrace.

Resolved, That the change we seek is not experimental, for the State of Louisiana has set the unprecedented example in this country, and continental European marriage-property laws stand a living embodiment of justice, as compared with our own, and a constant reproach to our boasted freedom.

Resolved, That we most earnestly urge upon wives and widows, and all women, the importance of forming anti-Probate leagues in every town and city in the Union. "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

MRS. C. FOWLER WELLS, President.
MRS. J. W. STOW, Secretary.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY,

A MONTHLY NEWSPAPER,

Published in San Francisco, Cal.,

Devoted to the interests of Woman—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help.

MRS. J. W. STOW, - Editor and Proprietor.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, $1; six months, 50 cents. Club rates: 25 copies, $20. Remittances by Registered Letters or P. O. Orders at the risk of the proprietor.

ADVERTISING RATES.—1 mo. 3 mo. 6 mo. 1yr.
One inch..... $1. $2. $3. $5
Large advertisements, special rates.

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY, 1882.

Correspondence.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

119 CROMWELL ROAD,
LONDON, S. W., Dec. 22, 1881.

Madam—I enclose you two Circulars of our Society and will send you a paper pattern of the divided skirt to morrow. The overskirt should be draped *merely*—not trimmed, and if of thin material a light muslin or alpaca lining can be used to drape it over; if tolerably stiff, tapes are sufficient. A drawing of the dress is going to be put at the top of the next Circular and I will then send you a few by book post for distribution among friends. We have established our Costume at the Brighton Health Congress, where it was much approved by the medical men.

I hope ladies of education in your country will begin to see, as many do here, that the idea of the *first* object in dress being adornment, is worthy only of uncivilized nations, and that the true aim should be comfort and health—and then *beauty*, which can only be obtained in its true sense when combined with these.

I have worn this costume (which received a silver medal from the medical and scientific men who acted as judges at the Brighton Congress) for several months, and tho' I walk a great deal no one has observed anything different unless I have told them. It is much cleaner in muddy weather and altogether more comfortable than the usual dress worn by ladies.

I am, madam,
Faithfully yours,
F. W. HARBERTON.

To Mrs. J. W. Stow.

GLASTONBURY, SEP. 21, 1881.

My Dear Mrs. Stow—Enclosed are two dollars for the Herald of Industry. I shall never forget the pleasant visit we had from you, which always brings to mind my ever lamented sister.

I send you my little book "Mother Poems." They are home wild-flowers gathered by the way.

Mr. Parker is much interested in your bright, readable paper and joins me in wishing you every success.

Yours, Cordially,
JULIA E. SMITH.

DANVILLE, JAN. 11, 1882.

Mrs. J. W. Stow—Madam: I have seen a copy of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and am very much pleased with its tone and spirit, and wish the editor every and all success in her noble undertaking. Enclosed find a three dollar money order, for annual subscription and a copy of Probate Confiscation.

Yours truly,
ANNA N. PORTER, M. D.

HERALD NOTICES.

[*Mirror of Progress*, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, Editor.]

From the extreme West of our wide country, we receive the *Woman's Herald and Social Science Co-operator*, a monthly, shaped like a newspaper, and with a name that is a character. It is a woman's paper, edited by a woman and devoted to woman's cause. We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common-sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninty-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang, to this day, around the fair fabric of the law making one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. If it is wrong to tax a man without representation, it is equally wrong to tax a woman without representation. There is not a little pungent writing in the September number. These folks, who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier; can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this journal a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperty and a wide influence.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of the *Woman's Herald of Industry*, San Francisco, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. Through the above-named journal we are informed that the first social science meeting ever held on the Pacific Coast was "called" August 7, 1880, and organized with fourteen charter members. The Association increased its membership in twelve months to 153. Two months from the date of the organization, Rev. Horatio Stebbins organized a second Association at the Palace Hotel. Within three months from the birth of the first society, the "Silk Section" swarmed out of the parent hive, and the "Fine Art Section" enjoys a transplant under the same maternal banner. These societies are all reported in a flourishing condition. That they could not all work together was owing to the fact that Mrs. Stow's liberal views permitted the holding of society meetings on Sunday, views in which she was sustained by many friends with whom others could not conscientiously affiliate. The Bible was read and commented upon in these meetings in too liberal a spirit to suit some of the members, and the conservatives established themselves in new quarters, "where the lamp of reason is not permitted to shed its rays upon the pages of the sacred book." But Mrs. Stow insists upon the recognition of her office of maternity, and wishes "every branch of her family adundant success and prosperity." She rightly says that "women must learn to know each other, to trust each other, to believe in each other, *as women*, forgetting in a nobler humanity the pride of place and power; must learn to help and trust each other as men help and trust each other."

Mrs. Stow never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking plow of forty thousand woman-power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit hardest in return. Probate confiscation received its death wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

Social science, according to her theory, "embraces everything—union, not disintegration; co-operation, not competition, is the watchword of success."

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of these who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*New Northwest.*

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

THE TACONY FARMER.

Leaving the red walls and swept streets of the city of Brotherly Love behind me, as I sped swiftly after the magic letter of introduction, which had brought such a cordial "Come to-morrow, I will meet you at the depot." I soon found myself at the trysting place, and saw for the first time the cheery little woman whom everybody knows as the Tacony Farmer, Mrs. M. Louise Thomas.

Being nicely seated in the little covered buggy behind a clean-limbed, fleet-footed bay, I remarked, "What a fine horse you drive." "Yes," she replied, "It is a full blooded Hamiltonian. I heard of her when she was but three years old and went seventy-five miles to purchase her. She could not be bought for three hundred now and I have owned her but two years."

A pretty picture was before us as we drove up to the open door of the cosy cottage. Loitering under some grand old trees was a young mother with her baby boy upon her knee and two other golden-haired children were swinging in a hammock near by. These were Mrs. Thomas' daughter-in-law and grandchildren.

I was indebted to Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford for the pleasure of visiting that charming, home filled with books, quaint pictures and the magnetism of thoroughness, thrift and economy, making life's chalice bubble to the brim. Questioning I said to her, "I am a farmer's daughter and love all living, breathing creatures upon a farm. All things become sentient to true lovers of nature when they commune with her in all her varying moods. Tell me of your life. I want to hear so much of its history as pertains to farming, from your own lips." Here is an epitome of the intensely interesting story: "Something over thirteen years ago my husband (a clergyman) failed in health and I found that I must provide for four persons, ourselves and our two boys. Hearing that this farm of twenty acres was for sale, I purchased it and have since that time reared and educated thirteen children, besides my own, to lives of industry. Five of these were blacks and three Indians. Some are married and some are still with me.

I superintend everything upon the place. I have five Alderny cows, each one of which pays for herself in milk, butter and cream every season. The calves are sold for $50 each when four weeks old. I have several hundred white Brahmas that are worth from three to five dollars apiece, and their eggs always bring $1.50 per dozen for incubating purposes. I keep only pure blooded stock; it pays best. I have twenty-five hives of bees which add about $100 to my income. One of my sons, whose family is under the trees out there, is practising law in Brooklyn, N. Y., and the other is practising medicine in Los Angeles, Cal. My father Hon. S. N. Palmer, was editor and publisher of a paper, and I early learned the magic of types, and the details of a printing office. I often did the stereotyping and printing of large numbers of tracts, read proof, bought paper, packed, directed and mailed them all, and kept the books. I was as thoroughly drilled in a practical education, in my father's house as a boy would have been, and it has been of great advantage to me in my subsequent duties in life. I feel that I am no less a lady because I am a farmer."

She showed me over the place, and I looked carefully in every nook and cranny, and found only order, order, everywhere order. The chicken house was a marvel of cleanliness, and in stead of the old-fashioned pole for the fowls to sit upon at night, there were boards four inches wide, so that they could rest and sleep without the fear of losing their balance and falling to the floor. Every bird should have a wide rest to repose upon. The unhusked corn stood in stately shocks, and on all sides were evidences that the master mind had an eye for the beautiful as well as the useful.

At dinner I tasted of some jellies, jams and golden butter which is never sold under fifty cents a pound, and also sampled the cream which brings five dollars a day during the hot season for ice cream purposes.

How distinct and glorified this woman's example stands out from among the aimless, vapid lives of thousands of our unfortunate sex. Mrs. Stow.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO WORK AND WAGES.

Women write and publish now-a-days, and they can give back as hard blows as they receive. Hitherto in the contest for their really legitimate rights they have advanced step by step. In one field women have made very remarkable progress—progress, however, which has been a sharp struggle all along. We refer to the work-world of women, an investigation of which reveals the enormous discrepancy between the wages of the sexes. While the industrial occupations are generally opened freely to both sexes, as are in fact mercantile employments, bookkeeping, entry-clerking, selling goods, etc.—the male employee is always paid at least a third more than the women who may be doing the identical work. Often the difference is fully fifty per cent.

The Government at Washington sets the example by drawing a broad line of distinction between the pay of the sexes. Some perfumed, lemon-kidded clerk may get twice as much for dawdling away three hours a day in alleged "work," as the hard-worked girl in the Treasury receives. It is so all over the country, but no sociologist or philosopher has ever been able to explain why a designated amount of work done by a woman is not worth as much as the same amount of work done by a man. The discrepancy is evident.

So many women are obliged to work for a living and so many women do good work at whatever they are employed, that no organization advocating the advancement of women can possibly make too urgent demands for reformation in this particular. Every honest woman, when deprived of parental or other support, will seek to support herself, and she should be paid the market value of her work, as that value is paid to men.

Says John Stuart Mill in his "Principles of Political Economy:" "The same reasons which made it no longer necessary that women should depend on men, and the least which justice requires is that law and custom should not enforce dependence (when the correlative protection has become superfluous) by ordaining that a woman who does not happen to have a provision by inheritance shall have scarcely any means open to her of gaining a livelihood, except as a wife and mother. Let women who prefer that occupation adopt it; but that there should be no option, no other career possible for the great majority of women, except in the humbler departments of life, is one of those social injustices which call loudly for remedy." Since Mr. Mill wrote those words which are conspicuously true, there has been a very wonderful change.

Forty or fifty years ago in England tailors combined to keep women from getting needles with which to make vests; efforts were being made to exclude poor women and children even from ordinary factory work; the whole medical profession fought the attempt to give women instruction in medicine and surgery, and there were not wanting men to declare war against literary women and drive them from their pens. It was little better in this country at that time and on the continent of Europe there was little chance for women. To-day the effort to keep needy women out of work, has lost its strength. Employers seek women because they can impose cheaper wages on them. A meanness unutterable, certainly, but still the writing and speaking women will eventually secure justice for these poorly paid women, and all right-minded men should stretch forth their hands to secure justice for them. It is hardly woman's fault that they have not learned the art of successful combination. It goes against their natures to be disciplined into solidarity by a few other women or one woman. Their holding together qualities are not good. At a strike of the Kensal New Town laundresses in England a few years ago, the demand was for "three shillings a day, brushes found and two half pints of beer." They did not stick and got only a part of their demand. The leader of the strike, who was a stalwart young woman, remarked afterwards that they are not like men, who will keep a point steadily in view; they might have got what they asked for if they had taken my advice, which was to pull together and keep civil before all things." The ideas of this young woman were remarkably good, but she could not get them to "pull together" and "keep civil." That is really the way women's strikes and women's agitations for anything within the realm of reason can be made successful. It is the only way. A "pull together" of all the women of the United States for legal rights, equality of wages and suffrage, would have a seismic effect upon old statutes and prejudiced employers. But, as in the case of the English laundresses, they will not pull together just yet. They may get to that point, but they have not reached it. The achievements of individual women in their demonstration of woman's right to labor is evidence enough of the possible potentiality of associated women. A bright example within forty years is that of Marie E Zakizenska, M. D., whose fight for a medical education in Germany was simply heroic. But who can resist a combination of heroic women?

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

A young man who is willing to sit down in idleness, or devote his time to "society," and live off the earnings of his father, is justly looked upon as a useless if not a dangerous member of society. No young man of spirit or principle will consent to do such a thing. And further, every man, however wealthy, if wise teaches his son some business by which he can earn a livelihood. The same principle should be applied to girls. Every girl should be taught to be self-supporting—should be taught that by her father. Every girl, whatever her social or pecuniary condition, is liable at some time in her life to be thrown upon her own resources and the cold charities of the world, and this emergency should be provided for. Besides, the ordinary duties of life require that boys and girls be taught to work, whether their parents are wealthy or not. Public sentiment is greatly at fault in this matter, especially with reference to girls, and teachers can do much in correcting this sentiment. They should teach the boys and girls in school that work is honorable and that idleness is dishonorable, and that it is the duty of every girl, as well as every boy, to learn how to earn a livelihood. It is not enough in this world that one be good; he must be good for something. *Indiana School Journal.*

The Woman's Medical College, 155 New Montgomery street, is reported to be in a prosperous condition.

CO-OPERATION.

The rich have long understood the importance of capitalization, or co-operation. The poor are slowly learning the same great lesson that in *union* there is strength. Hence we see on every side the growing interest in the sense of co-operation. Especially is this apparent in the larger cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, and recently the subject has taken a practical shape in San Francisco. Woman's Social Science has started all of this important movement. The President of the society has spoken upon the subject of co-operation, in England, on the Continent, and in the United States at least a dozen times, before audiences in San Francisco. She having made a practical study of co-operatives while abroad in 1874, was well qualified to awaken an interest in the work and rouse the people of this coast, (where the Chinese have almost stultifed white labor), to the great value of an anti-chinese co-operative movement.

The new organizations are a co-operative watch manufactory, and the San Francisco Co-operative Union, organized Dec. 1881, with Hon. Robt. Thompson, president, and J. F. Gawthorn, 238 Montgomery st., superintendent. Here is what the the prospectus says—

In asking for your support, the SAN FRANCISCO CO-OPERATIVE UNION has nothing extravagant or impracticable to offer. Its *present* object is to supply its members with coal at wholesale prices (though its charter is so framed that it can extend its business to other branches), and whatever profits may result from the trading will be divided among the stockholders. But while every man has a right to such returns as the investment of his capital will bring, the Association will, in justice to other dealers, charge the full retail rates to those purchasers who are not members.

Any person, man or woman, may join the Association. The par value of the stock is $25, which may be paid for on subscribing, or $5, on subscribing, and $1 per month per share thereafter until paid; and any one not desiring to purchase stock, may become a member by paying $5 for the first year and $2.50 for each succeeding year, but can not participate in the profits or vote. Immediately on making the first deposit, a member acquires the right to purchase at reduced rates. From the profits of the business dividends will be allowed on all paid up shares.

As this is an Association designed for the benefit of all its memebers, and not for a few only, it is carefully stipulated in the By-Laws that no more than twenty shares shall be sold to any one person, and no share can be voted until the full amount of $25 has been paid. It is much more to the interest of the Association to have twenty subscribers of $25 each than one subscription of $500, for the twenty consume that which their capital buys. The principle is not to have capital without a market.

Though the saving at first will not be great —*an average of* 10 *per cent. on present retail rates*—it was considered advisable to commence business immediately, instead of waiting until a larger amount of capital was subscribed. When there is sufficient funds to purchase cargo lots, the members will get their supplies $2.50 to $3 per ton less than the present rates, besides receiving interest on their investment.

As the object is thoroughly practical, the Association expects to draw its supporters from among the thrifty and careful.

THE ADVANTAGES in belonging to the Association are: a saving in outlay, just dealing (for as the profits accrue to the members, all motives for dishonesty are removed), and a safe investment for capital.

The marvelous success of the co-operative movement in Great Britain — the business reaching annually into millions of dollars—demonstrates the great economy of the co-operative system of trade.

Bonds are required, not only from the Superintendent and Treasurer, but from every employee who handles the funds of the Association.

The Civil Service Co-operative Society, 79 Milk street, Boston, chartered Dec. 16, 1880, is for supplying employees in the Civil Service and their friends with groceries, provisions, and other articles of household and personal use, at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE. All sales are strictly for CASH. This precludes all risk, and justice to all is rigidy enforced. Interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, is one of the legitimate expenses of the business. The individual liability of stockholders is limited to the amount of stock held by each one. A stockholder in a co-operative corporation is entitled to only one vote—regardless of the number of shares held. Shares in a co-operative association to the amount of $20.00 are exempt from attachment, and from being taken on execution.

Allen R. Foote of New York, says, "I believe co-operation can place an effectual check upon monopoly; that it can render poverty unnecessary; that it is an educator in the best methods for applying moral rules to business affairs; that it is a practical teacher of associative action; that it is the best means for causing the mass of the people to understand business processes, their duties and responsibilities toward each other, their rights and powers as citizens of the State. The most important movement in the propagation of the principles of CO-OPERATION."

Lord Derby says, "The subject of co-operation is, in my judgment, more important as regards the future of England than nine-tenths of those which are discussed in Parliament, and around which political controversy gathers. In co-operation there is no motive for fraud, no liability to debt, no room for dispute between employer and employed. Co-operation can be made to do more for humanity than any other agency with which I am acquainted."

Geo. Jacob Holyoake defines co-operation in these words, 1st. Concert of action, regulated by honesty, with a view to profit by economy; 2nd. Equitable distribution of profits among all concerned in creating them; 3rd. Educated common sense in propagandism."

Horace Greeley said, "Co-operation is the true goal of our industrial progress, and the appointed means of rescuing the laboring class from dependence, dissipation, prodigality and need, and establishing it on a basis of forecast, calculation, sobriety and thrift, conducive at once to its material comfort, its intellectual culture and moral elevator." John Stuart Mill said, "Co-operation is where the whole of the produce is divided. What is wanted is, that the whole of the working class should partake of the profits of labor." J. P. Cranford says, "Between thirty and forty years ago there began in England and Philadolphia two movements—in England, what is known as Co-operative Stores, and in Philadelphia, Building Associations, both of which have had the most remarkable success. They are both Co-operative. One undertakes to procure and distribute ordinary family and personal wants by buying at wholesale, and as much as possible in the first markets, at net cost, and to save the profit to the consumer. The other undertakes to help families to use their rent, and a little more, for the purchase of their own homes. The man of family, who earns from $1.00 to $2.00 a day, who lives from hand to mouth, must buy his daily wants in smallest quantities—tea by the ounce, coal by the bushel, potatoes by the small measure, and so on. The poorer he is, the greater price he has to pay for all he buys. He who can afford to pay the least, must pay the most. This is a wretched and a shameful wrong, and it is just here that the Co-operative Store comes in with its beneficent proposition, and says to one thousand or ten thousand of these men: "Club your dollar a day together, and buy your coal and flour, your tea, potatoes and bacon, your milk, meat and fish, at wholesale, and thus add ten to twenty per cent. to your daily wages. Or what you could do just as well—save that ten or twenty per cent., and live just as well as before." It is not a new notion, nor a speculative scheme. It is a proved success. Hundreds of thousands of workingmen in England have accepted the proposition, and are realizing its benign advantages.

Edwd. Vansittart Neale, of Manchester, Eng., in a letter written to H. E. Sharpe, of New York, says in regard to co-operative colonization, "The collective ownership of land and the opportunity of work and associated homes by which the advantages of wealth may be brought within the reach of all, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Godin, whose great work at the Familistere of Guise is probably not unknown to you, are, I consider, the outward conditions of the higher social life, which mankind, as I believe, is destined to realize. And the U. S. is THE country where these conditions could be secured with greater ease than anywhere else, from the cheapness of land, combined with the freedom of action, and the intelligence and active energy of your population, and the favorable surroundings of soil and climate which it offers." There is no portion of the United States where co-operation is so much needed as in California. As co-operators we must learn how to live and prosper without the aid of coolie labor. At our "Associate Home," 304 Stockton street, we have been carrying forward various co-operative measures, industrial, educational, and curative, since October, 1880; we now make three departments of social science special: Co-operative Dressmaking, Woman's Co-operative Publishing House, and cure without Medicine. Time alone will demonstrate what we shall accomplish as women for women. If every woman in the state would assist the initial movement by subscribing for the Herald of Industry, the work would go bravely on. The information which will be given, from month to month, upon the subject of Co-operation *alone* will be worth the sum of one dollar a year.

The article on "Co-Operation" will be "Co-Operative Colonization" in the next issue.

LABOR; ITS VALUE TO WOMAN.

Labor is the great civilizer. It has civilized the world. It has made man a creator—a god. What it has done for man it will do for woman, when she will rise to the true dignity and glory of womanhood. This is for her to do; no one can do it for her. She must learn to sit erect at the helm of the ship of her destiny. The leaning and twining, creeping and crawling, weeping and wailing, submitting and abnegating, are over with women of sense. Only weak minds cling to inanity and worthlessness; only the parasites and driftwood of society advocate the sin, sloth and degradation of idleness.

Everything in the great realm of nature is permeated with the elixir of activity. The heart of the ocean throbs with a ceaseless pulse; earth's subterranean fires are forever burning; the winds are never idle.

When labor is neuter, as regards sex, (well paid labor has always been masculine) it will become as attractive to women as it is to men. I tell you, my sisters, there is a zest in labor that is not found in anything else. I have never in my life, experienced more pleasure—not excepting love-making—than I did in setting the two pages of the Jan. number of the Herald, and I never had but one hour's instruction in type setting. It is claimed by men that women cannot make good typos and successful printers. I do not believe it! I shall endeavor to prove in the next twelve-month that they are in error. Selfish men have asserted for all time, that every lucrative department of labor, such as selling postage stamps and measuring tape, was untitted for weak woman's delicate hands; that it needed nasculine brawn and muscle for such Herculean work. Out upon such stuff! Pull down the bars, and unhinge the gates, that shut women out of the universal fields of labor. Can women learn the art of printing? Come to 304 Stockton st. and see.

Our work moves steadily on like a deep river, through the channel originally planned undisturbed by the tinkling rivulets which have branched off in every direction.

WOMAN'S REPUBLIC is in its infancy, but it has in its swaddling clothes the thews and sinews of a giant. Again and again I urge upon women everywhere, in city and town, state and nation, the importance of associate action. Organize social science associations. They reach all classes. Have them non-sectarian. Social science deals with *this* life; the real, tangible, knowable. It has nothing to do with the inspirational, speculative and emotional. It is the genuine religion of the necessities of the body instead of the soul. It allows no face of clay to thrust itself betwixt woman and her Creator. The fearful doctrine concocted by men, that we are born in sin, and that labor is a curse, is a withering doctrine, which has had a most corrupting influence upon women. Away with such teachings! Bury them so deep that the archangel cannot roll away the stone from their sepulchre. We are born *pure* and whoever does *not* labor is cursed.

Competitors for the labor prize will follow the directions under that of "Bread," etc.

Mrs. Stow.

The two best essays upon Bread and Labor, will be selected after careful reading before the California Woman's Social Science Association, and they will have a second hearing at the Annual Conference, which will be held on the first Wednesday and Thursday in September. The articles upon bread will have to be very much condensed, for the material of which it is composed covers a wide field—ranging through saleratus, unleaven, aerated; coarse, fine, superfine; white, brown, black; bakers, homemade, Graham; gems, buns, biscuits; waffles, muffins and corndodgers.

The essays will be numbered in the order in which they arrive. They must be but half an hour in reading. Put real name and address on a separate piece of paper, and a fictitious one to the article. Send the same to Mrs. J. W. Stow, 304 Stockton street, San Francisco, before the first of August. Their safe arrival will be immediately acknowledged.

Humorous articles will be quite as likely to win as grave. One ought to be very merry in order to digest some of the stuff doled out to long suffering humanity, called bread.

Mrs. Stow.

FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

THE WHISTLER.

Frogs have their time to croak, and owls to hoot,
The patient flutist hath his time to toot;
The fiddler fiddleth when his work is done,
But thou, oh bore, hast no set time, ah none,
To Whistle.

We know when Bangs will play his horn of brass,
And Dingleby his flageolet, alas!
We know when comes the dulcet fish-horn's tone,
But, hang it, thou hast all times for thine own,
O Whistler.

When old pianos have worn out an air,
And voices crude have worn it very bare,
Thy puckered mouth does still emit the strain,
But all our prayers that thou shouldst cease are vain,
O Whistler.

Long after honest folks have gone to bed,
Wearied with toiling for their daily bread.
Then thou, oh lazy, long-eared, midnight bird,
'Mid many imprecations still art heard—
Whistling.

I call thee bird—one of the shrill-voiced sort;
For 'tis quite plain that music's not thy *forte*;
Thou shouldst be feather'd as the vultures are—
You get the feathers, *I'll* provide the tar,
O Whistler!

The San Jose *Herald* says that George A. Fleming, in the Willows, bought an orchard of nine year old prune trees, paying $800 per acre for them. The crop this year will pay for the land within a few dollars.

W. W. Smith, of Pleasant Valley, it is said cleared $10,000 on his fruit crop this year.—Napa *Register*.

The Southern Horticultural Fair, is a great institution which draws out an immense display of citrus fruits, of choice vegetables, fine cereals, and thoroughbred live stock. It may fairly be termed the event of the season for the southern counties of the State, and attracts numbers of people. Sunny Santa Barbara and her roses; Ventura has the products of the lovely Ojai Valley to show; San Bernardino is there, with fruits from half a dozen pleasant towns; San Diego, from valley and mesa, exhibits her wealth of tree and vine; the foothill belts of Los Angeles, Pasadena and San Gabriel, and through widening valleys to Anaheim, and Santa Ana, and the rich coast lands, enter with spirit into the lively contests of the week.—*S. F. Bulletin.*

"An aristocracy of sex is repugnant to a republic."

"History is mainy man's record of man's achievement."

When you write to an editor, send a three-cent stamp. It will be a great curiosity to her.

A young man sent 60 cents to a firm that advertised a receipt to prevent bad dreams. He received a slip of paper on which was written "Don't go to sleep."

Out in Cincinnati they propose to send a man to jail if he reads a newspaper on Sunday. Considering the character of Cincinnati papers, this is right. —*Boston Post.*

Consoling: Poor author—"Heavens, what a pain there is in my head!" Wife—"Complaining of that! You ought to be thankful there is anything in it."

The worst thing about kissing a Pittsburgh girl is that you carry the marks of coal dust about your nose and other features till you reach the nearest pump.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

ERRATA: The paper, "Woman as an Inventor," which was in the last number of the HERALD, read by Mrs. Knox-Goodrich, was largely taken from Mrs. M. J. Gage's able tract upon that subject. Mrs. Goodrich so stated at the Conference.

Special attention is called to the communication in regard to Dress Reform. Lady Harberton is the originator of the Divided Skirt and the President of the National Dress Society, London, Eng. The next issue of the HERALD will contain a full description of the dress and a cut showing how to drape the skirt. At the Social Science meeting, the first Saturday in February, Mrs. Stow will wear the costume.

The editor of the HERALD acknowledges an urgent Call, from the officers of the American Woman Suffrage Association to be present at their annual convention, held in Louisville; also an invitation to attend the Ninth Congress of women, at Buffalo, and the Oregon annual Suffrage Convention, held in Portland.

Thanks! sisters and co workers, perhaps another year will find the S. S. Sisterhood with time and money, if so, the Golden State shall be represented when again you light your council fires.

"PEOPLE I HAVE MET"—Under this caption will appear, in each number of the HERALD, bits of original biography. The writer, in her extensive travels, has had rare opportunities of meeting and conversing with many distinguished people on two Continents. She has seen without glasses and heard without a trumpet. These gems in the storehouse of her memory have not yet been *stolen*—or *imprisoned*.

The time is not far distant when a reformed woman will be looked upon as leniently as a reformed man. She will, with a new and pure Christianity, come up out of the depths clothed in white raiment, and be honored for her strength of purpose as a man is honored.

CANDY AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

I find the following in the daily papers:

An old lady in Vermont lately sent to President Arthur a box of butternut candy. He says: "It was delicious. It reached me at dinner time on Thanksgiving day, and was highly praised by all at the table. I think you will be glad to know that Senator Edmunds, who was present, was so much pleased with it that he copied your address, with the intention of sending for some himself. Thanking you for your good wishes, I am very truly yours,

"CHESTER A. ARTHUR."

Several officers of the National Woman Suffrage Association have called on the President, asking his aid in securing their political rights as citizens of the United States.

They specially urged him to recommend in his message a standing committee to look after the political interests of women.

But while he has spoken wisely on so many topics, in taking a statesmanlike survey of the whole habitable globe, of the government of Alaska, of the water supply, the depots, and the Potomac marshes at Washington, of the social customs of Utah, of the civilization and citizenship of the savage tribes, of the education of the little Indian boys in Hampton, Carlisle, and Forest Grove — he does not vouchsafe one word in regard to the enfranchisement of the 20,000,000 of his countrywomen.

Ah! Sir, could you have known with what palpitating hearts the leaders of this reform glanced over that message to see if among the headings they could find "A Standing Committee to Look After the Political Interests of Women," you might in a measure appreciate our sore disappointment. Letters also have been written to the President on this point, to which he has designed no answer; and although "The History of Woman Suffrage," handsomely bound in calf, has been presented to Senator Edmunds, with the compliments of the editors, no letter of thanks has yet been received. And yet how promptly both these honorable gentlemen take hold of the lady who sends butternut candy from Vermont.

Can it be that distinguished statesmen in the prime of life, with all their boyish follies and tastes long since outgrown, can prefer butternut candy to the history of all the brave battles their distinguished countrywomen have fought during the last forty years? If so, the wisest move the woman suffrage association can now make is to suspend all conventions, resolutions, appeals, and petitions, and devote themselves to the dainty compounding of butternut candy.

Perhaps a box placed on the table of each Senator and Congressman might speedly insure woman's enfranchisement.

While rolling the sweet morsel under their tongues and exclaiming, "It is delicious," they might feel willing to place the ballot in the hands that had pulled and twisted the brittle sticks so artistically. However, it is pleasant to note that there are statesmen in Washington who are open to appeals through the intellect rather than the stomach.

Mr. Kiefer, in his able speech, on taking the chair as Speaker of the House, said:

This Congress should be, nda I personally hope it will be, marked peculiarly as a business Congress. It may be true that additional laws are yet necessary to give to every citizen complete protection in the exercise of all political rights.

We have great hope that in Mr. Kiefer we shall have a staunch friend; that he should have mentioned the only disfranchised class in his first speech, at the earliest possible moment, is most encouraging.

In the Senate, Dec. 8, the noble Senator from Massachusetts bravely and boldly rises in his place and offers the long-talked-of resolution for a special committee, to be appointed by the Chair, to whom shall be referred all petitions, bills, and resolutions asking for the extension of the suffrage to women and the removal of their disabilities.

If the Committee on Rules do not promptly report on Senator Hoar's resolution, we urge the aforesaid lady in Vermont to send each of those gentlemen a box of her "delicions butternut candy." ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

WOMN SUFFRAGE.

From a Common-Sense Standpoint, by Mrs. Laura W. Briggs.

Notwithstanding President Arthur has made no mention of this subject, in his late message to less than half the people of the United States, it is none the less certain that the demand for the rights of the other, and in numbers greater part, are beginning to assume proportions far from insignificant. In short, the question of woman suffrage viewed from any standpoint you please, has arrived at that retrograde movement is impossible. In my own opinion, the President could in no way have rendered the cause a greater service than by this entire and contemptuous ignoring of it. Were he himself popular or had he been expected by the people to occupy the position which a Nation's woe by the assassin's hand has thrust upon him, in short, were he anything but a necessary evil, that must be borne as patiently as possible for a few years, it would be quite another thing. That he has treated the question of temperance in the same way is by no means surprising, for to every right thinking person the ballot once placed in woman's hands would first be used in the support of that most noble cause. If these good workers for temperance would help us first in laying the "corner stone," how soon the whole of the fair temple would be builded.

The time has long since passed by for women to be withheld from the full expression of their views upon this vital subject, from the fear of ridicule. The shafts of derision which have been so mercilessly hurled upon the devoted heads of the earlier workers in the field have somehow exhausted themselves and died a natural death and the women of to-day who do not either think, write or speak for "their rights" are either fettered by the old sex subjugation or what is far worse bound down by their own innate immorality and ignorance; perhaps not all, for I know there are some true, good women who are entirely destitute of courage, and what wonder, when we take into consideration her long years of traditional bondage of "work without recompense—tears shed in vain," in short, who can have courage without hope? why, they must verily go hand in hand until the good end is attained. I must be permitted here to say a word to those women who are wasting their lives away in the very worst kind of worthlessness; sitting with idly folded hands, and who think it pretty and rather interesting to say, parrot-like (particularly in the presence of gentlemen friends) "I have all the rights I want." To such ones I say where is your womanhood? where is your humanity? that you cannot even with your outward ears hear this great cry that is going forth from unsanctified homes all over this land—this only human cry for equal rights. You have *not* your rights until some good woman's thoughts help to make laws by which you and yours are to be governed. You have no right to a moment of tranquility until this is attained. I myself, as an individual, have never in the most remote way endured these social evils; have never breathed the polluting breath of drunkenness except as it may have reached me through stranger's lips upon the highways and in public travel, but my heart can as bitterly ache for the dear mothers, wives, sisters and daughters who are ground down by this intolerable curse, as though it was stalking at my own threshold. The other and more degrading curse, thanks be to Him who "holds us in the hollow of His hand," has never so much as touched my garment's hem; yet none the less does my cheek burn with shame, and heart throb with pity for the lives that are blighted and crushed out by this withering curse.

When good and persistent women again and again present their petitions for a hearing before the Legislatures composed of our brave lawmakers and these same self-appointed protectors refer to them as "nice" and "cackling hens" they should remind them that there was once a little mouse that released from thraldom one mighty in physical strength, and that the cackling hens (if my limited barnyard experience is correct) are never heard to cackle except after having done something quite worthy of note.

San Francisco, Dec. 24, '81.

Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols—Dear Sister: Desiring to express our appreciation of your life-long services in behalf of womenkind, in deeds as well as words, we herein remit $15.25, the net proceeds of an entertainment given by the sisterhood on Friday evening, Nov. 25, '81. Please accept the same, together with our best wishes, and the compliments of the season.

C. M. Lovejoy,
Cor. Sec. C. W. S. S. A.

Business Notices.

HORN'S Electro-Magnetic Belt is conceded to be the very best on the Coast. It cures without medicine many of the most aggravated forms of disease. If you do not believe that electricity is life, call at 702 Market street and be convinced.

Buy your paper of Bonestell, Allen & Co., 415 Sansome street; your hardware of Osborn & Alexander, 628 Market street; your fruit-dryers and Blymyer bells of Linforth, Rice & Co., 325 Market street, your artists' materials, paints, oils, glass, varnishes, of Bass & Co., 27 Dupont street; pure groceries of Hawley & Co., 217 Sutter street; dry goods at The White House; cloaks at Sullivan's; and crayon portraits at Kalenmyer's, 724½ Market street.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.
San Francisco Savings Union.
532 California Street, Corner Webb.
For the half year ending with December 31, 1881, a Dividend has been declared at the rate of five [5] per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth [4 1-6] per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of Federal Tax, payable on and after Wednesday, January 11, 1882.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

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ROCHDALE CO-OPERATIVE RULES.

ARTICLE I.

NAME, OBJECTS, MEMBERSHIP, LOCATION.

SECTION 1. The name of this Society shall be the CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

SEC. 2. The objects of this Society shall be:

First.—To supply its members and others with articles for household and personal use that are unadulterated and of good quality.

Second.—To buy such articles at wholesale, to sell the same for cash at retail at the same prices as those charged by other retail dealers, and to divide the profits thus realized among its members and others in proportion as they have contributed to the production of said profit by their CAPITAL, LABOR, or CUSTOM.

Third.—To provide a safe and profitable investment for the capital saved in small sums by its members, and for the re-investment of the profits made by the business of this Society.

SEC. 3. Any person whose application for membership is approved by the Board of Trustees may become a member of this Society on paying an entrance fee of *fifty cents*, subscribing for one or more shares of its capital stock, and signing an agreement to abide by these by-laws and amendments thereto. In case of his rejection by the Board of Trustees, all money, if any, that he shall have paid shall be returned to him.

The Board of Trustees may suspend any member who persists in conduct which in its judgment is injurious to the Society. In such case they shall, at the next regular meeting of the Society, state the cause of complaint against said member, having first given him three clear days' notice of the same. If a majority of the members present so vote, said member shall be expelled, and on the surrender of all share certificates held by him he shall be paid the (book) value of such certificates. A person who has been expelled shall not be again admitted as a member, except by the vote of two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting of the Society, nor unless notice has been given at the last previous regular meeting of the intention to propose his name for re-admission.

SEC. 4. The office of this Society shall be located in the County of ....., and State of ..... It shall be established at the store of the Society, or at such other place as the Board of Trustees may from time to time appoint; and at such place all books of account, securities and documents of the Society shall be kept, other than such, if any, as are required for carrying on its business elsewhere.

ARTICLE II.

MEETING AND QUORUMS.

SECTION 1. Regular monthly meetings of this Society shall be held on the third Tuesday in each month.

The monthly meeting occurring in the month of January shall be the regular annual meeting of the Society.

The monthly meetings occurring in the months of March, June, September and December shall be termed regular quarterly meetings, and the financial quarters shall commence on the first of said months. The President shall preside at all meetings when present. In his absence the members present shall elect one of their number to preside for that occasion.

SEC. 2. The following shall be the order of business for all regular meetings of the Society except the regular annual meeting:

1. Reading the minutes of the last meeting.
2. Reading the minutes of the Board of Trustees since the last regular meeting.
3. Secretary's and Treasurer's reports.
4. Reports of Committees.
5. Unfinished business.
6. New business.
7. Enquiries and suggestions.
8. Adjournment.

This order of business may be amended or suspended during any meeting by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

SEC. 3. Special meetings shall be called at any time by the President and Secretary, upon the written request of ten members or by order of the Board of Trustees.

Three clear days' notice shall be given to each member of every special meeting. The notice shall state by whom and for what purpose the meeting is called; and no business shall be brought before the meeting not specified in the call for the same.

SEC. 4. Each member shall be entitled to but one vote, and voting by proxy shall not be allowed. All votes shall be taken by show of hands, unless a majority of members present shall determine otherwise. In case of a tie, the President shall have the right to cast the deciding vote, in addition to his vote as a member.

A majority of members present shall decide all questions, except in those cases otherwise specified by these By-Laws.

SEC. 5. No member in arrears to this Society, on any account whatever, two days previous to any meeting, shall be entitled to vote.

SEC. 6. All meetings shall be held at the Society's place of business, or at such other place as the Board of Trustees may from time to time appoint. At least fifteen (15) members must be present to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; but no meeting shall be rendered incapable of transacting business after the chair has been taken and a quorum has been found to be present.

In case a quorum is not present within one hour after the time stated in the notice for such meeting, the meeting shall stand adjourned to that day week, unless it be a special meeting, in which case it shall be adjourned *sine die*.

A meeting may be adjourned from time to time for any period not exceeding fourteen days, except as herein specified.

ARTICLE III.

OFFICERS AND MANAGEMENT.

SECTION 1. The affairs of this Society shall be conducted by a President, who shall be *ex-officio* a member and Chairman of the Board of Trustees, eight other Trustees and a Treasurer, who shall be elected at each regular annual meeting to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected and qualify.

SEC. 2. Any vacancy occurring in the Board of Trustees may be filled for the unexpired term at the next regular quarterly meeting of the Society after the vacancy occurs, subject to the conditions of nominations herein provided.

SEC. 3. All candidates for office shall be nominated at the regular monthly meeting next preceding that at which the election is to take place.

The Secretary shall prepare a list of all persons nominated, together with the names of the retiring officers, and shall post the same in several conspicuous places in the Society's store at least ten (10) days before election.

Retiring officers shall be eligible to re-election.

The Board of Trustees shall keep a record of the attendance of its members during the year, a summary of which shall be read at the regular annual meeting previous to the election of officers.

SEC. 4. Any member of the Board of Trustees or other officer who shall accept any other office or place of profit in the Society shall first resign the one held by him before entering upon the duties of the new office to which he has been elected or appointed.

This rule shall not apply to any officer who may be elected to represent the Society in any wholesale co-operative society of which it may become a member.

No member of the Board of Trustees shall be interested in any contract with the Society, excepting when he is a member of a firm or company which has entered into contracts with or has done work for the Society, in which case he shall not be present or vote when such contracts are being discussed or acted upon.

SEC. 5. The Board of Trustees shall appoint a Secretary and a business manager. It shall also appoint all employes, and fix all compensations and define all duties not specifically provided in these By-Laws.

SEC. 6. The Secretary shall attend all meetings of the Society and of the Board of Trustees when required, and keep a correct account of the same. He shall keep a register of the addresses of all members, which register shall be open for the inspection of members during business hours. He shall post all notices as required. He shall keep the accounts of the Society in such manner as the Board of Trustees may direct. He shall receive all money due the Society, and pay the same to the Treasurer. He shall, on all occasions, in the execution of his duties, act under the direction and control of the Board of Trustees.

SEC. 7. When any member shall change his address, he shall, within one month thereafter, give notice thereof in writing to the Secretary, who shall, on receiving such notice, make the necessary change in the address of such member in the register of members provided for in the sixth section of this article.

SEC. 8. The Treasurer shall be responsible for such sums of money as may from time to time be paid to him by the Secretary or other persons on the account of this Society, and shall dispose of all money received by him as directed by the Board of Trustees.

All deposits of money in bank shall be in the name of the Society. All checks shall be signed by the Treasurer and counter-signed by the Secretary.

SEC. 9. The Board of Trustees shall require from every person elected, appointed or employed to or in any office or position of trust in this Society, such security as, in the opinion of said Board, shall be duly proportioned to the trust reposed.

SEC. 10. At any regular quarterly meeting of the Society the members present may fix the compensation of the members of the Board of Trustees, Auditing Committee, and of any person or persons delegated to do any special duty for the Society. One month's notice shall be given to all members of any proposed change in the compensation fixed for the members of the Board of Trustees.

SEC. 11. At the regular annual meeting in each year, an Auditing Committee of three members shall be elected, to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected and qualify. No member shall be eligible to serve on the Auditing Committee who holds any other position of honor, trust, or profit in the Society. It shall have power to employ experts at the expense of the Society, if in their judgment necessary. It shall audit the accounts of the Society monthly, and, if found correct, shall so certify on the books of account. It shall lay before each quarterly meeting a balance sheet of the receipts and expenditures, also of the assets and liabilities of the Society, together with a statement of the business of the Society for the last quarter, and its then condition. It shall have power to call for and examine all books, papers, and documents belonging to the Society, and any officer, employe, member, or other person as witnesses. The balance sheet shall bear its certificate of correctness. In case a vacancy occurs in the Auditing Committee, the remaining members shall have power to fill the vacancy for the unexpired term.

SEC. 12. If a member makes any complaint relating to the quality of, or price charged for goods supplied by this Society, or respecting the conduct of any officer or employe of the Society, he shall make such complaint in writing, and deliver it to the Secretary, who shall lay it before the Trustees at their next meeting. Such complaint shall be investigated and acted upon by the Board, and the complaint, with the decision of the Board on the same, shall be entered on its minute book, after which the complaining member shall be furnished with a copy of such entry. If the decision is not satisfactory to such member, he may appeal from the decision of the Board, and lay his complaint, with the decision thereon, before any regular meeting of the Society, having first given fourteen (14) days' notice of his intention to do so. The decision rendered by a majority of the members present shall be final.

If a member makes any suggestion for the good of the Society, it shall take the same course, and be acted upon in the same manner, as herein provided for a complaint.

SEC. 13. The first Board of Trustees shall adopt a seal for the Society, which seal shall be placed in the custody of the Secretary, and shall be affixed to such papers and documents as the Board may direct, from time to time, and an engraving of such seal shall also be printed upon such papers as it may direct from time to time.

SEC. 14. All notices issued by this Society to its members shall be mailed by the Secretary to the address last given by each member, as shown by the register book kept for that purpose.

SEC. 15. No person shall be employed in any capacity for a longer period than three months, unless his appointment is made in writing by the Board of Trustees, and attested by the President and Secretary. No person shall be dismissed after receiving such an appointment, except by a majority vote of the Board, unless it be done as provided for in Section 12 of this Article.

SEC. 16. This Society may become a member of a wholesale co-operative society, by a vote at any regular meeting, provided such action is recommended by the Board of Trustees, in which case the number of delegates by which it is entitled to be represented in such society shall be then elected to serve until the next regular annual meeting and until their successors are elected and qualify. Except as above provided, the delegates shall be elected at the regular annual meeting in each year to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected.

Their compensation shall be fixed by the meeting at which they are elected and qualify.

ARTICLE IV.

THE ACCUMULATION OF CAPITAL AND FINANCIAL MANAGEMENT.

SEC. 1. The capital of the Society shall be divided into shares, having a par value of *twenty-five (25) dollars each.*

They shall be paid for as follows: ten per cent. on subscription, and the balance in installments of one (1) dollar per month. Any member may pay for the whole or any part of his share or shares in advance, at his option.

All interest and dividends due members shall be placed to the credit of any unpaid share or shares held by them, until the same shall be paid for in full, but shall not be applied in payment of any monthly installment.

SEC. 2. All share installments shall be on the first of each month, commencing with the month next following the date of subscription for the share or shares, except that installments on shares subscribed for to organize a society, shall not commence to be due until such a day as shall be previously fixed by the Board of Trustees, and shall be payable, without special notice, at such place as the Board of Trustees may designate from time to time.

SEC. 3. If any member shall fail to pay any installment when due, he shall pay, with the installment, a delinquent fee at the rate of ten cents for each month or part of a month the installment shall remain unpaid, except that if paid within twenty days from date of maturity, five cents only shall be charged.

SEC. 4. If, on the second ensuing quarter day, the delinquent member shall not have paid his dues and fines, the Board of Trustees may, at their discretion, order the certificates for this shares so in arrears to be cancelled by the Secretary, and a scrip certificate for the amount paid and interest and dividends credited on such share, less the delinquent fine, shall be issued to the holder of the same, and such person shall, thenceforth, cease to be a member, unless he is the holder of another share certificate.

SEC. 5. Scrip certificates shall be issued to members and others, at their request, for any sums of money due them for interest, dividends, or money paid to the Society to the credit of their account; provided that no such certificate shall be issued to any member until all shares held by him are fully paid for, as required in Section 1 of this Article. Such certificates shall be receivable in payment for shares.

SEC. 6. Investments in scrip certificates shall draw interest at the rate of not to exceed six per cent. per annum (one and one-half per cent. per quarter), payable at the end of each financial quarter, but shall not further participate in any division of profits, nor entitle their holder to vote. Interest shall not be paid for any fractional part of a month.

SEC. 7. Holders of scrip certificates may withdraw the amount represented by such certificates from the funds of the Society, provided they are not indebted to the Society in any way, by giving the Secretary a notice in writing of their desire to do so. The Secretary shall, upon the surrender of such scrip certificate, issue to the holder thereof a draft on the Treasurer for the amount to be withdrawn, said draft to be due the number of days after the date of said notice, according to the amount to be paid, as herein specified:

Ten (10) dollars and under, at sight; over ten (10) dollars and under fifty (50) dollars, ten (10) days; over fifty (50) and under one hundred (100) dollars, fifteen (15) days; over one hundred (100) dollars, fifteen (15) days for the first one hundred (100) dollars, and ten (10) additional days for each additional one hundred (100) dollars or fractional part thereof.

SEC. 8. Installments or money paid, and interest and dividends, credited on one share or scrip certificate, shall not be transferred to another.

SEC. 9. All share and scrip certificates shall be transferrable, provided the holder of the same is not indebted to the Society in any way.

Transfers shall be effected by the surrender to the secretary of the certificate issued, with a direction written upon it, signed by the person in whose name it is issued, and one witness, directing the secretary to issue a new certificate to the person to whom the transfer is made; provided that no new share certificate shall be issued to any person until all By-Laws relating to the admission of members shall have been complied with by the person to whom the transfer is proposed to be made.

The secretary shall charge, for the Society, a fee of twenty-five (25) cents for each new certificate issued on a transfer.

SEC. 10. The transfer book may be closed during the seven (7) days immediately preceding the regular annual or quarterly meetings, and may be closed for any time not exceeding seven (7) days thereafter. Any transfer executed while the books are closed, shall be deemed, for the purposes of said meetings, to have been executed after the time for which the books were closed.

SEC. 11. Every owner of a share or scrip certificate shall receive from the society a book giving, if a member, the member's registered number, and show the amount paid and the amount of interest and dividends credited on the said share or shares or scrip held by him, as the case may be.

SEC. 12. An account shall be kept, termed "*Fixture and Organization Expense Account*," to which shall be charged all organizing expenses, and all articles bought for the use of the business of the society, which are not a part of its stock-in-trade. This account shall be credited with all fees and fines, and its balance shall be reduced at the rate of two and one-half ($2\frac{1}{2}$) per cent. per quarter, by crediting the account and charging the general expense account with that amount.

SEC. 13. The profits of this society, if sufficient, shall be divided as follows:

First—A dividend at the rate of one and one-half ($1\frac{1}{2}$) per cent. per quarter shall be paid quarterly upon the share capital of this society, for all amounts invested at the beginning of each financial quarter.

Second—After paying the sum provided for in the first paragraph of this section, five (5) per cent. of all remaining profit on the busines of any quarter shall be placed to the credit of a Reserve Fund, which fund shall be disposed of as directed by the members, at any regular quarterly meeting of the society, or a special meeting called for that purpose.

Third—After paying the sums provided for in paragraphs first and second of this section, two and one-half ($2\frac{1}{2}$) per cent of all remaining profit on the business of any quarter shall be placed to the credit of an Educational Fund, which fund shall be disposed of by the Board of Trustees, subject to the approval of the members, at any regular quarterly meeting of the society, or at any special meeting called for that purpose.

Fourth—After paying the sums provided for in paragraphs first, second and third of this section, if the remaining profit on the business of any quarter shall be sufficient to pay a dividend of one (1) or more full per cents. upon the amount of one-quarter ($\frac{1}{4}$) of the share capital invested at the commencement of the quarter, the full amount paid as wages during the quarter, and the full amount of sales for the quarter, such a dividend shall be made. Any amount of undivided profit on the business of each quarter shall be carried forward to the credit of the business of the next financial quarter.

Fifth—One-half ($\frac{1}{2}$) of the dividend on such sales as are made to known non-members, and the full dividend on sales made to unknown persons, shall be placed to the credit of the "Reserve Fund," and the other half of the dividends on sales to known non-members, shall be paid to the persons to whom such sales were made.

SEC. 14. Interest and dividends shall be paid to the persons entitled to the same, at such time and place as the Board of Trustees may from time to time direct. Notice of such time and place shall be given by posting the same in several conspicuous places in the store of the society, at least ten (10) days previous to the day fixed for payment.

All amounts due members whose shares are fully paid, not called for within five (5) days after the date fixed for payment, shall be placed to the credit of such members as a scrip investment.

All interest and dividends due non-members shall be forfeited and placed to the credit of the "Reserve Fund" if not called for within ten (10) days after the date fixed for payment.

SEC. 15. Share and scrip certificates shall be signed by the President and secretary, and all contracts, legal papers and documents issued by or of binding force upon this society, must bear an impression of its seal, or a printed engraving of the same, and shall be signed by its secretary and treasurer, and such member of the Board of Trustees as said Board may appoint to perform that duty. All legal papers shall be placed in the custody of the Treasurer.

SEC. 16. The capital stock of this society may be increased or decreased at any time by such an amount as may be decided upon by vote at any regular meeting of the society, by complying with the law of the State in such case made and provided.

SEC. 17. Should the society, at any time, have more funds than can be profitably employed in its immediate business, the Board of Trustees may call in and pay off such scrip certificates as it may see fit. The secretary shall notify the holders of such certificates that, by authority of a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees in conformity with this By-Law, it calls for the surrender of such certificate, and, upon the receipt of the same, the secretary shall issue to the holder a draft upon the Treasurer, payable at sight, for the full amount of the investment represented by such certificate. In case such certificate is not surrendered within fifteen days (15) days after the date of said notice, interest shall cease thereon. The Board of Trustees may also, at its option, purchase the share or shares held by an expelled or non-purchasing member, by giving a like notice to said member, and, at the expiration of the term therein specified, if such certificate shall not be surrendered, the book value thereof shall be placed to the credit of the holder, and such shares or amount shall thereafter cease to bear any interest or dividends.

The Board of Trustees may, by giving a notice as hereinbefore provided in this section, demand the surrender by any member of such shares and the certificates therefor as he may hold in excess of five, by tendering to him the book value of such extra shares; provided, however, that said Board shall have been authorized so to do at a previous meeting of the society.

If such certificate or certificates shall not be surrendered, the amount due thereon shall be placed to the credit of the holder, and such shares or amount shall thereafter cease to bear any interest or dividends.

SEC. 18. In case this society shall become a member of a wholesale co-operative society, the Board of Trustees shall invest in the capital of such society, such *pro rata* amount of the capital of this society as may be required by the By-Laws of said wholesale co-operative society.

SEC. 19. The funds of this society shall not be invested in any way other than for the purposes of carrying on its immediate business, except as provided for in sections 18 and 19 of this article, and in loans upon bonds and mortgages on real estate, or on United States or State bonds, or bonds of any city in the United States, for such amounts and such time, and at such rate of interest as the Board of Trustees may from time to time direct.

SEC. 20. The property of this society shall not be used by any of its officers, members, employes, or other persons for their personal benefit, without compensation being made to the society for the same, and then only as previously directed by the authority of the Board of Trustees.

SEC. 21. All sales made by this society shall be for cash. It shall not allow any discrimination in price to be made as between its customers.

SEC. 22. No money shall be borrowed for the use of or in the name of this society by any officer thereof, or by its Board of Trustees unless previously authorized so to do at a meeting of the society.

SEC. 23. In case this society shall become a member of any wholesale co-operative society, it shall buy all its goods through such society, provided that in so doing it does not incur any commercial disadvantage.

ARTICLE V.

AMENDMENTS.

SECTION 1. These By-Laws shall be amended only by a two-thirds vote, and at a special meeting called for that purpose, of which fourteen clear days' notice shall be given.

Proposed amendments must first be approved by, and the call for a special meeting for their adoption must be ordered by vote, at a regular meeting of the society.

SEC. 2. In case any question shall arise, not provided for in these By-Laws, the Board of Trustees shall have power to decide the same provisionally until a regular meeting of the society shall decide the same.—[From "Co-operation as a Business," by Charles Barnard.

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PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express*.

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee*.

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript*.

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe*.

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out*." It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller*.

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated.—*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherlesss children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance. The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The third edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium*.

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passionate eloquence.—*New York Tribune*.

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News*.

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean*.

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times*.

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 1. No. 5. San Francisco, California, March, 1882. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

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Star badges, post-paid, fifty cents apiece.

FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE
(Sept. 7th and 8th, 1881)

EVER CONVENED BY WOMEN ON THE COAST, WAS A TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS!

Two days and two evenings of unalloyed pleasure. What with fine papers and letters from absent sympathizers, music and recitations, the two days and evenings will be remembered for a twelve-month, at least.

WOMAN'S REPUBLIC.—Founded by Mrs. J. W. Stow, June 7, 1881, for the purpose of creating an independent center of thought and action for women, where they can meet once, twice, thrice a week, and discuss all questions with a freedom and thoroness heretofore undreamed of; where every subject pertaining to the well-being of the race is fully exposed to the sunlight of truth and investigation. Only filthy and obscene minds can speak of the sacred function of creating and bearing children as "dirty." Every ray of light emanating from the lamp of reason should be focused upon it. To eradicate evil we must begin at the germ.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE PREMIUMS.

OFFERED BY MRS. J. W. STOW.

First Premium.—Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Labor: Its Value to Woman." Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Bread: The Staff of Life." Ten Dollars ($10.00) for the best loaf of bread.

Second Premium.—"The History of Woman Suffrage" for each of the second best of the two essays.

LABOR IS WORSHIP.

Laborare est orare.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep for the cares that come o'er us;
Hark! how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, sweeps onward towards Heaven.
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed pauses in growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing;
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is wosihip!"—the wild bee is humming:
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from Natures's great heart.
From the dark cloud falls the life-giving shower;
From the low sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from doing his part.

Labor is *life!*—'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despareth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—The flying cloud lightens;
Ever the waving grain changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frich'ens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

F. S. Osgood.

The fourteenth Annual Convention of the National Woman suffrage Association' held in Washington during the month of Jannary, was a great success legally, socially and financially. Brilliant women, from nearly every state in the Union made each session historical with telling logic sparkling witicism, withering sarcasm and divinest truth. The editor of the HERALD regrets that she could not have been present, as a delegate at large, from the Pacific Coast.

WOMAN,S SOCIAL SCIENCE—This, divinest of all sciences, is still fermenting in San Francisco. That is, the portion that has gone out from our loins, and encamped over against O'Dragon street. They in their æsthetic hearts, are grieving because some Washington society iguores their existence; because they are confounded with the parent society; because social science, in uninlightened minds, is inextricably mixed up with socialism; because they want a *change* of some sret. Feb. 12th one of the distressed sisters from Oakland said that *forty* people had refused *her* to read papers before the society because of the name (forgetting that a rose, etc,), and the *back* of the Washington society. She said her feelings had been further damaged by having indiscreetly talked ,copiously, to a strange looking, mild mannered man—whom she afterwards learned was a reporter. Another sister 'amended" and said she was pained and surprised that they should desire to change the name; still another "amended" by saying, "Wait till September, else it will be said we do nothing but discuss change of name" and still another and another and another, "moved" and "amended," *prefixes* and *affixes*, "Cosmopolitan, Educational, Industrial" were added and subtracted by the hour. At last the Chair rose to a question of order and said;

'She hoped the question would not be pressed at that time, as she had prepared an address put' unfortunately, had left it at home, and she desired to express her views. Loud calls were made for the speach at that time. In complying she briefly stated that a social science association should embrace both sexes, and unless the name was changed she should feel obliged to resign as President. She favored the name of Womans Educational Society. Mrs. Moulton began to speak, and said that gentlemen would not stoop to such measures as women would to crrry a point, when she was promptchocked off.

Mrs. Joy began to read an adress and was called to order.

The vote was then taken upon the amendment "Cosmopolitan," and was lost by a 12 to 12 tie. The question on 'Educational Society" was lost by the same tie.

Miss Littleton tendered her resignation as Chairman of the Literary Department-"—[Examiner's report.]

These warring sisters battled about one or another trivial thing all thru the first year of our existence, aiming all their venomed-tipped shafts at the invulnerable head of their President and founder of *Social Science* on the Pacific Coast; but when they departed they took their battle-axe and shot-gun with them and have been hewing and popping ever since, very much to their own belittlement. They have spent the most of their time, judging from reports, in skirmishing about a name. Their first christning was "Cal. W.'s S. S. A." (jr.); 2d "Pacific (*pacific!* no wonder they could'nt stomthat.) W's S. S. A. which they soon returned, with their compliments, and, "It wont do," to Horatio, and came limping back to their first love. O sisters! you lost the jewel of consistency the day you seceded, and it will take some time and patience to coin another.

The Cor- Sec., of our æsthetic half, called at the HERALD office a few days ago and the editor said to her, "You, as an old, and I thot, tried acquaintance, promised me to help do a work for *all* women—and how have you done it? It was thru your influence that the society was divided. It has done me no harm, personlly, but it was a cruel blow to strike at woman's work, generally, and you are well punished for it, from all I hear. Your unbridled ambition to rule while I did the work and looked after the finance, wus the cause of all the contention and rupture. The work whrch I have undertaken for women goes steadily forward. It knows no retrograde. I enjoy the sympathy and cooperation of some of the ablest minds in Europe and America—and all *women's* societies worthy the name affiliate with the parent society."

CO-OPERATION! co-operation! co-operation! is the watchword of the hour. The poor are beginning to learn that in union there is strength. The San Francisco Co-operative Union is supplying its stockholders with coal and groceries at ten per cent. less than other dealers.

IF GEN. STONEMAN can put a stop to the barbarous habit of gentle-men (?) going into second-class cars and stiffing helpless women and innocent babes with vile tobacco smoke, he will do a deed which will place his name hier on the scroll of fame than any sanguinary battle ever did. Children have been so poisened by nicotine in the overland coffins (now discarded), called emigrant cars, that they have been nearly, or quite, strangled to death by the combined fumes of tisicky pieps stilton cheese, and human exhalations.

The editor of she HERALD ence saw a butiful child die in its mothers arms, in a second-class attached to a Pullman, and knew that tobacco smoke was the *immediate* cause of its death. The child was sick, and those men, who would never have presumed to smoke in the Pullman or in their own drawing rooms would come in there and make and leave a stench behind them that was as offensive as deadly. What rite or justice is there in suco a transaction? There is no more rite or decency in it than there would be in the second-class passingers going into the first-class coaches and making and leaving behind them a sickning and deadly smell.

Cruel heartless Moneybags has spit upon and puffed at helpless poverty long enuf. Down with lucre-bloated, shameless arogance, anc up with justice, rite and decency.

Throw another stone, General!

WHY?—Why is it that one has to pay a peny postage on every *monthly* newspaper published and distributed in cities with carrirs? Who father this wise law? It surely never had a mother. No woman would ever be guilty of snch arrent folly. A million monthly newspapers can be sent from Maine to San Francisco-and the carriers *carry* them—that is what the carriers are for,—providing, always, that there are a million subscribers to the Maine monthly in San Francisco. Will Gen. Miller and Mr. Page search out this inconsistency, and treat it to a dose of legislative strychnine? The HERALD disclaims against this imposition. Weeklies are dristributed. The carriers can carry a paper four or *five* times a month, but when it has to be carried *once* a month it is too much for them. Truly, consistency *is* a jewel—espe cially in Postal Service.

"DONT LIKE" him, or her, or them: What of it? What is *your* like or dislike worth? The lightest thistle-down that floats upon the air weighed in the balance with your "like" would make it kick the beam. What is "like" to one with a purpose in life? What are gadders and gossipers, tattlers and tipplers' defamers and debauchees to such an one? When you learn to "like" noble purpose, persistent endeavor, and fearless deeds in support of rite and justice, your "like" will be of some importance—but not before.

THANK HEAVEN! that Abigal Scott Dunniway has sons to avenge her wrongs, when weak backed laws refuse to do it. Postmasters will soon learn that women hove as much rite to be well served as men, and that heads will come off when they refuse to do it. Mrs. Dunniway, if justice is done, will reap a golden *defamitory* harvest. There are fearless, women-publishers in other towns and states, who intend to test the law, "Defamation of Character," when sufficient evidence is collated. The HERALD'S advice to defamers, everywhere, is Read up on the subject ere it is too late.

Mark you!—"No wife is to read a newspaper unless it has been ordered by her husband.' Is this the 19th century? It smacks loudly of the 17th. No fears for sister Abigal, however. She is miles above the dirt of filthy maliners, black-mailers and newspaper spit-balls.

Municipal rule is growing civilized in the City of New York. It has appointed a policewoman to serch, dress and undress women-prisoners at the Toombs. The Woman Movement is the direct cause of this much needed reform. Will San Francisco follow?. We shall see!

SCISSORS.

The secret of life is not art, but utility.

Little feet little brains: small waist small wisdom.

It is better to be a source of amusement than a source of misery.

Nearly avery leading Chicago paper has a woman on its editorial staff.

The trouble with most women is, they have nothing to do, they simply exist.

Character and merit should be the only foundation for social position.

Prof. Rachel Bodley, Dean of the Medical College of Philadelphia, is giving a course of lectures on "Chemistry as Applied to Cooking."

Prudence Crandall, of colored-school fame, now Mrs. Philleo, is living at Elk Falls, Kan. She has a farm of a 160 acres, upon which rhe lives alone-with the exception of a renter. She is 80 years old, but is still as earnest, enthusiastic and unselfish in her desire to benefit the oppressed, as when she bravely withstood the mob at Canterbury.

The Woman's Industrial Association at Denver, Col. is a move in the rite direction. Women, everywhere, from Maine to California, from the Lakes to the Gulf are writing to the HERALD saying, "How can we earn money? Tell us what to do to earn money? We are sick of the folded-hands-nonentity business." To all such the reply is, "Come to California and help to bild Woman's Republic." The Denver Society has the very best wishes and hearty cooperation of The California Woman's Social Science Association. May its prosperity be limitless!

ATTENTION is called to the corrispondence between Mrs. Holt and Prof. Hanks, in regard to a State Art Gallery. Every woman in the state should feel a just pride that the corner-stone of such an important institution has been laid by a woman. Mrs. Holt, besides her artistic accomplishments, is a lady of fine presence, rare intelligence and pleasing address. She has traveled extensively and is so much in love with her profession, that she finds the days too short and the nites too long. There is large room in the world for many more just such women. May they be multiplied indefinitely!

DENTAL PARLORS.—Over the Hibernia Bank, S. F., is to be found a akilful dentist, Dr. Clark, whose affable manners robs the Chair of much of its terrors. Butiful teeth are a joy as long as they remain quiescent, and when they fail to do that the dentist is the proper person to look after, and if you will take the elivator at No. 8 Montgomery street you will find the Doctor a very taking man. He will take out the offender or rejuvinate it at a moderate charge. The editor of the HERALD patronizes the Doctor, and whoever sees her teeth ot to be convinced that he did not mistake his calling.

Patronize No. 8!

COOKING SCHOOL AGITATION is rife in San Francisco and Oakland. Prof. Hilgard, of the University of California, lectured before the S. S. S. last October, on the subject. and has recently repeated it pefore the Ebell sisterhood of Oakland. A millionaire Oaklander has offered to put up, and donate, a fine building, architecturally planned for the requirements of the society, providing the ladies will pay, by easy installments, for the land. This institution is to have a cooking department commensurate to the needs of the average Oaklander, with an imported *chef*.

WOMEN INVENTORS.—California to the front: The Misses Deitz, "first family" ladies, of Oakland, have invented a most useful household article—a dust-pan—which is a marvel of convenience and neatnes. Whoever has swept a flight of stairs, and, after the job was finished, found their clothing, mouth, eyes and ears full of dust will appreciate the Deitz Patent Dust-Pan.—See advertisement.

Another Oakland lady, a Mrs. J. W. Peek, has invented a superior baking powder. No deleterious snbstance enters into the ingredients of this powder, which model housekeepers bronounce *par excellence*.

Children's Corner.

MAMA'S KISSES.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my finger,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mama is full of kisses
As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair;
She covered me over with kisses
The day I fell from the stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mama's kisses
For her own little baby boy.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

One of the men fetched an old coat and made him a nice warm bed in the sunshine. when Miss Puss saw him she slipped out of Etta's arms and sidled away twitching her expanded tail, to take a safe look at him.

Having made up her mind that it was really her old pllaymate, she walked strait up to him and said „purthur-mew?" which was a feline "how d'y do old fellow? glad to see you!" Then she stretched herself beside him on the old coat, and pured long and loud, occasionly springing playfully forward and grasping him round the neck with her fore paws; she would then lap his face and ears vigerously, thus demonstrating her intense satisfaction.

That night when Etta said her prayers, she concluded the petition by invoking a blessing upon her papa and mama, and then, in a burst of grief, exclaomed, "Oh Dod bess poo' Piggy, all alone!"

She had comforted herself with the thot that the dog and pig were company for each other, and that they would not miss her very much; but now, when her dear Piggy was left all alone, her tenderest sympathies were aroused, for she considered it the gratest affliction to be left alone. She had a very vivid recollection of the pangs of lonelisness when her bad behavior had put her behind the strong lock in the durk closet. She thot in her innocent loving heart that her cherished pet must suffer in like manner.

The next afternoon the packet on which they were journeying swung round into the rippling waters of the butiful Niagra river. Etta was much fritened for she never had seen such a flood of water before; and then. too, the Red Bird (that was the name of the packet), rolled about and behaved so differently, in the dancing river, from her ladylike deportment in the sober canal, that Etta expected every moment to see her dart down under the water and take a plung bath, by way of variety, in spite of the assurance of the jolly captain to the contrary, who laft at her fears and said she ot to see his little dauter, only two years older than herself, row her tiny boat on Seneca lake. He told her, also; all about his home on its butiful banks, and called his little girl "Dimple." That was not her *real* name but he liked to call her that because she was as good as pretty, and had the cunningist little dimpled chin in all the big round world—to him.

He said that Dimple had a milk-white swan that lived on the lake and had her nest there, among the lims of a fallen tree whose top reached into the water. There, above the reach of the floods, she had made a huge nest of grass and twigs securely fastened together and lined with soft down plucked from her own breast. There she laid her eggs every spring, and after six long weeks of patient setting were hatched out the cunniest little downey-backs, that plunged into the water as soon as their eyes were fairly open, and bobbed about over and under each other in the cutist sort of a way, to the delight of the proud and happy mother and pompous father,

Then Dimple had rare sport in feeding them every morning with some of the puffy rolls left from breakfast; and very much to the disgust of the graceful swans a big snapping turtle came regularly for his share of the crumbs. They would dart out their long necks at him with arching wings and fierce cries; bnt he wss not afraid, knowing that his thick shell was bill-proof. As soon as he had finished his breakfast he would wiggle up on an old root and bask in the sun for hours.

At Buffalo Etta heard bells ringing and saw men running with long wagons filled with ropes and ladders. The air was filled with dust and smoke Dogs were barking and boys were shouting. The men wore red shirts and queer looking hats, and one of them outstripped all the rest in the helter-skelter race, and blew such a deafning blast on a horn that Etta thot it had made a hole clear thru her head.

But the good minister said "No, no, childie! you are not hurt. There is a fire somewhere and those men in red shirts are called firemen. They are brave men who often endanger their own lives to prevent others from being burnt to death, and to save people's goods from the fierce flames.

The one with the horn is their Captain.

Then he said to Etta's mother, "I should be very much pleased to take you and your little dauter to call upon my son's family, with whom I make my home".

Etta was wild with delight and dancing and clapping her hands shouted,

"Do tum, mama! do tum!"

Mrs. Breeze was pleased to accept the polite invitation, and after Terry and Milly, Puss and Towz, were safely on board the steamer, "Fashion," they were soon whirling at a rapid rate thru the handsome streets of Ruffalo, in an elegant barouche behind a spanking span of bays.

Etta sat with the driver and kept exclaiming, How booteefoo, how booteefoo!" at every new and wonderful thing she saw.

Fine houses and loveiy lawns; handsome stores with gay windows bright with silks and ribbons; pretty children with their nurses in jaunty caps.

These were all new and surprising to the little traveller from the country.

As the driver reined up the horses before a stately mansion, a colored man came down the broad marble steps, clad in a picturesque costume with a red necktie. Bowing low he said "Berry glad to see you massa," as he screened the dusty wheel with him arm, while Etta and her mother were assisted to the ground.

PLAIN WOMEN.

A plain woman should not repine. The only thing she will be likely to lose is the love of a sensualist. There is no charm so powerful as that of expression. Beauty is at the mercy of all destroying elements; it often fades in a single decade, but time cannot touch a clear llght shining from the soul. It is the mind we should consult not the eye. The eye never goes below the surface. White hands are in demand, not because they are useful or helpful, or accomplish great things, but simply because they are pleasant to the stght. It is a pity the history of patient, toilworn, hands could be written. If we could see the children they have guided, the heavy burdens they have lifted, the deathbeds they have smoothed, the honor accorded soft jeweled fingers would be reserved for them alone. And there is youth.

A man who cannot love anything but first youth in a girl cannot love anything but first youth in a wife.

Twelve Lake county apples were recently weighed, and turned the scales at thirteen pounds.

HEREDITARY.

Among all the reforms of modern time and the advances in civilization, none perhaps bear a more vital relation to human welfare than heredity.

The great varieties of religion surround this fact. What is "original sin" or the "old Adam" but that which inheres in being badly born? In what consists the force of the "immaculate conception" except it be that of being born beautiful? Some consider immortality in the light of heredity or a continuous chain of consequences in the unity of the race. Paul says the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, but it is the creator of a new life. The cross itself dates not from Christ, but from the sex principle thousands of years ago. What can straighten out a man that has been crooked? What agent can be called free or responsible whose childhood flows from turbid waters? Is there anything more ifluential then than sex, or more necessary for men to understand? And yet nothing is more trifled with. Knowledge on these subjects should be in the curriculum fo the common schools.

The other day we ran across two books, which side by side furnished some curiosity. One was a family genealogy in a family Bible. The other was the pedigrees on the American Short Horn Herd Book. What beautiful names and what perfect stock the latter contained. There were "princes" and "queens," "dukes" and "kings," from the Rose of Sharon down to the Pride of the Prairie.

In the other category there were thirteen scrubby children. On the street they are called gamins. They were born and "conceived in iniquity." One died a murderer, one was an idiot, one girl was a confirmed invalid, one was a decrepit pauper, and the rest were ciphers—did not know why they were born, by accident, food for wayward influences, floating sacks with holes to put food in, ready for a little money or glory to kill or burn or steal.

This was "*scrub*" stock the other was "*thorough bred*;" this was the difference.

Two illustrations alone will suffice. A few years ago while travelling through New York we attended the exhibition of two typical animals. One was the hereditary influences in a child of ten years, and the other was a calf belonging to Mr. Campbell of the New York Mills.

When the boy sat down to the table he would instinctively begin to go through with the motions of a gambler, shuffling his cards, and then in deep reverie would he stop and stare, then he would deal them in his imagination around the table. When he arose to walk there was a chronic stagger and reel of a drunkard, while his eyes were blear and unsteady and blood shot. Now this boy was *born* so.

The next day the calf above referred to had been advertised for sale, and gentlemen from England and France came across the water not to lose the prize of the finest specimen of the finest pedigree extant. The calf was sold for $2,700, the largest price ever paid for so young an animal. But the calf at any price was cheap and the boy was dear.

Cannot parents learn something from the pre-natal influences that made the difference between that calf and that boy? Right generation is greater than regeneration. It is encouraging that in Boston they have inaugurated a school of heredity.

IndustriaL liberator.

A WASHINGTON MILK ROUTE.

Mrs. Wagner, who keeps the "Swiss Dairy," at No. 403 East Capitol street, in this city, began business in August, 1877, with five gallons of milk, her first sale being of one-half pint at her store. She is now selling two hundred gallons per day, and her business is increasing so that she is seeking for a larger supply. About seventy-five gallons of the two hundred she sells and delivers at the stores. She is a quiet woman of pleasant manners, who says she is willing to work and have her family work. She had no experience in any business affairs until she took up this business.

Her store is a lower room fronting on the street, about 16x12, with a large refrigerator across one end of it large enough to hold a day's supply of milk and more. Everything about it is neat and clean. and many ladies and gentleman call to drink a glass of milk for which she charges three cents, or five cents for two glasses. The cans and the other utensils are like burnished silver.

The milk supplied from her dairy has none of that taste of the barn, which comes not from the cow, but from careless milking and exposure in barns and stables. Five minutes' exposure of woolen clothes in a close cow-stable will give them an odor which may be perceived hours afterward, and milk absorbs odors in the same way, besides what it gets from unclean vessels.

Mrs. Wagner goes ont herself and buys her milk in Virginia and Maryland of the farmers who produce it. It is brought in, some of it upon passenger cars, some of it twenty miles and some of it sixty miles—a small portion also being brought by wagons from neighboring farms. She pays from sixteen to eighteen cents a gallon. The freight on the cars is about three cents a gallon at the store. Thus the farmers are receiving from four to four and one-half cents a quart at twenty and sixty miles from the market, while Massachusetts producers are receiving three cents a quart; and she sells her milk at eight cents a quart summer and winter, which, I think, is the lowest price known in the Boston market in winter.

The milk is delivered at the cars in forty quart cans. Some producers use cans of half and three-quarters that size. The cans are owned by the farmers, and the large ones cost from five to eight dollars each for the best, which are called iron-clad. The can has a metal cover with a loop on top, through which a chain is passed attached to the can on one side and fastened with a padlock no the other, the producer having one key and Mrs. Wagner another. A card with the producer's name is attached to each can.

No ice is used in the car, except in this way. In summer an ice tube, three or four inches in diameter, is placed in the centre of the can reaching from the bottom to the top, and filled with ice, and there is very little loss by souring, even in the hottest weather, in this hot climate. Mrs. Wagner's wagon drivers receive the cans at the Washington station, carry them to the store, empty the milk into her own cans in the refrigerator, and return the cans clean, to the cars daily. The milk is sent in from the producers twice a day.

Mrs. Wagner's force to transact this large business consists of herself, her daughter and her mother, who is more than seventy years of age, and a small colored boy—these at the store. Then she has three horses and wagons, with three men, one of whom is her son, to carry out the milk to consumers.

The wagons start at half past four in the morning, and deliver milk at all hours of the day, and the store is open until late at night. Besides the milk, she sells some fifteen gallons of cream a day, part carried out and part at the store. She also sells sour milk, buttermilk and skim milk at five cents a quart, and makes cottage-cheese and sometimes butter of any milk or cream left. Her regular customers pay her once a month, but she sells a great many tickets which represent a pint or quart of milk, in advance, and these are sent in by customers who wish for an extra amount.

And now comes a point interesting to the producers. She sends them their money every Monday by express, they paying the expressage. She makes a few bad debts, but says she is learning to be careful, and they will be less in the future. Now, although it is hardly fair to pry more minutely into Mrs. Wagner's business a little figuring will show that this woman is making more money than the pay of a member of Congress; and and, as she remarked, she is doing it honestly, and she is supplying "sincere milk" to her customers.

This is precisely the system that ought to prevail everywhere, and there is no reason why enterprising women may not at once enter profitably into the business—particularly in California with its mild climate. It would be for the advantage of the producer and consumer, and only to the damage of useless middle men.—X.

"LIFE CRYSTALS,"

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life clear as Crystal.—Bible.

"And life is full of Crystals; forming still
In myriad-shaped results from good and seeming ill."

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FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

Mens Weakness, Wisdom and Worth.

Chauncey M. Depew asserts that the politician of today would sooner face a battery of rifled cannon than a newspaper fusilade.

Attorney-General Brewster was one of the most conspicuous figures at the President,s New Year's reception. His fingers sparkled with jewels, and at his wrists he wore lace ruffels of fairy-like texture.

N. Y. Tribune.

"Where did you dine yesterday, Fred?" O, at the kwub.', "Good dinnah?" Yasse, O yasse, I dined on such a lovely pwimwose, with a gewanium for dessert. With dwose I dwunk in the delwicous fwagwance of a sweet and tendah wiolet." "How pwecious!" "Aw, yasse, it was evah so uttahly soul-satisfying and supweme."

No legislator, Judge or other official can accept a free pass from a railroad and remain a free man.—*Cor. Eagle.*

New York brewers have no use for hops. They use alose, gamboge, glucose, burnt sugar and other kindred stuff to make their beverage healthy.

There is but one thing in all the universe to which a man is always faithful, and which he never forgets, and that is himself.

Many men are like the woman who, when asked if she had religion, replied that she had slight touches of it occasionally.

We, too, have our religion, which is this: Help for the living, hope for the dead.—*Ingersoll.*

All creeds and all guides for living and doing can be boiled down to this: Do your best. That covers the whole ground.

Rev. G. C. Milin, pastar of Dr. Collyer's church Chicago, has struck con- into the hearts of his hearers by proclaiming from the pulpit his unbelief in the Deity and in the immortality of man. Fear not, bretherin! His knowledge, the same as other men's cannot pass earth's boundry line.

LIBERAL, Barton Co. Mo. is growing rapidly. It has no preacher, no church, no drunkeness, no saloon, no God, no Christ, no hell, no devil—*The Liberal.*

The Boston "Institute of Heredity" aims at the root—thru race culture—insted of the branch of intemperance. A school is to be opened, to teach the sanctity of the reproductive relations and the divinity of sex.

A child died in Wilmington, O., a few days ago from supposed chicken-pox. The funeral was largely attended, and there are now fifty caces of virulent small pox in town.

When shall we outgrow the barbarism of gathering together friends and foes to see a gastly, dangerous, and often revolting, exibition of our dead at funerals? We come into the world with a wail and go out with groan, and a more refined and enlightened civilization will consider a public display at birth as modest as at burial.

Ex- Governer McCormick of Arizona, who married a daughter of ex-Senator Thurman, has purchesed 10, 000 acres of land in the state of Colima, Mexico, and is going into the business of coffee culture, on a large scale He has 40, 000 trees in bearing condition, and expects to plant 12, 000 a year for four years to come.

Jay Gould has a plain, sensible family, to which he gives all the attention compatible with his vast speculations. He brings up his children simply and naturally, instead of flaunting their names in the newspapers as bridesmaids, best men, party queens, etc.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage in a dead calm.

Do right according to your highest convictions, and risk the consequences

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY MRS. J. H. SMYTH.

The Table.

"After meat half hour take rest,
Thus the better 't will digest;
Time well spent in merry chat,
Welcome business after that."

There is excellent wisdom and thorough good sense in this homely rhyme. Why? Bacause when food has been taken, the stomach is immediately set to work to get it changed into that state in which it may be received through the blood into the system. To do this well the stomach needs and draws upon the brain for a supply of nervous force. Any part of the body, a hand, an arm, a foot—on being put to work requires this nervous force. The brain itself needs it for its own uses. Now, when the brain or the limbs are actively engaged in using this precious nervous force for themselves, there may be too little left for the stomach, which therefore cannot do its work as it ought. This is the reason why, after a full meal, a period of rest is advisable. It assits digestion, and without digestion there is little chance for either health or happiness.

Healthfulness of Apples.

The frequent nse of apples, either before or after meals, has a most healthful effect upon digestion. Better eat less *meat* and more fruit. An eminent French physician is of the opinion that the marked decrease of dyspepsia and bilious affections in Paris is owing to the increased consumption of apples, which fruit he maintains is an admirable prophylactic and tonic, as well as a very nourishing and easily digested article of food. Persons suffering from dyspepsia, constipation, congestion of the brain, and other ills which attend on general debility, would do well to try the apple cure. They are a natural stimulant to the stomach, bowels and kidneys, and unlike medicines, keep up when habitually eaten, a continued healthy action of these organs. They are not only stimulative, but they are also nutritive. A friend of mine who has been very much troubled with "heart burn," told me that he had entirely cured himself by the use of raw apples. He said he finished each meal with two or three, and the cooling effect on his stomach and indirectly on his brain was most grateful. Formerly he was troubled with wakefulness, unable to sleep until late in the night, but thanks to the apples, he was wakeful no more. When he commenced the use of them as a remedy he weighed one hundred and thirty pounds; in less than two months his weight had increased to one hundred and sixty pounds, and his strength, he said, increased with his weight. In short, he was cured. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher expatiates with true ecclesiastical unction on the manifold uses of the Apple in the domain of culinary art He advises the placing of it on the table as regularly as the Potato or the Onion. It would be a great saving of time and money to housekeepers if they would do away with cakes, pies and puddings, and substitute fruit instead.

Steamed Chicken. (Good.)

Prepare the chicken as for roasting, place it in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water and steam 1½ hour if small, two hours if large, then roast in a quick oven ½ hour, or until it is nicely browned all over, basting it every three or four minutes with hot water and butter, or what is still better, the water in which the giblets have been boiled. Have them ready to set on when the chicken is put to steam, and by the time it is ready to roast, the strength will have been extracted, so that the water with the addition of a lump of butter will be in readiness to baste with. The feet thoroughly washed and then dipped in scalding water, to take off the outside tough skin and nails, and then cracked two or three times and put to boil with the giblets are a great addition to the gravy, as the feet are very gelatinous: the giblets should be cut into small pieces and covered with cold water, replenishing as it boils away, so there will be about one pint of the broth to baste with. When the chicken is a rich brown, take it up, and thicken the gravy with a little corn-starch wet up with cold water. Chicken cooked in this way is much nicer than when roasted entirely. An old, tough fowl subjected to this treatment will be tender and delicious. I have cooked turkeys in the same way also mutton, and found it a great improvement in the flavor, as well as making it more tender. I have a very large tin soup pot that I use for the purpose of steaming meats; I have four tin fruit cans with some holes punched in the bottoms of them; these I place upside down in the boiler and then pour in boiling water out of the tea-kettle to come a little below the tops of the cans, then I lay in the turkey, leg of lamb, or anything else I wish to steam, and set the pot over a quick fire, taking off the cover occasionally to replenish the boiling water. A leg of mutton steamed two hours and roasted one hour, is equal to any lamb. Ham is very much better steamed than boiled. I have cooked chickens and other things in this way for years, and they are enough better to pay for the extra trouble in cooking. than when baked without the steaming process.

Good Corn Bread.

One heaping tablespoonful of sifted flour and three of fine yellow corn-meal. Mix into the dry meal and flour one heaping teaspoonful of yeast powder and a little salt; add two well-beaten eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately one tablespoonful of melted butter or lard, and sweet milk for a batter. Bake twenty minutes.

Lemon Acid.

Five pounds of white sugar, three pints of water, one dozen lemons, three ounces of tartaric acid. Peel the lemons with a sharp knife, being careful to cut off only the thin yellow rind, as the white would make the syrup bitter: put this with the sugar and water nto a very clean saucepan and let them boil together ten minutes, then strain out the peel and when the syrup is cold, add the juice of the lemons and the acid, and bottle for use. One or two tablespoonsful put into a glass of water makes a very refreshing drink. One half of the rule will make nearly two quarts of syrup. A friend brought me a bottle of the acid when I was sick, and I have never been without it in the house since.

Salad Dressing. (Excellent.)

One tablespoonful of dry mustard, two even teaspoonsful of salt, a pinch of cayenne, ½ a gill and 1½ teaspoonful of vinegar, ½ a pint of olive oil, one raw egg. Mix the mustard, salt, and pepper, with the 1½ teaspoonful of vinegar; add the egg, beat *well*, then with the left hand pour the oil ain hair-like stream, while you continue beating the mixture, until the oil is all in; then add by degrees the ½ gill of vinegar, beating briskly all the time. The dressing, if properly made, will be as smooth as cream, and will keep several weeks in a cool place and is always better to stand a day or two after it is made, before using.

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MRS. J. W. STOW, - Editor and Proprietor.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1882.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

THE PETTICOAT.

What is that thing which women wear,
All puffed and puckered every where,
All trim'd with curve and line and square?
The petticoat.

What must be pleat'd, tuck'd and frill'd,
And fring'd and ruffl'd, shir'd and quill'd
Until our hearts with aches are filled?
The petticoat.

What takes our time and health and thot
What is with endless trouble fraught,
And, more than all, is good for naught?
The petticoat.

When you on pleasure trip would go,
What fills you with unmingled woe
By making trunks to overflow?
The petticoat.

What is it switches round your feet,
And raises dust along the street,
Which you'll admit is far from neat?
The petticoat.

What makes you hold it up with care
Whenever you go up a stair,
For fear there'll be a dreadful tear?
The petticoat.

What drags behind when you go down
The steps of cars, and make men frown
Who want to hurry into town?
The petticoat.

What catches when you shut the door?
What trails along the dirty floor?
What's in the way forevermore?
The petticoat,

What is it makes your poor back ache,
And circumscribes each step you take,
Until you long such chains to break?
The petticoat.

What is it men would scorn to wear,
Knowing their health it would impair,
And hinder business everywhere?
The petticoat.

What is unfit for human use,
And still remains without excuse,
Deserving nothing but abuse?
The petticoat.

What must ere long step down and out,
Be put to everlasting rout,
And never more be seen about?
The petticoat.

Woman's Journal.

Correspondence.

Oakdale, Feb, 9-82

Mrs. J. W. Stow.

God bless the Herald of Industry!

F. F. S-

Boston, Mass.

My Dear Mrs. Stow:-Enclosed find check for seven copies of the Herald for one year. I feel anxious to send them far and near. They are full of just such practical teaching as we all need. I wish it could enter every home in the land.

I feel at times as if dear friends will hardly care to hear from me, as I have still the oft told story—a widow's wrongs, to write about. We are robbed by executors, lawyers and courts. May God hasten the day when we may have our rights in property. What a work you are doing! Think of setting type for your paper. Do you enjoy your usual fine health? Take good care of yourself, you are doing a splendid work for women and they will yet *bless* you for it.

Truly your friend,

—.—.—

Boston Jan. 23-85.

You are doing a most benificent work for woman, by means of your paper Women greatly need enlightenment, industrially, scientifically, politically, and theologically. You are taking the right steps towards educating them. They need remunerative employments to make them financially independent. You are showing them the avenues to wealth; But, never can women obtain justice thru the laws, and those who execute them, till they have the ballot.

I am a citizen of Louisiana, whose present constitution limits taxation to a certain per cent, except when by a vote of the *male* property taxpayers, in municipalities or parishes, for local purposes, it may be increased indefinitely. Thus the property of every woman is liable to be confiscated, at the option of a few men, or possibly by only one. And even for general taxation, we are at the mercy of assessors as I know to my cost; for my plantation of equal value with one adjoining it, is assessed at twice the amount of the other, whose owner is a voter. Adjoining me on the other side, a widow's land is assessed at three times the sum for which, she for years has offered it for sale, without finding a purchaser. The constitution provides for an appeal to the courts for a redress of such grievances. But we all know what an appeal to the courts coasts. Till we have the right of suffrage, we shall have no rights that men feel bound to respect.

Truly yours for the right,

Emily P. Collins.

Portland, Or. Feb. 17, 1882.

Mrs. J. W. Stow, Dear Madam;

The copies of the "Woman's Herald" were received, for which accept thanks.

I have heard and read of the good work you are doing, but did not know of the existence of your valuable paper—S. S. Co-operator, most appropriately named. I rejoice very much, that this subject is agitated here on this coast, and sincerely hope that the people may awake,to the interests of practical co-operation, which has done incalculable good in Englund and some of the Eastern States, by raising thousands, yea millions of poor, depending, slaving, toiling, intemperate human beings upon a higher moral and intellectual plane, in having the opportunity to become by their own efforts of economy, self-sustaining and independent. By and through education, and practical co-operation alone can reform succeed, and the benefits therefrom become permanent.

Again, I rejoice to see the women so earnestly and actively engaged in the field. Go on with the work, and rest not until you have obtained your *divine right*, the equality with man. God is with you, nature is with you, and the noblest, best and wisest of the army of the world's reformers are with you.

There is one subject of which I would like to make particular mention, and that is Temperance! There is a great work before you, and for which woman by nature is best adspted. Perhaps herein lies the cause of so much opposition to the woman suffrage movement; because *rum* is an important factor in our municipal, state, and federal elections. The bar-room element is one of great power and influence, and must by all means, be secured by the candidate who desires to get into office. Is it to be wondered at, when they make the most heroic efforts to thwart and oppose woman suffrage, which means death to their abominable business. Bar-rooms are a curse to this, or any country. I regard them as the vestibules of hell; the generators of vice and crime. What do they contribute to the public welfare? Pay taxes, license, swell the revenue of the country in order to help Uncle Sam in paying his expenses; O, delusion! The people, the industrious working people have to pay a thousand-fold, to sustain criminal courts, prisons, asylums, and work houses; pay lawyers' fees, detectives and hangman. Might as well license criminals, for they too help by their work in prison to pay for running that institution.

Let us co-operate in the work of exterminating this gigantic evil; by united and earnest efforts we will succeed, and society and the world will be benefited.

Fraternally, Charles Griessen.

Potter Valley, Cal. Jan. 18-82.

Mrs. C. M. Lovejoy—Dear Sister;

My grateful acknowledgment is due for the kind and valuable expression of the appreciation of the S. S. Sisterhood, for my labors in behalf of disfranchised, paupered womanhood, conveyed by your note of Dec. 24th. And allow me to say that as an outgrowth of such labors of self-denying, predjudice defying women, the S. S. Sisterhoods are proud trophies.

Yours, gratefully and affectionately,

Clarina I. H. Nichols.

AN OPEN LETTER.

There comes almost every day questioning letters from friends, saying, "What is the reason that you do not *answer* my letters?" One says, that pent up wrath has been nursed nine months to a day. Evidently it had a warm gestation, judging from the theometrical state in which the answer arrived. The only marvel is that it escaped being turned to cinder by spontaneous combustion. A groán comes from over the sea that I "once wrote such charming letters, unscrimped and unstinted, and that they were like the dews of Hermon to the scorched desert of a thirsty soul." Ah friends, during my seven years probate pilgrimage up and down the land I had the time to write many letters, I had time to indulge in mental telegraphy, I had many and varied peoples, places and things to write aqout, I was ever upon the wing, here to-day, there tomorrow: my life was a kaleidoscope of events. Now I am chained to the wheel of routine duty, and when I tell you that if I had three pairs of hands instead of one pair, and three brains instead of one, I could keep them busy as a thousand bees ten hours a day, and that is overleaping my laws of life almost one-half; you will be patient and forgiving, and above all continue to write me the same long, kind letters as of yore. Know that my heart is unchanged, and tho' we may never again meet on life's high seas, I shall ever love you with "supreme devotion." Into whatever casket has gone the jewel of my love, there it shall remain till the sea gives up her dead. and with me, where Friendship has strewn her violets the forget-me-nots are ever and always in perennial bloom.

O friends! write me often, not expecting a personal answer, for I never needed your sympathy, your love, your words of cheer so much as now Think how I shall scold you on the other side, if you don't heed my prayer—and that would be dreadful! My life has been so much of a warfare of late that I shall long for peace when we get there. I ask of those whose souls vibrate to the same chord as mine whether we have ever met or not, to write me. Let us know each other through the magic talisman of pen and paper. Life is too short to admit of delay. Social Science is the key that will unlock all true hearts and bring about a purer and healthier civilization in which the science of life will bear divinest blossoms and fruit.

Mrs. Stow.

Hopps & Sons,

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No. 429 Pine St, - San Francisco.

Opp. California Market.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

Abraham and Mary Lincoln.

The spring of 1861 I visited Washington for the first time in my life, taking letters of introduction fron eminent men in New York and Ohio to Lincoln, Seward, Colfax and several members of Congress. I had every opportunity to see much of society, as it then was—and as I have no doubt still is, and will couiinue to be.—We—(self and private secretary, whom; very much to her amusement, every one took for my *maid*,) stopped with *tout le mond*, at Willard's and saw and were seen to our hearts' content. Whenever I entered the Capitol my escort was a "member," and whenever I went to drive my companion was a "member," and everywhere the pliant knee was bent because I was with a "member." I tell this not to boast because "members' flesh and blood, and bone and sinew, are flesh, blood, bone and sinew, *only*, but to show how large we, women, will be when we ascend to "membership."

Hon.——a "member," I will call him "John," for short, during his first call said, "Tomorrow evening is the President's reception, shall I call with a carriage for you?" "Yes," I replied, if you'll take me just as I am, in this old silk with the leg-of-mutton sleeve. "Certainly," he answered, casting a furtive glance at the old gown with its grand array of rippling flounces, "there are no absolute rules or regulations as regards dress. You can wear a wrapper and I a dressing-gown, if we take a fancy to appear in these garments, and no one willl frown."

I saw the reception and the reception saw me, but not the befrilled dress. Ah! how many elegant men and lovely women wandered up and down those grand old halls that night, where

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And allwent merry as a marriage-bell.

Kate Chase, in a fleece of gold, hung like a radiant gem on the arm of her stately father. Mary Lincoln in pale blush-pink and roses, the first lady in the land, stood and bowed graciously to the passers by or cordially extended her hand to acquaintances; when my turn came she said, "How do you po Mrs. John?" "No, no!" exclaimed Hon. John, "Mrs. Bell," but she did not heed the tinkle, for the resistless human wave had swept Bell and escort out or ears' reach.

The following morning I took some of my lettars and called, all alone, upon Mr. Colfax. But it greatly shocked that courtly gentleman to be alone, in a handsome drawing room with a woman, a young woman, and widow. The moment he could catch his breath after reading the letter, he arose and stood before me in terrible grandeur, and said, "Madam, I am surprised that you should call upon me *alone!*" "Am I in peril, sir, I questioned, hastily rising and looking out of the window, expecting to see the mansion surrounded with bristling bayonets. "You have transgressed a point of etiquette in coming to see me *alone*, madam!" "Oh, is that all," I laughingly replied, "its a dull *point*. Good morning, sir."

I have always believed from that moment to this, that Schuyler weighs a ton.

From there I went directly to the White House, all *alone*, and not a bit afraid. Mr. Lincoln remembered me, for he had said a few pleasant words about Ohio people when we were introduced, the evening before, and rising gave me a friendly greeting, without even noticing that I was unattended by a "member." Holding my hand and not inviting me to be seated, he said, "What can I do for you, my child?" I briefly stated my business, but he gravely shook his head, and explained in these words. "At this perilous moment I recommend no work however meritorious, which is not *national* in its character," and begging to be excused, requested an attendant to show me to Mrs! Lincoln's room, saying, with a parting salutation, "*she* has time to hear you."

She could not have examined the card which preceded me, for she again eallled me Mrs. John, and when her mind was disabused of its error, I tho't her manner less cordial, and that I had lost favor in her eyes. Still she was sorry for the poor houseless, homeless shop girls of New York city, for whom I was pleading—said they were to be pitied, etc. etc. However, Mary Lincoln was then living on the sunny surface of life; since that time her mother-heart and wife-heart has bled enough to make a united nation weep tears of bitterest grief. No one can doubt her capacity to suffer who peruses the following letter recently published in the *Globe—Democrat.*

Ex. Mansion, May 29th, 1864

My Dear Mrs——: Your very welcome letter was received two weeks since, and my sadness and ill-health have alone prevented my replying to it. We have met with so overwhelming an affliction in the death of our beloved Willie—a being too precious for earth—that I am so completely unnerved that I can scarcely command myself to write. What would I give to see you and talk with you in our crushing bereavement. If any one's presence could afford comfort it would be yours. You were always a good friend and dearly have I loved you. All that human skill could do was done for our sainted boy. I fully believe that the severe illness he passed through, now almost two years since, was but a warning to us that one so pure was not to remain long here, and at the same time he was lent us a little longer to try us and wean us from a world whose chains were fastening around us, and when the blow came it found us so unprepared to meet it! Our home is very beautiful, the grounds around us are enchanting, the world still smiles and pays homage, yet the charm is dispelled. Every thing appears a mockery. The idolized one is not with us. He has fulfilled his mission and we are left desolate. When I think over his short but happy childhood—how much comfort he always was to me, and how fearfully I always found my hopes cencentrating on so good a boy as he was—when I can bring myself to realize that he has indeed passed away, my question to myself is, Can life be endured? Dear little Taddie, who was so devoted to his darling brother, although as deeply afflicted as ourselves, bears up and teaches us a lesson in enduring the stroke to which we must submit.

Robert will be home from Cambridge in about six weeks and will spend his vacation with us. He has grown and improved more than any one you ever saw. Will we ever meet and talk together as we have done? Time—how many sad changes it brings! The 1st of July we go out to the Soldiers' Home, a very charming place, two and a half miles from the city—several hundred feet above our present situation—to pass the summer. I fear that it will be a greater "resort,' than here if possible. When we are in sorrow quiet is very necessary to us. With love to all, I remain ever your attached friend,

MARY LINCOLN.

I am glad that Government has at last discovered that this nation has *two* widows.

Mrs. Stow.

The Dietz Patent Dust-Pan,

Invented and paten ted July 12th ,1881, by Emma L. and Mary A. Dietz of Oakland Cal. supplies a long felt need, and is conceded by all who have used it to be the best invention ever introduced by which carpets may be thoroughly swept without injury, or the annoyance of dust rising. Being simple in construction, it cannot get out of order. It is well made and with care will last for years. Price within reach of all, ranging from 75cts. to $1,25 according to size and quality. Samples will be forwarded on application, with price, to trade, Territory will be sold and the Right to manufacture on Royalty given, Orders addressed to Miss E, L, and M. A. Dietz, Oakland, Cala., will receive prompt attention.

Agents Wanted.

[illegible] air io provide dinners foir boor girls and in spite of the bad weather, made t attractive and remunerative.

Woman's Journal.

Wanted; Wanted:

Agents, Agents, Agents,

TO CANVASS FOR

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTKY.

Premiums offered.

Probate Confiscation and Probate Chaff. The first book is in its fourth edition, has over 400 pages, is printed on fine tinted paper and butifully bound in best English cloth. It gives the legal rites of married women, widows, orfans and brobate courts. It shows how sacredly the property of widows and fatherless children is garby our wise lawmakers. Few books have had more extended notices and reviews. It is worse than folly it is a *crime* to be ignorant of the laws affecting home and loved ones.

Probate Chaff gives the merry side of a dark picture, It is illustrated with 200 cuts. These valuable books will be forwarded, post-paid, to any one, who will send $10 and twenty names, subscribers to the HERALD.

Why people should take the HERALD OF INDUSTRY. It is the only paper in California owned and made entirely by women in the interest of women. Every true woman who takes an interest and pride in the "woman-movement" will subscribe for its organ in in her own state. The price is so small it comes within the reach of all.

I urge eaery woman, man and child to each city, town and hamlet in the state to obtain subscribers for this paper.—FIFTY per cent. commission is paid, for both subscriptions and advertisements.

Send in your oaders to 304 Stockton street, San Francisco.

"EXPERT"

THE HERALD would get on its knees to its patrons—if it was ever gilty of the humiliation, which it is not—for having a new head, or rather, for appearing in a different letter-head the three last numbers. In this respect it looks as frivolus as our ancestors did in their lace heads. However, the editor is not to blame, further than that she employed a masculine "expert." He must have been of the heroic gender to be an *expert*. He said the first head (which, by-the-by, could not be used on the third number owing to a full inch shrinkage in the width of the head,) was a "blunder," and that the February head was "no head at all for a *newspaper*." He being a headstrong "expert" put on his own head, or head-letter, ta make a woman's paper *compos mentis*.

The "expert" has gone where the "woodbine twineth" and "white folks dwell," and the HERALD wears the rejected head.—SUBSCRIBE FOR THE HERALD

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME OF THE RATIONAL DRESS SOCIETY. *London, England.*

So many questions are asked as to the divided skirt we recommend, that it seems desirable to issue a short leaflet on the subject. Not because it is the principle reform we advocate, or even an indispensable part of it, but as it is the only new part of it, it excites more attention and without explanation is liable to be misapprehended.

The divided skirt is a skirt divided between the legs so as to clothe each leg separately, the under clothing to be arranged beneath this as most convenient. It should come to about the instep, quite clearing the ground, and be made about a yard round at the ankle. An ordinary dress skirt is worn over this, which may be as much or as little trimmed as the wearer may fancy, although to secure lightness the less the better.

The divided skirt may appear under the top skirt about two or three inches without exciting the least notice.

The divided skirt and the under garments may be fastened to a broad band fitted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any sort round the waist. Or, if preferred, hooks or buttons can be placed on a calico bodice to be attached to corresponding loops on the skirts. The top part of the dress may be any loose body or jacket the wearer may choose, always avoiding bands, ligatures, or pressure of any sort from below the fixed ribs to the top of the hips.

In this costume the weight of clothing may be reduced at least one-half, because as the divided skirts cover the body fully and evenly, fewer layers of clothing are required, and less material in their construction. We have here a style of dress by which no internal organ can be injured, no muscle cramped, no movement of the body impeded, and to which the wearer may add as much grace and beauty as her own good taste may direct.

NOTICE:—The Committee of the "Rational Dress Society," intends to protest against the attempt to introduce any fashion in dress which either deforms the figure, impedes the movements of the body, or injures the health, and earnestly begs members of the society to avoid wearing any article of dress so denounced.

They protest against corsets or tight fitting bodices of any kind, high or narrow heeled boots and shoes, as injurious to health.

Against heavily weighted skirts, as rendering healthy exercise almost impossible, and all tie down cloaks or other garments which impede the movements of the arms.

Against crinolines, or crinolettes of any kind or shape, as deforming, indecent, and vulgar.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union.

532 California Street, Corner Webb.

For the half year ending with December 31, 1881, a Dividend has been declared at the rate of five [5] per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth [4 1-6] per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of Federal Tax, payable on and after Wednesday, January 11, 1882.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

San Francisco, Jan. 16—82

HENRY G. HANES, State Mineralogist, Dear Sir: I was recently induced to visit the Museum of the State Mining Bureau by reading your late Report, which you so kindly sent me by my husband; please accept my thanks for the same.

In it you speak of the possibilities of the future for the institution, and also allude to the want of a public "Art Gallery." I most heartily coincide with you, and desire to start a movement in that direction by donating two oil paintings, my own work, with the hope that others will contribute works of art, and the desired nucleus of a future collection soon be created.

I have passed many happy hours in the finest Galleries of Europe, and while we cannot hope to equal them, we must not forget they once had a beginning.

Asking you to accept them in the name of the State, I am, respectfully yours, MRS. J. H. HOLT.

137 Lick House, Jan. 16, 1882.

Cal. State Mining Bureau,
Office of State Mineralogist,
San Francisco, Jan. 20, 1882.

MRS. J. H. HOLT, Lick House, Madam; I am in receipt of your letter dated Jan. 16, 1882 and the paintings mentioned therein. which have been hung on the walls of the State Museum. I am pleased to inform you that your timely donation has led to another. Mr. Max Burkandt of this city has sent in a picture which has also been hung in the Museum, and others have promised to contribute other valuable works of art.

A public Picture Gallery, beginning with the works of local artists, must naturally lead to a more general collection, eventually including statuary and other works of art. Such an addition to the State Museum already established will tend to educate the rising generation and to cultivate a taste for art which will be of undoubted benefit to them and to the State generally, and serve as an incentive to those having talent to pursue their studies.

It has been the aim of the management of the State Mining Bureau to make the Museum of the Institution an attractive place of resort for citizens and strangers, and a Picture Gallery, of which you have laid the foundation, cannot fail to be an interesting and instructive feature.

HENRY G. HANES, State Mineralogist.

From S. F, Evg. Bulletin.

A GOOD LECTURE.

What a Woman Says About "Women in Medicine and Their Colleges."

Some Very Suggestive Statements and Strong Arguments.

The following address was delivered at the opening exercises of the Woman's Medical College of the Pacific Coast, 155 New Montgomery street, by Mrs. S. E. Furnas Wells, M. D., President of the College:

In tracing the history of medicine we find from the earliest ages that the names of women appear, who were gifted in the healing art, and who possessed a knowledge of drugs and their application. Before the rise of the present schools of medicine, women were virtually the physicians and surgeons of the world. In the third century Aspasia at Rome, practiced medicine and wrote different works on the diseases of women. Cleopatra left works on medicine which were quoted by many authors. In the thirteenth century Tortula, an Arabian woman, published a treatise in which she mentioned that many Saracenic women practiced the art of obstetrics, at Salerno. In 1732 Laura Bassi, an Italian lady, graduated at Bologna and filled the chair of Natural Philosophy for six years. In the last part of the eighteenth century Madonna Manzolina lectured on Anatomy at Bologna, while other ladies filled positions of less importance. Agnodice became so distinguished in medicine that a law was passed allowing all free-born women of Greece the right to practice medicine. About the same time a great social movement began, effecting all classes, from the monarch on his throne down to the mechanic and peasant. It was the dawn of quite a new order of thought. The breaking up of the social system built up in past centuries. It had this new feature, that women took part in every speculation and every practical effort. In France, Germany and England, women became noted and brilliant in history. After the year 1780, a great change gradually developed in the education and ideas of women. The present century has witnessed the founding of colleges for women, and by women. Catharine II, of Russia, opened foundling hospitals and schools for nurses at St. Petersburg and Moscow, which are among the first institutions of the kind in Europe. In England colleges have been opened for women. Queen's College which received the royal charter in 1853, is under the superintendence of the Bishop of London. Previous to the founding of colleges for women, we find that women contributed largely to the foundation and endowment of colleges for men. In the University of Cambridge, which contains thirteen colleges and four halls, several were founded or assisted by women. Clare Hall and Pembroke Hall were founded by titled ladies. Margaret of Anjou, founded and partially endowed Queen's College. Christ's College was endowed by a lady. In England women first became distinguished in literature, then in art, and have excelled in the drama. The queens of the drama have swayed the world and won for themselves the brightest honors. And why! because they were absolutely necessary to the development of the art, and have therefore been aided, encouraged and protected in its exercise by men. In the medical profession women in England for years made no progress. The first movement in this direction was made by Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, who after years of study under the sternest opposition overcame all barriers and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. She is now engaged in a large and lucrative practice in London, and has opened a hospital for women and children. Associated with her in the profession is Mrs. Morgan, a lady graduate from Continental Europe.

In 1871, at the time of my second visit to England, the most intense excitement prevailed throughout the British Isles, about a lady, by name, Mrs. Jex Blake, who had presented her application for graduation in the medical department of the University of Edinburgh, on being rejected, ladies of title and rank rose in her behalf, raised petitions, and formed subscriptions to the amount of hundreds of pounds sterling, and never ceased their efforts until they achieved success. At the last Commencement Exercises in Edinburgh there were twenty-five lady graduates.

Mrs. Maclaren, wife of the member of Parliament from Edinburgh, came to see me in London, on learning that I had just arrived from the University of Austria at Vienna, where I had studied, passed my examinations, and received certificates on practical subjects of medicine. On hearing me relate my experience, she remarked: "The Americans have just cause to be proud of you, for you have displayed as much courage as the soldier who takes his place in the army, and you merit as much honor as the victorious general on the field of battle." She took me with her in her carriage to the closing of the Houses of Parliament. Afterwards on visiting Edinburgh. I was an invited guest at her house. In the United States, long before this important movement in England, the medical profession was opened to women. When the question was first agitated the the medical colleges of the country were closed against them, and hospital advantages were denied them. Medical Colleges were therefore established expressly for the instruction of women. The ladies in our country who were the first to commence the study and practice of medicine, as a profession, were those who opened the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, the Medical College for Women in Boston, and those of the three Medical Colleges for Women in New York City. In Philadelphia, in a building north of Girard College, in the halls of which I attended my first course of medical lectures, three devoted women, some thirty years ago, were seen going through the dull rounds of duty, day by day, the beginning was small, the burden to be borne was heavy, but time has proved how worthily the work was done. The names of Dr. Emeline Horton Cleveland, Dr. Ann Preston and Dr. Mary J. Scarlett, shine out as brilliant gems in the diadem of medical fame. The college is now richly endowed, and is one of the best in the United States. About the same time the Blackwell sisters in New York, were arduously engaged in laying the foundation of what is now a college of equal renown. Of all the women in medicine, of that period, perhaps no one has by her individual efforts achieved such remarkable success as Dr. Clemence S. Lozier, Dean and Emeritus Professor of the New York Medical College for Women, now a department of the University of New York, a college which I am proud to own as my *Alma Mater*. By the persevering efforts of this distinguished lady, a college and hospital were founded and sustained. Our building in New York City was a brown stone front, worth $40,000, and the lecture rooms, cabinets and museum contained the Anatomical, Physiological and Patnalogical preparations from Paris and different parts of Europe, valued at 30,000 francs. Mrs. Dr. Lozier and others opened the doors of Bellevue, the hospital and clinical lectures to women, gained access to the eye and ear infirmity, Dr. Sims clinics, different medical institutions in the city, and the

haps one of the most remarkable features of the life of Mrs. Dr. Lozier is, that she has with all her public duties, ever preserved the charming grace and dignity of a true woman, holding her position at the head of a well ordered and richly furnished house. At the time that I received my degree in medicine there was a demand for ladies to fill professors' chairs in this college. I was selected by the Trustees for the chair of Anatomy; my class-mate, Mrs. Charlotte I Lozier, for Physiology, the following winter we were called to mourn the loss of this brilliant and estimable lady. At her death, the professorship of both Anatomy and Physiology were conferred on me, which I held until there was a demand for a lady to fill the professorship of Obstetrics, to this position I was invited by the trustees and Faculty. Seeing the need of a thorough practical knowledge of the subject, and an extensive experience, it was decided for me to go to the University of Austria, at Vienna, to the largest hospital in the world, which is under the direction of the most skilled and renowned medical men of the times, Drs. Braun, Rockitansky, Sigmond, Morhoffer, and many others. My first sea voyage was across the Atlantic in the stormy month of March. I passed through Berlin and other cities of Prussia, at the time that the troops were returning from the war, the railway stations were crowded with armed men, and in the coaches were the wounded and dying. On reaching Vienna, I found that the typhus fever was raging, and deaths were daily occurring in the hospital, this however did not deter me from entering the course at once. To my surprise, the utmost courtesy was shown me by all the professors—men so distinguished in science; and the best opportunities which the great hospital possessed for the study of disease and the practice of medicine were offered to me. Such privileges, with a deep devotion to my profession, served as a shield to me in attending the clinics in the presence of hundreds of students and physicians from all parts of the world. In all the surgical operations which I was called upon to perform, I succeeded with marked skill, amid the applause often of the professors and the class, and at the examinations, I received my certificates, of the same degree as those given to the men doctors. I then returned to New York, and filled my position as professor in the college, and physician in the hospital, to the entire satisfaction of all interested in the work, until I was overtaken with a severe illness, from the effects of which I did not permanently recover until I went abroad the second time. Now after years spent in many foreign lands, in both the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, in my tour of the world, I have decided to engage in a most important work in this city. For one, I am deeply interested in establishing the Woman's Medical College, Hospital and Dispensary, of the Pacific Coast. It has been but little more than one hundred years since the Franciscan Fathers planted the first vines and trees in the State of California; the old mission vine, the olive, the pear and the pomegranate still exist as monuments to their memory.

Less than half a century has elapsed since the news of California's fabulous wealth burst upon the world, and turned with electric force the tide of emigration to her shores. Now the institutions of California hold rank with the first on the Continent. Science, art, discovery and invention seek her bourne as their true home.

"Behold the mighty change that time has wrought, a city vast where once the hamlet stoodi taste, wealth, culture, their rich treasures brought. Art writes her triumphs o'er each fertile rood."

Our meeting this evening for the Opening Exercises of the Women's Medical College of the Pacific Coast, is an event well worthy of the records of this mighty march of progress. To women's advancement, more liberality and courtesy could not be shown in any part of the world than on the Pacific Coast. And a more favored spot for a women's medical college could not be found than in San Francisco, the metropolis of the Golden State. The idea of this institution was barely suggested when it was caught up and impelled onward with rapidity even startling to us, the originators. Since our first formal meeting, October 6th, for organizing a Women's Medical College, the theme has constantly occupied our minds, and to it we have devoted our time, sinking individual interests for the good of the cause. This evening, we, the Incorporators and directors of the Women's Medical College, Hospital and Dispensary of the Pacific Coast, appear before you, to interest you in this grand and noble cause, to impress the thought that you, individually, may have a part in a work which though small in its beginning, may live to accomplish its purposes and grace the pages of history, after you have passed away. For, like a truth once uttered, it will be heard and heeded by some one, and heard and heed will multiply itself a thousand fold. Woman and her work is one of the greatest questions of the age, and while social problems of chiefest interest concern her, the laws of her physical life shape her destiny and reveal her future. Women, as well as men, have duties to discharge for the good of the race and the hopes of mankind. Perhaps of all the professions, the practice of medicine opens to her the grandest field of usefulness, and affords her an appropriate sphere. The number of cultured women now engaged in the practice of medicine have demonstrated in the most practical manner their fitness for a profession once regarded as belonging only to men, and a profession to which they may devote their lives, without relinquishing a degree of true womanliness. The medical education of women is no longer a question, it is now a fact accomplished and accepted as such, even by those who at first were its strongest opponents. At this day no plea or apology is needed, since it is presumed that the justice and wisdom of the measure will commend itself without argument to the common sense of those who think. The medical education of women must be more thorough and carried to a higher degree than the medical education of men.

It is our aim to have a college which will afford women opportunities for acquiring a thorough medical education, and to qualify them to take positions in society which will advance their own welfare, make them useful to themselves, their families and the world.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY
— AND —
SOCIAL SCIENCE CO-OPERATOR.

A monthly eight page Newspaper published in San Francisco, Cal., by

MRS. J. W. STOW,

PRICE ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

This is the only paper in the world whose leading feature is the INDUSTRIAL EMANCIPATION of women, through self-help and co-operation. It fearlessly preaches the new doctrine of reason and common sense, in proclaiming that every child has a divine right to be well born. It points the finger of shame at perpetuators of disease, crime, idiocy and lust. It voices "Equality before the law," and "An aristocracy of sex is repugnant to a republic."

THE HERALD OF INDUSTRY
— IS A —
STATE and NATIONAL ORGAN,
FEARLESS, OUTSPOKEN, AGGRESSIVE.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a most vigorously edited paper.—*Morning Call, San Francisco, Cal.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a remarkable sheet. It contains more that is important to women than any paper that I ever opened.—*Jeanne C. Carr.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a spunky and spicy new amazonian, is a business journal, and champions temperance and justice and education on business principles. It is pure gold from San Francisco.—*Boyce's "Saturday Anvil," Washington, D. C.*

It is admirable, sound and alive.—*Clarina I. H. Nichols.*

It looks healthy, and I am of the opinion that its healthy parent will sustain it with good, solid and aggressive food, and that in due time its strength will be great and powerful.—*Clara S. Foltz, Attorney-at-law.*

This excellent journal should reach every intelligent woman on the Pacific Coast.—*Mrs. Rowena G. Steele.*

We are doubly glad to welcome this *industrial* journal, knowing that under Mrs. Stow's management it will do a grand work for women.—*Clara Berwick Colby, Beatrice Express.*

The first number of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY is intensely interesting. It has held me spell-bound all the morning.—*Harriet S. Brooks.*

We like the bold, frank and fearless spirit with which it battles against wrong to women. It does honor to the independent editor, and honor to the association over which she presides with so much ability.—*Col. Warren, California Farmer.*

This paper is one of the best of its class we have ever had the pleasure of looking over, and it should certainly succeed. Its mission is a noble one, and it has the right person at the helm. Mrs. Stow makes a readable, earnest and effective paper, and every woman who neglects subscribing for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY does not know how to spend a dollar.—*San Leandro Weekly Sentinel.*

The paper is remarkable for the boldness with which it states facts, and attacks unjust and unequal laws.—*Lucy Stone, Women's Journal.*

The editor is free and outspoken in denouncing what she conceives to be wrong, and vigorously advocates what she believes to be right. She is an excellent writer, as will be seen by a careful perusal of her paper, which we recommend to all our lady readers. Subscribe for it at once. Only one dollar a year.—*Mountain Echo.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is breezy with the spirit of *liberty*.—*Frances Ellen Burr.*

When reading your paper to-day I was forcibly reminded of Garibaldi's immortal manifesto, that "rang like a silver trumpet round the world," in which he said: "Whoever is in love with hunger, with cold, with death, follow me." Reformers must be fighters. Every footprint of human progress has been wet with tears, and led through tribulation, suffering and strife.—*Wm. H. Robb, M.D.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a paper published monthly by Mrs. J. Stow, a woman of rare ability and fine attainments. It will prove a great educator.—*Medico-Literary Journal*, San Francisco.

This paper fills a niche never yet occupied in the history of journalism, and its mission is one that commends it to every family in the land. It most eloquently proclaims the rights of woman, which she never yet enjoyed in this land of "liberty," and we most heartily endorse its sentiments. May it speak forth in tones of thunder, until the sound thereof reverberates throughout the whole land.—*Leemoor Advertiser.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a *gem*. I am greatly pleased with it. I see thee believes in all true reforms—a true Radical in deeds as well as words—and I am anxious to make friends with thee. I am a full believer in Woman; her mission of purifying the race, exalting love, ennobling work, and all that elevates and makes us better.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

I like its bold, affirmative position. But few women, unless they have been subject to martyrdom, as you have been, can realize what is due from womanhoood to the progress of civilization and the building of humanity.—*Lucinda B. Chandler.*

This beautiful publication is edited with marked ability, and is "devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help." We hope and prophecy a successful career for this new enterprise. *Western Woman's Journal.*

I am delighted with the courage and executive ability displayed in the HERALD.—*Clemence S. Lozier, M.D.*

The opening number gives promise of a most readable, able, spicy and very useful journal.—*The Rescue.*

WOMAN'S HERALD is wide-awake and aggressive, and bids fair to reach a large circle of readers.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. Those folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Mattie P. Krekel, Mirror of Progress.*

Have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

A bright, readable paper. Mr. Parker joins me in wishing you every success.—*Julia E. Smith.*

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Duniway, New Northwest.*

I have just finished reading the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and thank you for *one* of the *three* happy days of my life.—*Virginia A. Bells.*

McNALLY & HAWKINS,
Importers and Manufacturers of
GAS FIXTURES,
Brackets, Rubber Hose, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, and a Complete Assortment of all kinds of
PIPES AND FITTINGS FOR GAS, WATER AND STEAM.
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Established 1856.
Constantly on hand a large stock of
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and unphysiological dress has had the inevitable effect of incapacitating woman for many kinds of labor which she is constitutionally fitted to perform. Large numbers of women are now coming to appreciate this fact and are everywhere asking for a more healthful, practical mode of dressing. In London a Rational Dress Society has been formed, which hes a Viscountess for president. Its object is to protest against the discomfort and harmfulness of modern dress, and the membes also pledge themselves to adopt a style which shall not be subject to the varying changes of fashion. but which will remain respectable until it is worn out. In Germany a still more radical movement has been made in this direction. These are only some of the signs of the times in foreign countries. There are equally significant signs in our own country. They mean revolution, improved conditions for women, larger growth, and a larger and better share in the world's work than she has ever known.

What is needed in a woman's dress is not different from the essentials of a man's dress. Not that a woman need, therefore, dress like a man, bus let the principles on which her drest is made conform to her needs, as a man's does to his. In doing this. skirts must undergo very radical modifications, and petticoats, as at present represented, are doomed to be displaced by other and more suitable garments.

In the attempts made at Our Home to adopt a dress suited to the needs of sick people, all the freedom and warmth of a man's dress is secured in the gaiter pants or dress drawers, made of thick material, warmly lined, and fitting nicely into the high boot or over the instep. Ladies who have worn them, invariably say that they would not, under any consideration, go back to the old method. In the best styles of dress worn at Our Home the skirt is not depended upon for warmth; and even at their own homes many ladies, who feel compelled to conform in some measure to the fashion, still retain these most comfortable undergarments. It is a fallacy to suppose that petticoats are warm in comparison with a separate covering for each limb. They are in every way undesirable, and too often cause the wearers to live constantly in the presence of feebleness and incapacity. If the limbs are kept warm many a cold will be avoided, and the painful congestions, which in large measure arise from chilled extremities, will be unknown. Long ago Christine Nilsson was reported as wearing pants, or close-fitting undergarments' in traveling, because it was so comfortable, she said. Rosa Bonheur, at work in her studio, is charming and womanly still in short tunic and Knickerbockers. But these are women of genius, it is urged: so are many others. There is no lack of natural ability in woman. Genius lies undeveloped in her brain; eloquence is on her tongue; inspiration is in her heart; but whoever is physically unsound is to that degree mentally enfeebled. Our fashions make women sick, and keep them so. and just to the degree that this is done are women enslaved and rendered unfit for active life. Make it possible for every woman to be as free in her dress as every man is, and the sum total of human endeavor will be wondrously increased, while the chances for the growth and normal development of unborn generations will be augmented a hundred-fold.

Then shall our hearts flow out in a pæan
all joyous, all glorious,
And our conquering souls fly upward, like
birds to the free air cast."

Laws of Life.

Co-operative Watch Repairing Co.
FOR THE TRADE.
No. 331 Kearny street,
ROOM 14, UP STAIRS.

ELECTRICITY IS KING.

It is claimed by many scientists and profound thinkers of the day that electricity is life; that it enters into our existence, is above us, beneath us and that it is a part of us all agree. Like Franklin and Humboldt. the philosophers and scientific men of the last century only dealt with this question in what might be termed philosophic pride, or scientific medical electricity, has been the triumph and glory of the nineteenth century, and principally the last ten years, to utilize by mechanical devices and inventions, electricity to a degree that is marvelous; and it seems to be only a brief question of time when it will assume the prerogative of King. The recent exhibition in Paris of the power and uses to which electricity can be applied, were convincing proofs that before another decade has passed. the whole economy and motive power of civilized and enlightened nations will be revolutionized by the forces of nature.

In the Fall of 1881, Exhibition Hall, at Paris, presented a scene that almost baffled description. Exhibits from all the principal nations of Europe, including those from the United States, showed the interest taken in this great motive power. In this great competition our American exhibits received their share of credit. Brush, Moxim and Edison, (five to Edison) were awarded gold medals. Practical applications of electricity were fully demonstrated. A 1,000 horse power for generating electricity, a model of a French lighthouse with an electric light and a flying machine worked by electricity. Industries in every day life were represented, and the practical uses to which electricity can be applied were shown. Having been in connection with the chief Opera House in Paris by telephonic appliances, visitors could hear the opera or the play by electricity. There is now a line of street cars run by electricity in Berlin, as there was in Paris during this exhibition. Pleasure boats are propelled by electricity, lamps lighted and extinguished by electricity, and in town, city country may be seen the soft radiant electric ligst suspended in mid air, 200 to 500 feet high. While the practical mechanical appliances for the domestic uses of life in their growth and extent have been unprecedented, the science of medical electricity has been studied and used for over two centuries. The enlightened minds of the last one-half of the nineteenth century have the honor of touching the human system with this vital spark with an intelligent understanding and life-giving effect.

Without entering into a disquisition of the benefits of electric corsets, electric hairbrushes, electric spectacles, etc., the science of Electro-Therapeutics is engaging the attention of our best minds with gracious results, prolonging life, eradicating disease, and proving it, in the hands of skillful men, a panacea for most of the ills and diseases of which the human family is heir to. The favor in which "Clinical Electro-Therapeutics" is held by the people in educated and enlightened countries, has induced charlatans and mountebanks to sell this "Heavenly flame" without any scientific knowledge of its use or effect on the human system. From the days of Pliny and Wesley, appliances, mechanical devices and experiments, have been made to generate and charge the human body with electricity for the purpose of eliminating disease and restoring lost vitality. Of all that have peen used it has been the triumph of an American inventor of San Francisco, to make an appliance known as Horne's Electro-Magnetic and Galvanic Belt, that can be applied at the seat of nervous centres and regulated and controlled at the will of the patient. As compared with others, it is the acme of perfection, and justly entitles the inventor to be placed in the galaxy of eminent men who have been promoters of Medical Electricity.

PETTICOATS, ARE THEY DOOMED?

By Elinor F. Edwards.

With the exception of priestly robes and the long ulster, skirts are special property of women. Men dress for comfort and health, and no amount of ridicule of stove pipe pantaloons, and no criticism from an artistic standpoint, can produce any marked deviation from the general plan.

The time was when men, as well as women, wore satins, velvets, laces, jewels, false hair, etc., now considered the exclusive belongings of a woman's toilet. What has wrought this wondrous change to a style so frequently condemned as ugly, but so permanent in all its essentials?

It was Jefferson who said that a distinction in dress between classes is unbefiting a true democracy, and hence, all men adopted the dress of the common class. "What is excellent, as God lives, is permanent," and it is because of its intrinsic worth, its fitness for the varied, active life of men, its convenience and comfort, that this style has become so unchanging. Men do not waste any power in the buying, making or wearing of their dress. Always it serves them. Two men who should spend half a day in talking over what to have for a winter suit, how to make it, whether it should have pearl buttons or horn, or whether a new overcoat should be trimmed with velvet, plush or fur, would be set down as wanting in intelligence, at least. But the most intelligent and charming women consider it no waste of time to spend many half days in talking over what they shall have, how it shall be made, and what in the latest style is becoming to them, while hardly one thought is given to the fitness of a garment to the woman or her work. If it fits the fashion, that is enough.

The abominations of a woman's dress are past finding out. In no sense does it correspond to a man's dress in usefulness. While his consults the largest freedom possible, hers absolutely unfits her for any activity, except at great disadvantage. She is continually spending precious strength in carrying about her clothes which mean for the most part skirts, and then she is called the "weaker vessel," because in addition to a burden under which a strong man would falter and faint, she cannot do everything which the family, society and the church expect of her.

Suppose a man were to be compelled to do all his work dressed in an ulster—a garment which but in the slightest degree approaches the clinging, binding character of a woman's skirts; suppose he were to go through college, enter active business life or a proffession; or imagine him a laboring man of any sort, would there not be an appreciable falling off in the amount and character of the work which he should set himself to do? But, above all, would not this masculine soul rebel? Men would not long endure such tyranny. They know too well what freedom means, and public opinion may say what it pleases, it can never enslave men in their dress. "Let it be ugly. It is comfortable," they say.

When once any number of women have the courage to say, "Let us make comfort and health the first considerations in our dress," and will religiously follow out such avowal, how their disabilities will be put away, and how soon the old argument of woman's incapacity will lose its force and drop into forgetfulness.

But a woman must be pretty if she die for it, and not infrequently she does die for it—dies with her powers yet undeveloped; she has been only a consumer in the world, when, if she had been free and well trained, if her time and strength had been made available, the world might have been better because she had lived in it.

Long continued wearing of skirts

ROCHDALE CO-OPERATIVE RULES.

ARTICLE I.

NAME, OBJECTS, MEMBERSHIP, LOCATION.

SECTION 1. The name of this Society shall be the CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

SEC. 2. The objects of this Society shall be:

First.—To supply its members and others with articles for household and personal use that are unadulterated and of good quality.

Second.—To buy such articles at wholesale, to sell the same for cash at retail at the same prices as those charged by other retail dealers, and to divide the profits thus realized among its members and others in proportion as they have contributed to the production of said profit by their CAPITAL, LABOR, OR CUSTOM.

Third.—To provide a safe and profitable investment for the capital saved in small sums by its members, and for the re-investment of the profits made by the business of this Society.

SEC. 3. Any person whose application for membership is approved by the Board of Trustees may become a member of this Society on paying an entrance fee of *fifty cents*, subscribing for one or more shares of its capital stock, and signing an agreement to abide by these by-laws and amendments thereto. In case of his rejection by the Board of Trustees, all money, if any, that he shall have paid shall be returned to him.

The Board of Trustees may suspend any member who persists in conduct which in its judgment is injurious to the Society. In such case they shall, at the next regular meeting of the Society, state the cause of complaint against said member, having first given him three clear days' notice of the same. If a majority of the members present so vote, said member shall be expelled, and on the surrender of all share certificates held by him he shall be paid the (book) value of such certificates. A person who has been expelled shall not be again admitted as a member, except by the vote of two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting of the Society, nor unless notice has been given at the last previous regular meeting of the intention to propose his name for re-admission.

SEC. 4. The office of this Society shall be located in the County of....., and State of..... It shall be established at the store of the Society, or at such other place as the Board of Trustees may from time to time appoint; and at such place all books of account, securities and documents of the Society shall be kept, other than such, if any, as are required for carrying on its business elsewhere.

ARTICLE II.

MEETING AND QUORUMS.

SECTION 1. Regular monthly meetings of this Society shall be held on the third Tuesday in each month.

The monthly meeting occurring in the month of January shall be the regular annual meeting of the Society.

The monthly meetings occurring in the months of March, June, September and December shall be termed regular quarterly meetings, and the financial quarters shall commence on the first of said months. The President shall preside at all meetings when present. In his absence the members present shall elect one of their number to preside for that occasion.

SEC. 2. The following shall be the order of business for all regular meetings of the Society except the regular annual meeting:

1. Reading the minutes of the last meeting.
2. Reading the minutes of the Board of Trustees since the last regular meeting.
3. Secretary's and Treasurer's reports.
4. Reports of Committees.
5. Unfinished business.
6. New business.
7. Enquiries and suggestions.
8. Adjournment.

This order of business may be amended or suspended during any meeting by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

SEC. 3. Special meetings shall be called at any time by the President and Secretary, upon the written request of ten members or by order of the Board of Trustees.

Three clear days' notice shall be given to each member of every special meeting. The notice shall state by whom and for what purpose the meeting is called; and no business shall be brought before the meeting not specified in the call for the same.

SEC. 4. Each member shall be entitled to but one vote, and voting by proxy shall not be allowed. All votes shall be taken by show of hands, unless a majority of members present shall determine otherwise. In case of a tie, the President shall have the right to cast the deciding vote, in addition to his vote as a member.

A majority of members present shall decide all questions, except in those cases otherwise specified by these By-Laws.

SEC. 5. No member in arrears to this Society, on any account whatever, two days previous to any meeting, shall be entitled to vote.

SEC. 6. All meetings shall be held at the Society's place of business, or at such other place as the Board of Trustees may from time to time appoint. At least fifteen (15) members must be present to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; but no meeting shall be rendered incapable of transacting business after the chair has been taken and a quorum has been found to be present.

In case a quorum is not present within one hour after the time stated in the notice for such meeting, the meeting shall stand adjourned to that day week, unless it be a special meeting, in which case it shall be adjourned *sine die*.

A meeting may be adjourned from time to time for any period not exceeding fourteen days, except as herein specified.

ARTICLE III.

OFFICERS AND MANAGEMENT.

SECTION 1. The affairs of this Society shall be conducted by a President, who shall be *ex-officio* a member and Chairman of the Board of Trustees, eight other Trustees and a Treasurer, who shall be elected at each regular annual meeting to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected and qualify.

SEC. 2. Any vacancy occurring in the Board of Trustees may be filled for the unexpired term at the next regular quarterly meeting of the Society after the vacancy occurs, subject to the conditions of nominations herein provided.

SEC. 3. All candidates for office shall be nominated at the regular monthly meeting next preceding that at which the election is to take place.

The Secretary shall prepare a list of all persons nominated, together with the names of the retiring officers, and shall post the same in several conspicuous places in the Society's store at least ten (10) days before election.

Retiring officers shall be eligible to re-election.

The Board of Trustees shall keep a record of the attendance of its members during the year, a summary of which shall be read at the regular annual meeting previous to the election of officers.

SEC. 4. Any member of the Board of Trustees or other officer who shall accept any other office or place of profit in the Society shall first resign the one held by him before entering upon the duties of the new office to which he has been elected or appointed.

This rule shall not apply to any officer who may be elected to represent the Society in any wholesale co-operative society of which it may become a member.

No member of the Board of Trustees shall be interested in any contract with the Society, excepting when he is a member of a firm or company which has entered into contracts with or has done work for the Society, in which case he shall not be present or vote when such contracts are being discussed or acted upon.

SEC. 5. The Board of Trustees shall appoint a Secretary and a business manager. It shall also appoint all employes, and fix all compensations and define all duties not specifically provided in these By-Laws.

SEC. 6. The Secretary shall attend all meetings of the Society and of the Board of Trustees when required, and keep a correct account of the same. He shall keep a register of the addresses of all members, which register shall be open for the inspection of members during business hours. He shall post all notices as required. He shall keep the accounts of the Society in such manner as the Board of Trustees may direct. He shall receive all money due the Society, and pay the same to the Treasurer. He shall, on all occasions, in the execution of his duties, act under the direction and control of the Board of Trustees.

SEC. 7. When any member shall change his address, he shall, within one month thereafter, give notice thereof in writing to the Secretary, who shall, on receiving such notice, make the necessary change in the address of such member in the register of members provided for in the sixth section of this article.

SEC. 8. The Treasurer shall be responsible for such sums of money as may from time to time be paid to him by the Secretary or other persons on the account of this Society, and shall dispose of all money received by him as directed by the Board of Trustees.

All deposits of money in bank shall be in the name of the Society. All checks shall be signed by the Treasurer and counter-signed by the Secretary.

SEC. 9. The Board of Trustees shall require from every person elected, appointed or employed to or in any office or position of trust in this Society, such security as, in the opinion of said Board, shall be duly proportioned to the trust reposed.

SEC. 10. At any regular quarterly meeting of the Society the members present may fix the compensation of the members of the Board of Trustees, Auditing Committee, and of any person or persons delegated to do any special duty for the Society. One month's notice shall be given to all members of any proposed change in the compensation fixed for the members of the Board of Trustees.

SEC. 11. At the regular annual meeting in each year, an Auditing Committee of three members shall be elected, to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected and qualify. No member shall be eligible to serve on the Auditing Committee who holds any other position of honor, trust, or profit in the Society. It shall have power to employ experts at the expense of the Society, if in their judgment necessary. It shall audit the accounts of the Society monthly, and, if found correct, shall so certify on the books of account. It shall lay before each quarterly meeting a balance sheet of the receipts and expenditures, also of the assets and liabilities of the Society, together with a statement of the business of the Society for the last quarter, and its then condition. It shall have power to call for and examine all books, papers, and documents belonging to the Society, and any officer, employe, member, or other person as witnesses. The balance sheet shall bear its certificate of correctness. In case a vacancy occurs in the Auditing Committee, the remaining members shall have power to fill the vacancy for the unexpired term.

SEC. 12. If a member makes any complaint relating to the quality of, or price charged for goods supplied by this Society, or respecting the conduct of any officer or employe of the Society, he shall make such complaint in writing, and deliver it to the Secretary, who shall lay it before the Trustees at their next meeting. Such complaint shall be investigated and acted upon by the Board, and the complaint, with the decision of the Board on the same, shall be entered on its minute book, after which the complaining member shall be furnished with a copy of such entry. If the decision is not satisfactory to such member, he may appeal from the decision of the Board, and lay his complaint, with the decision thereon, before any regular meeting of the Society, having first given fourteen (14) days' notice of his intention to do so. The decision rendered by a majority of the members present shall be final.

If a member makes any suggestion for the good of the Society, it shall take the same course, and be acted upon in the same manner, as herein provided for a complaint.

SEC. 13. The first Board of Trustees shall adopt a seal for the Society, which seal shall be placed in the custody of the Secretary, and shall be affixed to such papers and documents as the Board may direct, from time to time, and an engraving of such seal shall also be printed upon such papers as it may direct from time to time.

SEC. 14. All notices issued by this Society to its members shall be mailed by the Secretary to the address last given by each member, as shown by the register book kept for that purpose.

SEC. 15. No person shall be employed in any capacity for a longer period than three months, unless his appointment is made in writing by the Board of Trustees, and attested by the President and Secretary. No person shall be dismissed after receiving such an appointment, except by a majority vote of the Board, unless it be done as provided for in Section 12 of this Article.

SEC. 16. This Society may become a member of a wholesale co-operative society, by a vote at any regular meeting, provided such action is recommended by the Board of Trustees, in which case the number of delegates by which it is entitled to be represented in such society shall be then elected to serve until the next regular annual meeting and until their successors are elected and qualify. Except as above provided, the delegates shall be elected at the regular annual meeting in each year to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected.

Their compensation shall be fixed by the meeting at which they are elected and qualify.

ARTICLE IV.

THE ACCUMULATION OF CAPITAL AND FINANCIAL MANAGEMENT.

SEC. 1. The capital of the Society shall be divided into shares, having a par value of *twenty-five (25) dollars each.*

They shall be paid for as follows: ten per cent. on subscription, and the balance in installments of one (1) dollar per month. Any member may pay for the whole, or any part of his share or shares in advance, at his option.

All interest and dividends due members shall be placed to the credit of any unpaid share or shares held by them, until the same shall be paid for in full, but shall not be applied in payment of any monthly installment.

SEC. 2. All share installments shall be on the first of each month, commencing with the month next following the date of subscription for the share or shares, except that installments on shares subscribed for to organize a society, shall not commence to be due until such a day as shall be previously fixed by the Board of Trustees, and shall be payable, without special notice, at such place as the Board of Trustees may designate from time to time.

SEC. 3. If any member shall fail to pay any installment when due, he shall pay, with the installment, a delinquent fee at the rate of ten cents for each month or part of a month the installment shall remain unpaid, except that if paid within twenty days from date of maturity, five cents only shall be charged.

SEC. 4. If, on the second ensuing quarter day, the delinquent member shall not have paid his dues and fines, the Board of Trustees may, at their discretion, order the certificates for this shares so in arrears to be cancelled by the Secretary, and a scrip certificate for the amount paid and interest and dividends credited on such share, less the delinquent fine, shall be issued to the holder of the same, and such person shall, thenceforth, cease to be a member, unless he is the holder of another share certificate.

SEC. 5. Scrip certificates shall be issued to members and others, at their request, for any sums of money due them for interest, dividends, or money paid to the Society to the credit of their account; provided that no such certificate shall be issued to any member until all shares held by him are fully paid for, as required in Section 1 of this Article. Such certificates shall be receivable in payment for shares.

SEC. 6. Investments in scrip certificates shall draw interest at the rate of not to exceed six per cent. per annum (one and one-half per cent. per quarter), payable at the end of each financial quarter, but shall not further participate in any division of profits, nor entitle their holder to vote. Interest shall not be paid for any fractional part of a month.

SEC. 7. Holders of scrip certificates may withdraw the amount represented by such certificates from the funds of the Society, provided they are not indebted to the Society in any way, by giving the Secretary a notice in writing of their desire to do so. The Secretary shall, upon the surrender of such scrip certificate, issue to the holder thereof a draft on the Treasurer for the amount to be withdrawn, said draft to be due the number of days after the date of said notice, according to the amount to be paid, as herein specified:

Ten (10) dollars and under, at sight; over ten (10) dollars and under fifty (50) dollars, ten (10) days; over fifty (50) and under one hundred (100) dollars, fifteen (15) days; over one hundred (100) dollars, fifteen (15) days for the first one hundred (100) dollars, and ten (10) additional days for each additional one hundred (100) dollars or fractional part thereof.

SEC. 8. Installments or money paid, and interest and dividends, credited on one share or scrip certificate, shall not be transferred to another.

SEC. 9. All share and scrip certificates shall be transferrable, provided the holder of the same is not indebted to the Society in any way.

Transfers shall be effected by the surrender to the secretary of the certificate issued, with a direction written upon it, signed by the person in whose name it is issued, and one witness, directing the secretary to issue a new certificate to the person to whom the transfer is made; provided that no new share certificate shall be issued to any person until all By-Laws relating to the admission of members shall have been complied with by the person to whom the transfer is proposed to be made.

The secretary shall charge, for the Society, a fee of twenty-five (25) cents for each new certificate issued on a transfer.

SEC. 10. The transfer book may be closed during the seven (7) days immediately preceding the regular annual or quarterly meetings, and may be closed for any time not exceeding seven (7) days thereafter. Any transfer executed while the books are closed, shall be deemed, for the purposes of said meetings, to have been executed after the time for which the books were closed.

SEC. 11. Every owner of a share or scrip certificate shall receive from the society a book giving, if a member, the member's registered number, and show the amount paid and the amount of interest and dividends credited on the said share or shares or scrip held by him, as the case may be.

SEC. 12. An account shall be kept, termed "*Fixture and Organization Expense Account*," to which shall be charged all organizing expenses, and all articles bought for the use of the business of the society, which are not a part of its stock-in-trade. This account shall be credited with all fees and fines, and its balance shall be reduced at the rate of two and one-half ($2\frac{1}{2}$) per cent. per quarter, by crediting the account and charging the general expense account with that amount.

SEC. 13. The profits of this society, if sufficient, shall be divided as follows:

First—A dividend at the rate of one and one-half ($1\frac{1}{2}$) per cent. per quarter shall be paid quarterly upon the share capital of this society, for all amounts invested at the beginning of each financial quarter.

Second—After paying the sum provided for in the first paragraph of this section, five (5) per cent. of all remaining profit on the busines of any quarter shall be placed to the credit of a Reserve Fund, which fund shall be disposed of as directed by the members, at any regular quarterly meeting of the society, or a special meeting called for that purpose.

Third—After paying the sums provided for in paragraphs first and second of this section, two and one-half ($2\frac{1}{2}$) per cent of all remaining profit on the business of any quarter shall be placed to the credit of an Educational Fund, which fund shall be disposed of by the Board of Trustees, subject to the approval of the members, at any regular quarterly meeting of the society, or at any special meeting called for that purpose.

Fourth—After paying the sums provided for in paragraphs first, second and third of this section, if the remaining profit on the business of any quarter shall be sufficient to pay a dividend of one (1) or more full per cents. upon the amount of one-quarter ($\frac{1}{4}$) of the share capital invested at the commencement of the quarter, the full amount paid as wages during the quarter, and the full amount of sales for the quarter, such a dividend shall be made. Any amount of undivided profit on the business of each quarter shall be carried forward to the credit of the business of the next financial quarter.

Fifth—One-half ($\frac{1}{2}$) of the dividend on such sales as are made to known non-members, and the full dividend on sales made to unknown persons, shall be placed to the credit of the "Reserve Fund," and the other half of the dividends on sales to known non-members, shall be paid to the persons to whom such sales were made.

SEC. 14. Interest and dividends shall be paid to the persons entitled to the same, at such time and place as the Board of Trustees may from time to time direct. Notice of such time and place shall be given by posting the same in several conspicuous places in the store of the society, at least ten (10) days previous to the day fixed for payment.

All amounts due members whose shares are fully paid, not called for within five (5) days after the date fixed for payment, shall be placed to the credit of such members as a scrip investment.

All interest and dividends due non-members shall be forfeited and placed to the credit of the "Reserve Fund" if not called for within ten (10) days after the date fixed for payment.

SEC. 15. Share and scrip certificates shall be signed by the President and secretary, and all contracts, legal papers and documents issued by or of binding force upon this society, must bear an impression of its seal, or a printed engraving of the same, and shall be signed by its secretary and treasurer, and such member of the Board of Trustees as said Board may appoint to perform that duty. All legal papers shall be placed in the custody of the Treasurer.

SEC. 16. The capital stock of this society may be increased or decreased at any time by such an amount as may be decided upon by vote at any regular meeting of the society, by complying with the law of the State in such case made and provided.

SEC. 17. Should the society, at any time, have more funds than can be profitably employed in its immediate business, the Board of Trustees may call in and pay off such scrip certificates as it may see fit. The secretary shall notify the holders of such certificates that, by authority of a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees in conformity with this By-Law, it calls for the surrender of such certificate, and, upon the receipt of the same, the secretary shall issue to the holder a draft upon the Treasurer, payable at sight, for the full amount of the investment represented by such certificate. In case such certificate is not surrendered within fifteen days (15) days after the date of said notice, interest shall cease thereon. The Board of Trustees may also, at its option, purchase the share or shares held by an expelled or non-purchasing member, by giving a like notice to said member, and, at the expiration of the term therein specified, if such certificate shall not be surrendered, the book value thereof shall be placed to the credit of the holder, and such shares or amount shall thereafter cease to bear any interest or dividends.

The Board of Trustees may, by giving a notice as hereinbefore provided in this section, demand the surrender by any member of such shares and the certificates therefor as he may hold in excess of five, by tendering to him the book value of such extra shares; provided, however, that said Board shall have been authorized so to do at a previous meeting of the society.

If such certificate or certificates shall not be surrendered, the amount due thereon shall be placed to the credit of the holder, and such shares or amount shall thereafter cease to bear any interest or dividends.

SEC. 18. In case this society shall become a member of a wholesale co-operative society, the Board of Trustees shall invest in the capital of such society, such *pro rata* amount of the capital of this society as may be required by the By-Laws of said wholesale co-operative society.

SEC. 19. The funds of this society shall not be invested in any way other than for the purposes of carrying on its immediate business, except as provided for in sections 18 and 19 of this article, and in loans upon bonds and mortgages on real estate, or on United States or State bonds, or bonds of any city in the United States, for such amounts and such time, and at such rate of interest as the Board of Trustees may from time to time direct.

SEC. 20. The property of this society shall not be used by any of its officers, members, employes, or other persons for their personal benefit, without compensation being made to the society for the same, and then only as previously directed by the authority of the Board of Trustees.

SEC. 21. All sales made by this society shall be for cash. It shall not allow any discrimination in price to be made as between its customers.

SEC. 22. No money shall be borrowed for the use of or in the name of this society by any officer thereof, or by its Board of Trustees unless previously authorized so to do at a meeting of the society.

SEC. 23. In case this society shall become a member of any wholesale co-operative society, it shall buy all its goods through such society, provided that in so doing it does not incur any commercial disadvantage.

ARTICLE V.

AMENDMENTS.

SECTION 1. These By-Laws shall be amended only by a two-thirds vote, and at a special meeting called for that purpose, of which fourteen clear days' notice shall be given.

Proposed amendments must first be approved by, and the call for a special meeting for their adoption must be ordered by vote, at a regular meeting of the society.

SEC. 2. In case any question shall arise, not provided for in these By-Laws, the Board of Trustees shall have power to decide the same provisionally until a regular meeting of the society shall decide the same.—[From "Co-operation as a Business," by Charles Barnard.

Subscribe for the HERALD and ask your friends to take it.

Capersauce.

THE WRONG ASHES.

He was a jolly-loking man, with a round corporation, a Burgundy-tinted nose, and the general exterior of a contented mind. As he entered the editorial den he offered us a good cigar, lit another, and said;

"How abbut the local cremation scheme?"

"Well, how yourself?"

"The fact is," said the stranger, reflectively, 'I had a pretty rough experience with one of these cadaver-roasting concerns once, and I thought mebbe you might like to make an item of the fact, so as to worn the people here in time."

"Fire away!"

"Well, you see I was in New Orleans—my wife died there—and as a cremation compvny was having a good deal of a boom there just then she made me promise to have her spirit sent up through their flue, as it were. Said she thought it would be nice and melancholy for me to carry her ashes round with me everywhere I went—in a vase, you understand."

"And you complied?"

"Why, yes. It was her last wish you know, and beside I thought it might be useful in preparing her remains for the here—but never mind that now. I sent her remains around to the office of the company in a push cart, got a receipt, saw Maria touched off, so to speak, and two days after that they returned to me a beautiful majolica jar full of ashes, scented with forget-me-not and the stopper tied with a pink ribbon."

"That was pretty."

"Yes; I was very much pleased at first, but I had to keep the bottle out of sight after a while though, because the people were all the time opening the jar under the impression that it contained preserved ginger, or chow-chow, or something."

"That would have been unpleasant."

"Unpleasant—well, I should smile—I mean I should weep. Why, actually, one day while I was living in New York I came home and found a new servant girl polishing knives with the remains—just think of it."

"Terrible, sir, terrible."

"But what I was going to say was this: About a year ago my wife was kindled—I mean cremated, I was in New Orleans again, and I happened to meet the Superintendent of the refractory ore—I should say the corpse-crucible—at a banquet, and he got so full I had to see him home. On the way we stopped at a place or two for a steadier—you know how it is—and the result was he got very communicative about his company—in fact, gave the whole business away."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, sir. he sqnarely owned up that he didn't burn the bodies at all. He said they just dropped them thru a hole in the bottom of the furnace and took 'em out the back way at night and sold 'em to the medical students."

"Gracious! and the ashes?"

"Mule ashes, sir; nothing but mule ashes! They would just cut up some old mule carcass, the Superintendent said, pitch in enough to make a bad smell and sell the ashes to the grief-stricken relatives for $25. Terrible cheeky now, wasn't it?"

"And all this time you had——"

"Had been carrying that old jar of mule ashes all over the country. Just imagine how mean I felt?',

"You threw it away then?',

Well, no." said the widower, as he,, winked a tear out of the left eye; the more I thought the matter over the more I concluded that mule ashes were not so much out of the way after all. You see poor Maria was an awful stubborn woman—t r e m e n d o u s stubborn—and—yes, I kinder thought mule ashes would do mighty near as well, all things considered.',

And, heaving the resigned sigh of one who had succeeded in bracing up under great sorrow the anti-cremationist smiled softly, lit another cigar, and smiled out.

X.

SULLIVAN'S

Largest assortment of Silk Fur-Lined Circulars and Dolmans, and at the lowest prices in the city, at
SULLIVAN'S.

Silk Dolmans, Brocade Dolmans, Satin Rhadames Dolmans, trimmed with Plush, Feathers, or Fur, at
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Ladies' Plush Suits, Silk and Plush Suits, Moire Suits, Satin Suits, Silk Suits, Woolen Suits; largest stock of stylish suits, and the most reasonable prices in the city, at
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Children's Cloaks, with Coachman's Cape, Children's Seal Plush Cloak's Children's Cloth Havelocks, Children's School Cloaks. All of the above goods are handsomely made, and will be sold cheap, at
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Genuine Sealskin Dolmans, Genuine Sealskin Cloaks. The latest styles, great reduction in prices, at

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A Full Line Just Received.
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Losses, since organization	1,635,202
Assets, Jan. 1, 1881	639,147
Surplus for Policyholders	624,677
Reinsurance Reserve	174,989
Capital, paid up, Gold	300,000

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Patent, Nov. 11, 1879,
Patent, Nov. 9, 1880.
Medical Electricity
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Electro-Magnetic Belts, New Style, $10; Electro-Magnetic Belts, Extra Appliance, $15; Electro-Magnetic Belts, 9 Improvements, $20.
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Stair and Hall Carpets of all kinds.
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AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 1. No. 6. San Francisco, California, April, 1882. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.

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ASSOCIATE-PRESIDENT—Mrs. Laura W. Brigss, 422 Powell St.
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BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—Double scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is embroidered in gold on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is worn on the left breat with a star spangle or a badge pin. Those of the Reception Committee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, showing an inch below and half an inch above. Ribbon one and a fourth inch wide.

Star badges, post-paid, fifty cents apiece.

FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE
(Sept. 7th and 8th, 1881)

EVER CONVENED BY WOMEN ON THE COAST, WAS A TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS!

Two days and two evenings of unalloyed pleasure. What with fine papers and letters from absent sympathizers, music and recitations, the two days and evenings will be remembered for a twelve-month, at least.

WOMAN'S REPUBLIC.—Founded by Mrs. J. W. Stow, June 7, 1881, for the purpose of creating an independent center of thought and action for women, where they can meet once, twice, thrice a week, and discuss all questions with a freedom and thoroness heretofore undreamed of; where every subject pertaining to the well-being of the race is fully exposed to the sunlight of truth and investigation. Only filthy and obscene minds can speak of the sacred function of creating and bearing children as "dirty." Every ray of light emanating from the lamp of reason should be focused upon it. To eradicate evil we must begin at the germ.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE PREMIUMS.

OFFERED BY MRS. J. W. STOW.

First Premium.—Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Labor: Its Value to Woman." Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Bread: The Staff of Life." Ten Dollars ($10.00) for the best loaf of bread.

Second Premium.—"The History of Woman Suffrage" for each of the second best of the two essays.

For the Woman's Herald of Industry

EQUAL LOVE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

I could not love thee did a servile vein
Thread anywhere the mystery of my heart—
I could not love thee, royal as thou art,
Did I not know the love between us twain
Would doubly crown thee, like the anointing rain,
Upon a priestly head. I have no part
Of life or soul like chattle in the mart,
Or sly coquette. If thou would'st come again
After my once said "nay," be sure that I
Should hold thy manhood as of little worth.
I meet thee face to face; my heart as high:
It were a shame, in this all equal earth,
Did lack of noblemen compel man's eye
Unto a downward look, at Love's great birth.

Bayport, L. I.

Four cases are reported of women becoming insane here from religious excitement brought on by revivals.—*Chicago Times.*

When will my poor deluded sisters cease to go mad over what no one knows anything about. *SIN!* What is sin? "We are conceived in sin and born in iniquity." Dont you believe it. These are man's words. The only sin at conception was the sowing of impure seed in scrub soil. *That* is a damnable sin! Hereditary taint is stamped in before birth.

When will these harlequins, called revivalists be suppressed?—sent to the insane asylum where *they* belong. When Woman rises to her true dignity, as the mother of the race—knowing herself physically, morally and mentally, then will she never be gilty of the childishness of going insane over sins she never committed.

Dyspeptic overfed brawlers standing up in pulpits have filled the world with misery, when without their windy verbosity—their driveling idiocy, the world would be full of sunshine and happiness—as God dezined it should be. O sisters! look to your own best good, and the best good of those you love in *this* life. One world at a time. There is no hell, there is no devil excepting in the brests of fanatics. No father dams his children. He gathers the prodigals in his bosom as the shepard does the stray lambs of his flock. Be very certain that Peter will have the gate wide open when you get to the other side, and that Gabriel will wind a jubilent "welldone" on his sonorous bugle.

There are three things that women have got to be emancipated from: The fear of hell, the curse of indolence and the tyrany of betticoats.

Woman's Republic.—Again and again comes inquiry, What is a woman's republic? Why do you exclude men? Men are excluded the same as women have been excluded from all the lucrative avenues of trade, office, etc. They are excluded because we, some of *us*, want to brethe pure air, uncontaminated with the poisonous fumes of whisky and tobacco. We are going to join hands as men have joined hands and see what we can do to improve the human breed of stock. We want thorobreds in kitchen and parlor as well as sty and stall. "Who cares about family pedigree? It is the stupidest stuff in the world." Perhaps it is—to fools. The pedigree of a man or woman *ot* to be of more consequence than the pedigree of a hog or bullock.

In woman's republic there will be nothing too sacred look at, talk about and investigate—excepting each others faults. There will be no *drones* in woman's republic and all scandalmongers will be banished. We shall work but six, or eight (at the longest) hours a day, and have the rest of the 24 for recreation, amusement, study and divine rest. We shall do our own housework and thus eliminate the poison, dirt and misrule of servants. There will be a co-operative colony in the country and an associate home in the city—thus securing the equivalent of riches.

The Republic is already founded by *one* woman who is waiting the coming of other "lone" women, to assist in developing and perfecting one of the most important republics that was ever founded.

Women must work out the problem of their own lives, as women, the same as men have always done, as men. There can be no shirking this fiat, thru leaning, twisting and twining.

In Woman's Rebublic Woman will stand upright and free, governed by the God within, instead of the terrorism of brain-crazed speculators.

The butiful type (all new) from which the HERALD is printed, was purchased at the *Marder, Luce & Co's.* foundry, 528 Sacramento st. San Francisco, Cal. Parties about to invest in printing materials will find Mr. Hawks, the resident partner, a courteous, obliging gentleman.

What has the opening up of new industries for women to do with religion? Much. Until woman is emancipated from spiritual thraldom she will do but little in the direction of her best good in *this* world. All her energies will be wasted in a frantic endevor to sit high up on the right hand in the kingdom of Heven. Let us build a kingdom of Heven down here and leave the rest to the great Founder of all things—the Great Unknown. Just as fast as women become financially independent, thru their *own* exertions, they cease to bild up priestly principalities. Christianity is a misnomer when it puts on fine linen and worships in palaces, and says to the sinner, "I am holier than thou." Christ did not set such an example. He had not where to lay his head, and His raiment was not of the finest. Christianity is butiful as Christ taut it, but we may serch with a flaming brand thru all the churches to-day, and not find a vestige of it. His was a Christianity based upon the Golden Rule, and when we have that, unadulterated, then we shall all be *recognized* as worshipers. That sort of religion will never interfere with the duties of daily life.

This number completes the HERALD'S first half year of life, helth, happiness and prosperity. No. 5 was profusely spiced with "capersauce," consisting of inverted type and curious pranks of commas, colons, periods and dashes; still it was a *marvel* in spite of the blunders, for it was entirely set up and the forms locked up by two women who had never set type a month in time, before they undertook to make No. 5. One of the women, the editor and publisher, had only had twenty days apprenticeship, and her assistant only ten days. No *man* touched types or forms. It was all done by these two persistent women, and yet they don't know enuf to vote. Prof.——said, "Mrs. Stow, if half the types in this paper were standing on their heads, I should still say: This is one of the most wonderful achevments in this most wonderful age."

A great demonstration of women in support of the admission to the Parliamentary franchise of women who possess the qualifications which entitle men to vote, took place in the Albert Hall, Sheffield, on Monday, Feb. 27th., under the presidency of Viscountess HARBERTON. The demonstration was in no way inferior in interest and enthusiasm to any of the previous gatherings of women that have been held in Manchester, London, Bristol, Birmingham, Nottingham and Bradford. The great hall was crowded to overflowing with women who remained standing during the whole of the proceedings, and who, even at the close, seemed reluctant to leave the meeting. The overflow meeting was equally earnest and interested, and the resolutions were passed with unanimity and enthusiasm. *Women's Suffrage Journal.* (Eng.)

Two confidence women have been playing a high-handed, game by which they obtained money and clothing from a woman by the name of Bennett, in this city. Their *modus operandi* was peculiar to themselves. They told her that a certain Duke had fallen incurably in love with her; that he was determined to marry her; that a regal *trousseau*, velvets, diamonds, plate, etc, and that all she had to do was to grve away her "old duds," marry diamond splendor and become maid of honor to the Queen: that her portrait had already been enlarged, painted and sent to her Majesty. They invited her to "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" in their church and she did.

But when she "*must see*" to the Duke, who had been sick at Vallejo, with mumps, mesles and rash, and to whom she had sent her warm shawl and gold-bowed spectacles, to solace him in his loneliness and affliction, they denounced ter in unqualified termes.

Inquiry proved the Duke a myth. She then resorthd to law and justice, and had her tormentors lodged in jail for obtaining money under false pretences; but they were speedily relesed on some trivial technicality, and when Mrs. Bennett rose to the question of, "Why are these prisoners free? why is the case drsmissed? whese are my goods and money? But the just Court laffed in her face, saying, "served you right for beeng such a fool." It had a few of the garments and when she declined to take them because they were not all there, an officer said to her, 'Trke them now or you wont get them.

This woman has the moral curage not to suffer in silence. When a great wrong has been commited it is an insult to humanity to suffer in silence.

If you want to know who the enterprising bisness people of San Francisco are look at the HERALD'S advertisements.

The gentlemen and book and literary notices were unavoiqably, again, csouded out.

Will Arther immortalize himself by ratifying the Chinese bill? This is the one momentus hour of his life. It will be well for us, the dwellers on the Pacific Coast, if he proves to be the rite man in the rite place. Every woman who has the best good of her own sex at hart will wait, with bated breth, the climax of his deliberations.

Cooley labor has reduced the wages, in many depostments of industry, paid women and girls to starvation prices

SCISSORS.

Christ was the first reformer. *He* ate with publicans and sinners.

Both the Iowa House and Senate have adopted the resolution to strike the Word "male" from the Constitution.

Church terrorism has filled the earth with hypocrites. The hour has struck, remove your masks.

There is not an educated minister of the gospil, standing in the pulpit today but what is a positivist beneath his mask and mantle. *Mrs. Stow.*

Temperance means a wise use of useful articles of food and drink, with entire abstanence from such as are known to be hurtful.

Miss Ransom, the Washington artist, is to paint a portrait of the late president for Mrs. Garfield and one for the Army of the Cumberland. The latter will be life-sized, and probably three-quarter length.

Mrs. Elizabeth T. Weston celebrated her 104th birthday at her daughter's residence in Greenfield, Mass., recently. Five generations were represented. The old lady is in excellent health.

Kate Field destres the public to understand that whatever the wicked common sort of shops do, the Co-operative Dress Association has provided seats for all its women employees, which is the right sort of co-opeeation.

Mrs J. W. Stow comes of a long-lived race, on the paternal side of her house. Her father has just died at the age of 86, her grandfather died at 84 and her great grandfather at 104.

Mrs. H. L. Brinkley, of New York, has published a book entitled Woman in Civil Service Reform. It is a fervent appeal for a reform in the civil service that will give woman the same chance for clerical positions that man has.

Mrs. F. N. Manson was this year required by the assessors of Marlboro to pay a poll tax of one dollar and fifty-five cents. Mrs. Manson told the collector what the law was, and paid under protest. She asked him how she should get back the dollar and five cts when the town authorities learned what the legal rate was. He smiled and said, "We shall have to take a vote of the town." Do women know enough to vote? L. S. in *Woman's Journal.*

Mary A. McDonald, aged seventeen, attended a ball at Silver Plume, two miles from Georgetown, a short time since, screamed and fell to the floor while dancing, was taken from the room and died from the effects of tight lacing.—*Great West.*

The law made by man for the purpose of screening his villanies, can with the help of money be so garbled as to protect the most lawless scoundrel that defiles the face of the earth.

Queen Victoria is clothed in garments given her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wore robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius.—*Ingersoll.*

Women can learn shoemaking in a year, and it is a nice, tidy little trade, paying from $8 to $12 per week.

Miss Anna Whitney is soon to uncover the model of her colossal statue of Harriet Martineau, which is to be put in bronze.

Recipe for becoming æsthetic—One dictionary of art terms, three oil paintings and a job lot of old crockeryware. Mix. No brains required.

"Praise," said Catherine II. of Russia, "has never done me any good. But whenever people have spoken ill of me, then, with a noble assurance, I have said to myself, 'I will be revnged; I will show them what liars they are.

Both Senators and six of the eleven Representatives in Congress from Mass. favor woman suffrage.

We hear a great deal about the advanced civilization of the American people; the gallantry and chivalry of their men. But so long as these same men, endowed with all the advantages of this supreme civilization and graced with the ennobling proprieties of this chivalry, persist in denying to honest, intelligent, tax-paying women the legal rights they unhesitatingly bestow upon drunkards, gamblers, street-loafers and paupers of the opposite sex, we think the least said about these spurious articles the better. An ounce of justice is worth a pound of chivalry.—*Lizzie M. Latham.*

Charles W. Stickney the murderer of Campau and the beautiful Mrs. Devereux, is again free. If C. W. Stickney was found to de insane he is not a prober person to be abroap in the land.

Children's Corner.

LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

Goldenhair climbed on grandpapa's knee;
Dear little Goldenhair tired was she,
All the day busy as busy can be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toy'd with the curls on her head.
"What has my darling been doing, he said,
"Since she rose with the sun from her bed?

"Pitty much," answer'd the sweet little one,
"I cannot tell, so much things I have done—
Played with my dolly and feeded my bun;

"And then I jump'd with my little jump rope
And made out of water and sweet-scented soap
Bootiful worlds, mama's castles of hope.

"Then I have readed in my picture book,
And Bella and I, we went to look
For smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

"And then I comed home and eated my tea,
AndI climed up on grandpapa's knee,
And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it dropp'd upon grandpapa's breast;
Dear little Goldenhair, sweet be thy rest!

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

On looking up, Etta saw standing on the balcony a little boy, dressed in black velvet, with butiful yellow hair clustering thickly above his white forehead. As soon as the old gentleman saw him he called out—

"How d'ye do, Charlie? my dear son. Havn't you a kiss of welcom for me?" At which the lad came bounding down the steps, in a twinkling, and had his arms fast locked round the old man's neck, mingling the golden curls of youth with the silvery locks of age.

Etta saw a brite tear fall from the old man's eyes and lay sparkling like a little star in the childs sunny hair.

Then they went up the broad marble steps, Charley leading the way thru a lordly hall into a marvelously butiful room. A table stood in the centre on which was a basket of rare flowers, which filled the air with a delicate perfume. Lying upon the rug on the hearth was a red fox with such brite eyes looking strait at Etta that she trembled with fear; but her mother quieted her fears by telling her it was filled with hay instead of life; on a pedestal in one corner was a Majolica vase, overflowing with graceful vines that twined in tropic luxuriancd about the white and polished shaft; Una slept, in a fairy niche near by, on the bosom of her shaggy friend; long lace curtains fell like -mist of snow over the windows and lay in foamy drifts among the glowing flowers of the carpet. All the appointments were perfectly harmonions, blending in soft luxurious light that was most deliteful to the senses. Etta looked with awe and wonder upon such magnificence, and before she ventured to sit down on the damask ottoman, that had been placed for her use, she carefully spread her small haudkerchief over it. Then she heard a rustle of garments and a sweet voice saying—

"Ah, my dear father, welcome home! I am overjoyed to see you. God is very good to bring you back to us safe and well, after so many weeks of absence? But whom have we here?" she smilingly continned as she cordially extended her hand to Etta and her mother.

"Fellow travelers, my dauter" replied the minister, introducing his guests. "I wanted you and Charley to see this kind lady and her little girl. They have contributed so much to my enjoyment, since I left Rochester, that I regret to part with them"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady, "then you are doubly welcome, my dear madam' if you have contributed to the happiness of one who is so much beloved by us all, and I shall be pleased to have you remain with us several days, so that we may know each other better, and that you may be rested from your journey."

But it was impossible for Mrs B. to accept the pressing invitation of the amiable lady. Therefore, after having partaken of some cake and fruit, they bade adieu to their three frends, promising if ever they came that way again to repeat the visit.

when they got back to the steamer the sun was touching with a last mellow beam the tall spires and glinting domes of Buffalo. When all the passingers were on board, and the hold was full of baggage and merchandise the staunch little "Fashion" loosed her moorings and sped away over the blue waters like a freed bird.

Etta stood on the trim deck titely grasping her mothers hand, as she looked back on the fast receeding city, or, turned with a rapt expression on her baby face, to the brilliant horizon where masses of dusky clouds mottled with crimson and violet and shot with flame, were looming up. Gradually they rose hier and still hier in the arching heavens—a royal canopy held aloft over the wind-swept waves by an unseen Hand.

HEREDITARY.

Epitome of a very able Paper read before the Cal. Woman's Social Science Association, March 4th. by the Rec. Secretary, Mrs. M. J. Stephens.

The essayist in the introductory remarks said, Mrs. President, Sisters, and Friends; *I*, with many others, have my views on the all-important subject—*Heredity*—from a strawberry mark to a deformed man. Its inexorable law is, that everything bears the stamp of parentage; trees, blossoms, fruit, animal and vegatable life, all species after its kind; color, disease, deformity, insanity, idiocy, is transmitted from generation to generation, unless the evil is thoroughly eradicated in the parent stock—so arbitrary is this law. The organic power of germinal matter causes life, and with that life we have form, color, weight, constitution, physical and mental structure; law that like shall produce like; that the flat-head Indians, after generations of skull compression, are born flat-headed, and the tailless dogs were made thus through generations of docking. Thus we see the power of breeding. We know all about highbred stock in the lower order of animals, but when it comes to man, we are as ignorant and indifferent as savages.

Longevity is a principle of vitality transmitted at conception, and if this vital spark is properly nourished during gestation—if no portion of the sacred temple that enshrines it is tortured, compressed and overworked, it will bear the stamp "highbred" in every lineament—providing the parent stock was capable of reproducing itself without sin, and such offspring have a life of usefulness before their faces, instead of an open grave.

Life insurance companies will take much larger risks upon applicants whose parents have lived to a green old age. The time has come to make the study of heredity first and foremost of all studies. Why? Look around you for the answer. See on on every side the horrible evidence of *lust* blood-poisoning. See scrofula (syphilis) the child of Debauchery, eating out the vitals of our generation, turning our homes into hospitals, and our streets into lazar-houses. This riotous blood disease is sending the flower of our land into brothels, lunatic asylums, penitentiaries, and making of this fair earth a charnel-house of infants' bones. Oh, my sisters, let us go to work to root out this pestilence, by a careful and persistent study of heredity—the origin of our being, and how to make ourselves equal with God by becoming creators of beings worthy of His likeness. Come to my parlors, 423 O' Farrell st. once a month, at least. and let us study and investigate this question of heredity in all its sacred bearings. I am but a child in years and knowledge, but shall endeavor to make up in zeal what I lack in experience. Let us affiliate in deeds as well as name, with the National Institute of Heredity in Boston.

The essayist, who is chairman of the Heredity section, had the closest attention during the reading of the paper from the large number of ladies present, and at its close answered many questions, and took part in the discussion which followed. The kindred question, "Should children be early informed of their origin?" was also discussed, with almost an unanimous affirmative. One lady cited a case of a little boy that had given his mother many uneasy hours by his bad conduct, and when he told her in vile language, what he had heard among his playmates in regard to the source of his life, in a great sob of grief, she caught him to her heart and explained everything; how she had suffered that he might live, and when she had finished, the child was regenerated; said he, with brimming eyes, "Mama, if you had told me this, I should never have hurt you by being naughty, I love you so *so* much, because you rocked me in your bosom nine months and then when I came into your arms you almost died; O mama, I shall always be good to you now," and the child, now a man, never broke faith with that wise mother.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

How to be well and happy, is a solvable axiom in Woman's Republic.

In 1867 the writer began a course of lectures on "Sanitary Reform." Sanitary science at that time was in its infancy. Fourteen years of this century at this date, means more than an hundred years of a stone age—or yet of an age of gold. In treating questions of such vital import at the time, one could not fail to give offense to professional M. D's. as well as to some other "professional divines." In Woman's Republic it is to be hoped that the drones will be assigned a "Reservation" where they can scalp each the other; they are not needed in the human hive.

Having been called to read some papers on Hygienic matters before European Societies in '73 and 4 I may be pardoned for saying a word through your journal on the same subject.

Theophustus, Bombastus, Parcelus, claimed to have discovered an elixir of life, that would prolong it to an indefinite period. Modern sanitary science demonstrates the possibility of living healthily to a great age with favorable environment. "Money making" as practised by the average person precludes attention to personal *health* until that coveted *gem* is lost, or nearly so.

This opens the grandest field for a *real physician* the human eye has ever seen. And let me ask, was there ever a period when a genuine healer was harder to find?

You say that the problem of health and happiness is solvable. I have long been of that mind. Woman is nature's healer. Her "instincts" are often truer than the most scientific diagnosis. Whatever of value I know in these matters of health and disease, is my own property. I have used my strength and money freely in the fight between light and darkness up to date. You may command me and my pen whenever in your judgment they are useful.

F. M. SHAW.

Ben Hame, Cal.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY MRS. J. H. SMYTH.

EATING FRUIT.

Fruits are nature's medicine, or rather the eating of them is the method by which she prevents the use of medicine. A London medical journal remarks: "When fruit does harm it is because it is eaten at improper times and in improper quantities, or before it is ripened and is fit for the human stomach." A distinguished physician has said, that if his patients would make a practice of eating a couple of good oranges before breakfast, from February to June, his practice would be gone.

While few articles of food are more injurious than unripe fruit, still it is almost impossible to take too many of those that are ripe, fresh and perfect when eaten in their natural state; the earlier in the day such fruits are eaten the better. Their healthful qualities depend upon their ripe acidity, but if sweetened with sugar, not only is this acidity neutralized, but the stomach is tempted to receive more than it can digest, and if cream be taken with them the labor of digestion is increased. No liquid of any description should be drank within an hour after eating fruits, nor should any thing else be eaten within two or three hours after—thus time being allowed for them to pass out of the stomach, the system derives from them all their enlivening, cooling and aperient influences. The great rule is, eat fruit and berries while fresh, ripe and perfect, in their natural state, without eating or drinking anything, for at least two hours afterwards. With these restrictions, fruits may be eaten in moderate quantities during any hour of the day, and without getting tired of them, or ceasing to be benefitted by them during the whole season. An eminent French doctor says, "Almost all kinds of fruit when *fully ripe*, are healthful to those who are not suffering from weakness of digestion. Grapes, apples, peaches, strawberries and currants are least likely to prove injurious. The skins and seeds of all fruits consist of woody matter, that is perfectly indigestible and should never be taken in large quantities. It is the seeds and skins of the grape that make raisins so often injurious to young children. If the skins and stones can be removed, nothing can be found that is more safe and healthful in moderate quantities, than raisins and grapes."

Dr. Holbrook, in the Herald of Health says, "We have on former occasions referred to the value of fruits as articles of diet, both in health and sickness. Grapes may deservedly claim a high rank among the fruits in this respect. They contain a considerable amount of hydro-carbonaceous matter, together with potassium salts, a combination which does not tend to irritate, but on the contrary, to soothe the stomach, and which is consequently used with advantage even in dyspepsia." According to Dr. Hursten of Cannes, in France, who has recently contributed an article on the subject, to a foreign medical journal, the organic acids in grapes, especially tartaric acid, deserves more consideration than they have generally received. Their nutritive value has, he thinks, been much underrated. It is known that they are changed to acid in the blood, and possibly careful researches may show that they are convertible into fats. Dr. Hursten thinks that they should be ranked with the carbo-hydrates as food. They have been found a valuable diet in fevers, and the success of the "grape cures" in the Tyrol and other points of Europe appears to show that they are positively beneficial in other diseases.

Dr. Alcott on Fruit as Food.

The purest food is fruit, next the cereals, then the vegetables, which are properly the food of animals. If it is necessary that animal food should be eaten, or because you cannot leave off that diet at once, then take it in its milder form— in the egg or oyster. The change which would be wrought by such a regimen would be slow, as nature's changes are, but the results are not the less certain. Beautiful diet, beautiful form. All pure poets have abstained almost entirely from animal food. Especially does a minister take less meat when he has to write a sermon. The less meat the better sermon. Every animal feeder is sometimes a tyrant. If one would abate that fate, he must omit it entirely, but by a gradual process. Compare a table of the present day with that spread by the hands of Eve in Paradise, to feed her ethereal guests. Then was gathered together a feast of the purest; a banquet of right. Scholars, if they would get their lessons, can do so in a great deal shorter time and know more by adopting a pure diet. The cause of ill-temper and want of harmony in women, and peevishness of infants, and difficulties in family and other relations might be easily intimated. We are composed of atoms, and every atom must be musical and tremulous with harmony, to give the body that harmony that is musical. Every passion leaves its impress, we know not how long; every atom sympathizes with every other atom.

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A LEAF FROM LIFE'S HISTORY.

I have no doubt that all this clamor on the part of woman for more rights, seems very uncalled for to our Lords, who feel that our wants are so liberally supplied.

But allow me to uncover some of the secrets of our statute books; for our statutes are as sealed books to the masses. It is generally believed by the masses of women that our laws are so perfect that it matters very little whether a husband or father leaves a will in regard to his effects—the law will take care of the widow and orphans. Well, let us see.—Let me tell you how it took care of me (if my friends will excuse me for referring to my own experience.) My husband died without a will, and left me with two small children. I was soon made to understand that if I wished to retain my children I must petition the Court who held the power to say whether a mother might be allowed to have the care of her own children. I must pray that Court to appoint me the legal guardian of my own infant children. So I had to employ a lawyer to secure to me this legal guardianship, to give me the legal right to work for, take care of, and in every way provide for my own children; and this at an expense that would have clothed and fed my children for, at least, two years. When he had these very important papers ready, he came, a very Apollo in manly beauty, but who had evidently, never thought there could be any injustice in the laws so wisely made by *man* by which to govern woman, and said, very kindly, "My dear madam, you must know that you have no rights here, your *children* are the heirs-at-law; you are only entitled to a little life interest, that is all; the title is never in the wife but always in the children." This was stunning news to me, for I had never once dreamed that such laws could exist in this our own free land.

That moment the patient, quiet, little girl, as my father used to call me, was dead, and from her ashes sprang up a new being instantly. Every drop of blood in my veins rose to a white heat, and every fibre in my whole structure quivered with indignation. For it so happened that my husband had never expended one dollar for me that I had not put into his hands—and in my simple trust I had believed that I had a right to a home with the children I had borne him—so ignorant was I of the laws, and woman's position before its august tribunal.

Well, I spurned the—to me worthless pittance the law allowed me, and devoted every dime to the comfort and interest of my children, and thence forward depended upon the brains God had given me, and my own right hand. Yet I cannot say that my blood has ever quite resumed its calm unruffled flow—for ever since there has been an under-current of indignation surging at my heart's core, at the injustice, selfishness and tyranny, of man's laws over woman.

And the reluctance with which men repeal any of these laws—these relics of barbarism—leaves the indelible impression with us, that there must be a deep rooted feeling in the heart of every man, that somehow woman deserved to be damned for being a woman. No, no, my friends, man cannot do injustice to woman, or degrade her in any sense, without blighting his own hopes, cursing himself, retarding the law of progress, and stamping upon his own offspring his ignorance and the meanness of his crime.

Scientists tell us that even men's creeds become hereditary. If that be so, I think men's idea of their superiority would fade out in shame and contempt of themselves, if they could remember that. If God had placed beside man for a companion and helpmeet, a being so inferior, so vastly beneath him as to require a separate code of laws by which to govern her, and yet holding such relations to him that he must forever depend wholly upon her to perpetuate his species; long ere this, the race homo would have so degenerated that the young men of our day in this afternoon of the nineteenth century, instead of being born orators, would be born less than babboons, and strongly resembling their fathers at that.

Now we shall continue to hold up for public gaze this hideous picture till "men shall see themselves as others see them," and hasten to make amends for their wrongs and errors of the past; not by overdoing the matter, but by allowing genius to find its level and be rewarded equally, be it of man's or woman's effort, and by allowing woman to take her natural stand side by side with man, and giving to son and daughter, equal educational advantages, placing equal value upon each one, as self-reliant and self-supporting, with equal rights to rewards for service rendered.

From time immemorial it has been man's highest ambition to secure place, position, and means of wealth to his sons, while he seems wholly to have forgotton the mortifying place to which he condemns his danghter, who must depend upon other men for support and protection, standing around, idly waiting for some man to come along who thinks he can make her sufficiently useful to himself to afford to *give* her a home—thus compelling her to traffic in her affections for want of other capital, and at times so absorbing her individuality as to make her feel that she is but the merest slave, life itself a burden, because her time, her labor and her sufferings are never recognized as being worth anything if they do not bring in the almighty dollar—and yet I have heard that a penny saved is as good as a penny earned.

If a man should have to pay any other woman for the time, aye, for every thing that the wife does for him, I think it would count on his dollars. Now I do not pretend to say that wives do not have money to use; they do most assuredly and often in abundance, but always as the *gift* of the husband, and never as their own earnings. And I protest against women paying taxes till this state of things is changed for the better, and her time and her labor have a money value as well as man's and her vote count as much as her brother's.

I know there are many women yet, and some who claim to be intelligent, that say they have no sympathy with this woman's rights movement; that they have all the rights they want; that men are so kind to them; they have great faith in men—well, they simply betray not only unpardonable ignorance, but an equal amount of cowardice, when they are willing to accept a little personal attention, a little flattery as man's estimate of woman and especially when given for selfish purposes!

Oh no! if you want to learn man's real estimate of woman, you must go to our statute books and find what kind of laws he makes by which to govern her and her interests—and there you will find her classed with infants, idiots, insane and criminals. Still held by the iron hand of the law; and still compelled to pay the Court to give to mothers the legal guardianship of their own children.

And are the women of the nineteenth century still content with such position before the law? content to be held as chattels and things, and the property of the law? content to be a race of slaves who have no right to money value for services rendered? and are willing to stamp as their record on the face of the setting sun of the nineteenth century that they have made no more progress than this? and repress no sense of shame at such cowardice as is willing to fling back reproach on the royal blood of our ancestry who would not submit to taxation without representation.

God help every onward movement to enfranchise women, and to help every human soul on the broad earth to have and to hold their natural rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to their fullest capacity, to have, to hold and enjoy, is the prayer of your friend, L. C. SMITH.

Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 1882.

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IN MEMORIAM.

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BEERS—In Oakland, March 17, Wakeman Beers, father of Mrs. J. W. Peek and Mrs J. H. Smyth, of Oakland, and Mrs. J. W. Stow, of San Francisco. He was born in Fairfield, Ct., in 1796. [Connecticut, New York, Ohio and Michigan papers please copy.
Funeral private.

Over the still breast wes a plate, with an emblematic "full sheaf" and the simple words "Wakeman Beers died March 17th, 1882, aged 86. So sweet and placid was the pure face that it did not look like a man over 40 years of age. He came of a longlived hardy race. His father died at 84 and his grandfather died at the ripe age of 104. When ten years old his parents took up their residence in Ontario, N. Y., where he was living at the time of his marriage with Lois Wood of Macedon, N. Y. His father, Moses, and his mother, Elizabeth Burr, were the parents of five children, two sons and three daughters. The eldest, Harriet, died the day she was to have stood at the altar the bride of Norman Terry. In bridal robes and orange blossoms, this lovely girl was hidden beneath the daises. Mr. Beers could never speak of the sad event without emotion. His was a nature of noble and generous impulses and tenderest sympathies. The last words which he spoke were in answer to the questions "Are you happy father?" "Yes, my children are so kind," and "Do you know me father?" by his eldest daughter, Mrs. Peek, with whom he had lived for many years, "Yes my dear child," with a faint pressure of the icy hand.

His children and grandchildren robed him for the grave, and placed him in his narrow house, and afterwards permitted no one to look on his dead face but the officiating clergeman, undertaker and members of the family. *He* was not put on vulgar exibition to satiate the morbid cravings of idle curiosity. A single florol offering lay upon the casket: A beautiful white cross, wreathed by the loving fingers of his youngest born fingers that had pressed down the white lids over the sightless eyes that would never smile on her again.

When dust was given to dust and the little hillock had been rounded over the three daughters kneeling laid this last tribute of affection above the sacred clay, and left it there, in its majesty of years, alone, in the beauiful city of the dead.

LIFE CHRYSTALS,

A monthly 20 page quarto Journal, publisned in Oakland, California, by
MRS. CARRIE F. YOUNG,
Hygienic Physician,
(former editor of the Pacific Journal of Health,) in the interest of all people who wish to learn how to live without drugs. Life Chrystals is a journal that every wise father should give to his daughters, every brother to his sisters, every husband to to his wife.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY,

A MONTHLY NEWSPAPER,

Published in San Francisco, Cal.,

Devoted to the interests of WOMAN—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help.

MRS. J. W. STOW, - Editor and Proprietor.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, $1; six months, 50 cents. Club rates: 25 copies, $20. Remittances by Registered Letters or P. O. Orders at the risk of the proprietor.

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Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1882.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

LABOR.

Toil swings the ax, and forests bow:
The seeds break out in radiant bloom,
Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
And cities cluster round the loom.

Where towering domes, and tapering spires
Adorn the vale and crown the hill,
Stout Labor lights its beacon fires,
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodland's pride,
Whose trunk is seamed with lightning scars,
Toil launches on the restless tide,
And there unrolls the flag of stars;

The engine with its lungs of flame,
And ribs of brass and joints of steel,
From Labor's plastic fingers came,
With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

'Tis Labor works the magic press,
And turns the crank in hives of toil,
And beckons angels down to bless
Industrious hands on sea and soil.

Here sun-brown'd Toil, with shining spade
Links lake to lake with silver ties,
Strung thick with palaces of trade,
And temples towering to the skies,

Correspondence.

Plainsburg, Cal.

MY DEAR MRS. STOW:—Enclosed is $—for the WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY. I am so glad that we have an organ devoted to woman and woman's rights, and I think every woman in the land ought to read it and help sustain it; for there is nothing like free press and free speech to put down oppression, and bring out the rights of the people, and woman's rights in particular.

Yours respectfully, Mrs. A. L. K.

Hallowell, Maine.

DEAR MRS. STOW: Thanks for papers received. I sympathize with you in your trials and glory in your *spunk*.

I will send dollar soon as practible, to pay through the year. If I am prosperous, will subscribe for two copies. I have much reform reading, and it all goes through the mails again to benefit others. I am a woman fifty years of age—unmarried—been very sick three and a half years, just beginning to earn something this last fall and winter, which accounts for my present poverty. If I send you no more money, you may know it is impossible for me to do so. My business the past twenty years has been that of canvasser. I go on foot in villages and cities, dressed in the "American Costume."

I believe your paper will find plenty of subsrcibers. I would that I was able to send for hundreds of them to circulate among the thoughtful.

Yours with kind regards, E. A. P.

Placentia, Anaheim, Cal.
Feb. 19th. 1882.

DEAR MRS. STOW—Your "HERALD OF INDUSTRY" sent us from some source unknown, unless from your publishing department, finds a sympathetic reception amongst us, and as it is good that all should know where their friends and symyathizers are, we write to let you know that you may place us amongst them.

Our most ardent desire is for the utter emancipation of woman by acts and lives of self-denial, self-abnegation among men, without which woman will never be free. In proof of our theory we begin at home and have emancipated our own sweet companion (wife) from all that approaches the galling chains of slavery, such as the slavery of the kitchen. We keep no servant amd cook no food, and yet we lack nothing in quantity or variety that is sweet, delicious, nutritive and appetizing; having discovered and systematized a pure natural regimen that at once satisfies, invigorates, and is productive of the best results in health, strength, and vitality; we partake of two meals a day, and they can be prepared and all cleared away afterward within the space of a quarter of an hour before and after the meal, giving the balance of the time for woman to pursue such occupation as shall be cheerful, pleasant and useful. Fancy what an effect such a life would have upon all women, especially such as are fertile in the coming generations of the world. Our wives and girls can find ample, useful employment without wasting more than half their time in fixing artificial preparations of food that deteriorate rather than nourish the wonderful bodily structure we possess, and merely gratifying in a temporary way a sensuality of appetite hereditarily bequeathed to us from darker and more ignorant generations of the world, and an ancestry that knew less than we, or they would never have acquired the habits of life which have been handed down to posterity.

Then again we have emancipated woman from sexuality; with us her person is sacred as the throne of God; it is guarded, preserved, and kept inviolate. When from the Great Creative Source of life she feels the inspiration to obey the functions of her loving maternal nature, at such time only her power becomes irresistible and in the divine attractiveness of her condition she receives an adequate response from the companion of her life, and at no other time are her sacred precincts invaded; at all other times there is no sex distinctions between us, save only the choice of those occupations which are most suitable to the physical, mental and spiritual structure of each; all this we possess and say that the world is reformed; our world certainly is, but the beatitudes and compensations that attach to it we would fain behold on every side, and ardently desire their universal possession; we cannot live alone and solitary in such a heaven as this without desiring that others should also possess it, and we fear that we cannot reach the people to bless them as we desire. We hope that by example we teach stronger and more effectively than precept, and so practice, but cannot preach much, as there has been too much preaching; people have contracted the dreadful habit of hearing good things and living contrary to them, and what is to be done for the world's redemption from sin and its consequent suffering. The Great Heart of the universe, through us, yearns for the health and harmonious adjustment of human life to its divine possibilities, but how long we have waited and must comtinue to wait for their complete realization.

God has blessed you with such beautiful powers and gifts (for which we rejoice) as shall help towards the great consummation and we are thankful that He sends into the world such noble spirits to raise the standard of human life in a thorough and practical way.

Industry must do much for the desired end, but self abnegation applied to every department of life must be the stepping stone to complete success. We must make theory and practice go hand in hand.

Tired of the falsities and artificialities of competitive society we left city life in Europe about seven years ago and decided to seek out a new, free country and the active, industrial occupation of the producer rather than the consumer of the products of labor. As we were successful in the sphere of commerce, so have we been successful in the department of agriculture and horticulture. In the last two county fairs I received the undermentioned prizes for our own products of the orchard and farm $50 in money prizes for the best raisins, figs, peaches and apples. and the finest display of fruits grown by one man, besides a prize of silver cup, napkin ring, butter knife, and diploma for various products, as corn, peanuts, peas, table grapes, tomatoes, etc. I refer to this to show you that we know a little about raising fine fruits, and are admirably situated for successfully raising extra good quality, products which would open up a large field of industrial and profitable employments for the light and delicate hands of unoccupied women. If an orgnization on a co-operative basis could be constructed, it might give employment to multitudes of women who desire to earn their freedom from an abhorrent system which seeks to fetter their bodies and deprave their morals to obtain the bread which sustains physical existence merely. I have heard that there are thousands of women in San Francisco so situated that they have to sell themselves to lust and avarice for the means to live, a picture too dreadful to dwell upon.

If the economies we practice here could be applied to the many, and an organization set on foot to utilize the labors of women and children, and such men (worthy of the name) who are in sympathy with the work, I know of products such as the drying of raisin grapes, figs, etc. etc. as would make such an organization a moral and financial success, with the outlay of very little capital over and above the purchase of the land to grow the products upon, of which we have 100 acres with ample water supply, adjoining our own home, a large, beautiful and commodious structure with capacities much above our requirements, which might afford temporary accomodation at the start for a few pioneers, till a suitable co-operative building is erected. The land I speak of is very rich and will be bought up soon when placed on the market; the owner died a week ago and the property is to fall into the hands of sons who will sell, I think, soon.

If you have any intention of buying for colonization purposes I earnestly press upon you for your success, to come and see the land. I would rather see this rare chance pass into the hands of reformers than speculators or mere money grabbers. The reading of "Wanted immediately" in your 2nd. column of the Feb. No. led me to mention this subject, and it may prove to be the very thing. I think the land would cost from 40 to 50 dollars per acre, but owing to the rich products it will raise, in my opinion, it is worth far more, and my experience is unique on this precise location. I am so much drawn to your work that it would afford me much pleasure to give you real help to secure its success. I have been endeavoring to form a co-operative home association, but have not preached enough for success, being more of a worker than talker by choice; your effort and the knowledge of it inspires me, however, to do a little talking. I shall be happy to hear from you and see you if you can come and view this situation in the prosecution of your work.

We are free from insect pests that damage the fruit interests in many other sections. and are located about 4½ miles from a railroad (Anaheim) depot in a N. E. direction, on a good, level road.

In the meantime, believe me to be yours in all good works. G. R. H.

Orange Cal.

MRS J.W. STOW—Dear Madam, I am pleased to see you are also advocating a reform in dress, among other needed reforms.

I have worn the Bloomer costume with great comfort, while at work on the farm, but cannot say I like my own appearance in it when my work is done; probably I should feel better about it if some one else were to keep me company. I do hope to wear the divided skirt you are going to illustrate and will enclose $— for the W. H. of I. I hope you will prevail on some one to furnish paper patterns at a reasonable cost. I have a friend who made a dress last fall of black alpacca, and it looked very well as she originated the pattern herself, for we had never heard of such a thing previously. I do not see why we cannot look as becomingly dressed in that style as the present one, and the comfort must be very much greater.

Will you mail some of your papers to me; I am sure they will be appreciated and may lead to others reading them.

With many good wishes for your success, I am, yours truly,

Helen Joslin.

Bayport, N. Y.

MRS. J. W. STOW—Dear Madam:—I have long desired to address you and express the sympathy I have felt for you in the persecutions you have suffered and so nobly borne, and the admiration I feel for your undaunted perseverance; but there are so many claims made upon my time and attention as a literary woman, a suffrage woman and a housekeeper, that I really have been unable to snatch the time.

The name of your paper touches the key-note of what women must do in order to achieve, not only their emancipation from old disabilities, but their admission into higher walks of life. They must work. They must earn and save money. They must learn the Dignity of Labor. I quote the title of my lecture given innumerable times thirty odd years ago, north and south, east and west. I have half a mind to send it to you for your paper; for the statistics of that period are in contrast with the powers and advancement of the present time.

The suffrage question is steadily advancing, but many a woman will observe one note-worthy fact, which is, the more talent she may possess, and the more unmistakable her influence, the more will she be opposed and persecuted. She is dividing the honors and emolnments. She and all of that stamp of the sex, must be suppressed.

Did you ever see a *jeu d'esprit* called "The Progress of Petticoats?" It was written by an elegant and accomplished man of wealth, and is of value as indicating the covert, but innate contempt men feel for women. Sometime I will send you my "History of the Amazons, or how woman's rights worked in the olden time."

"The Queen of Tramps" covers the whole ground of progressive ideas through the experience of a superior woman, who casts all conventionalism aside and goes out to study the problems of vagrancy, and the facts of Trampdom, and the results of willing, honest work. There is love to climax her experience, and courage to face the short-comings of parentage. I cannot as yet get a publisher, for the clergy and legislator, and society in general pen before the reader.

I have longed much to visit the Pacific slope, but as yet have been unable to do so. I should be glad to hear from you, but would be unwilling to waste a moment of your valuable time.

Truly yours,

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

West Richfield, Summet Co, O.

Mrs. J. W.Stow-Dear Friead: Your order for the badge is received and filled. I can only lie here and watch and watch witn anxious soul the work of those who are bearing the heat and burden of the work for the emancipation of Woman from the tyrany that has kept her in bondage till this age of the world. You will find strong opposition to your work fuom the slaves you are trying to free, and that is the hardest to bear—the ingratitude of those who ought to be the most grateful. Every personal lady friend and acquaintance I have, with one exception, says: "I have all the rights I want."

My hopes of being able to obtain means for a course of treatment at the "Hillside Home" are dimmed, for the present. I have not received orders enough, from the 2000 circulars I sent out, to pay the expenses incured; but as I am blessed with a large amount of stick-to-it-iveness, such a discouraging beginning has not turned me from the goal I am striving to reach. If I live long enough, you will yet hear from me in Dansville.

I remain Yours most truly.

LUCY L. CHURCHILL.

This long-suffering estimable lady has been a cripple since three years of age and been confined to her bed with spinal difficulties for the last nine years. She feels that a sojourn at Dr. Jacksons' cure without medicine Home would greatly benefit, if it did not wholly restore her.

I ask every generous man snd woman, as a personal favor, to buy Mrs. Churchill's butiful badge pin, advertised in this paper. If you do not want the pin send for some of her attractive books which she has for sale, or send her 25 cts in postage stamps or a 25 dollar draft: Show a palpable sympathy.—Ed.

AN OPEN LETTER.

There comes almost every day questioning letters from friends, saying, "What is the reason that you do not *answer* my letters?" One says, that pent up wrath has been nursed nine months to a day. Evidently it had a warm gestation, judging from the theometrical state in which the answer arrived. The only marvel is that it escaped being turned to cinder by spontaneous combustion. A groan comes from over the sea that I "once wrote such charming letters, unscrimped and unstinted, and that they were like the dews of Hermon to the scorched desert of a thirsty soul." Ah friends, during my seven years probate pilgrimage up and down the land I had the time to write many letters, I had time to indulge in mental telegraphy, I had many and varied peeples, places and things to write about, I was ever upon the wing, here to-day, there tomorrow: my life was a kaleidoscope of events. Now I am chained to the wheel of routine duty, and when I tell you that if I had three pairs of hands instead of one pair, and three brains instead of one, I could keep them busy as a thousand bees ten hours a day, and that is overleaping my laws of life almost one-half; you will be patient and forgiving, and above all continue to write me the same long, kind letters as of yore. Know that my heart is unchanged, and tho' we may never again meet on life's high seas, I shall ever love you with "supreme devotion." Into whatever casket has gone the jewel of my love, there it shall remain till the sea gives up her dead, and with me, where Friendship has strewn her violets the forget-me-nots are ever and always in perennial bloom.

O friends! write me often, not expecting a personal answer, for I never needed your sympathy, your love, your words of cheer so much as now. Think how I shall scold you on the other side, if you don't heed my prayer—and that would be dreadful! My life has been so much of a warfare of late that I shall long for peace when we get there. I ask of those whose souls vibrate to the same chord as mine whether we have ever met or not, to write me. Let us know each other through the magic talisman of pen and paper. Life is too short to admit of delay. Social Science is the key that will unlock all true hearts and bring about a purer and healthier civilization in which the science of life will bear divinest blossoms and fruit.

Mrs. Stow.

Nevada City, Cal.

EDITOR W. H. OF I.

Liberalism seems to be altogether misunderstood by the great majority of those who embrace the dogmas of the Christian Church. The Liberals are generally by them represented as those who aim at the entire destruction of the Christian religion, however, I have never yet come in contact with a Liberal who fostered such ideas. Liberalism does not aim at the destruction of that part of the Christian system that is good and true, on the contrary, it uses its powers to maintain and strengthen all that is noble and generous inside of that religion. None of us ever tho't of sweeping the whole thing out of existence, although we hold that pure morality needs no miracles or theological dogmas, nor any other supernatural halo, on which to stand. Christians generally consider the morality of to-day the result of the teachings of their church. Such a belief disregards the truth of the existence of virtue and goodness before Christ and outside of Christendom. This part of mankind has yet to learn that morality is the result of the combined influence of our natural character and education. If a certain religious system was to be attributed with the enlightment and morality of a nation or nations, Christianity would have to admit that Mohammedanism, at the time the Saracens conquered Spain, had done more for that nation than Christianity had done for its darkness-enveloped followers of Europe at that time. The youths of Christendom went then to Cordova to the Mohammedans to learn, and were improved by it.

Doubt, instead of being a crime, must be regarded the beginning of wisdom. There can be no advancment without investigation, and no investigation ever has been made without a doubt. Liberalism came into existence through doubt, and while the church damned men, Infidelity reformed them. Religion, in every age, has been the advocate of slavery. Christianity did not save the South from slavery; it was commenced and carried out by Christians and Christian ministers. Neither has Christianity ever much encouraged the saving of the world from vice and degradation, from poverty and prostitution, neither at home nor in foreign countries. As proof of these assertions, a hundred volumes of the size of the Christian Bible could be written, though I shall ask only for the space to repeat the words of Governor Kapena of the Sandwich Islands, while on a visit with King Kalakeua to the United States: "It is remarkable that wherever missionaries go, poverty, prostitution, and depopulation follow." Liberalism proclaims, "Peace, freedom, and enfranchisement." On this liberal proclamation, the foundation for the enfranchisement of women was built, and is growing towards its harvest. The Bible, upon which the Christian religion is built, to the contrary, degrades women. All through that book, she bears the burden, and is the victim of brutal lust. She is commanded to serve the Lord through her husband. It condemns marriage: "He that giveth her in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better." It indorses the horrible crime of incest: Lot, one of God's best men, set that bad example. It indorses concubinage: Jacob, David, Solomon, and others, those great and godly men were defiled with it. It indorses polygamy, promiscuity, etc., in fact, all that is foul and degrading to women.

Since Liberalism made its spread over this beautiful earth, nature assumed once more her right, and loving and tender and beautiful women will no longer be degraded by men. Liberalism has already torn down the stakes, gibbets, etc., and will soon have paved the road of Progress to Universal Liberty. E. W. F.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

LOIS WOOD BEERS.

Lois Wood was born in Pelham, Mass. in 1801, and when a month old, her parents removed to Macedon, Monroe Co. N. Y. Her father, Levi Wood, served, first as a private and afterwards as lieutenant all through the Revolution; hes brother, Capt. Fuller, also bore arms all through the Revolution. Her parents were "forehanded" farmers and reared a family of five sons and seven daughters, only one dying in childhood. Her father was a splendid type of Anglo-Saxon manhood, six feet in height and magnificently proportioned, with eyes and hair as black as Absalom's. Lois was the counterpart of her father, and loved him to idolatry. She was five feet, seven inches in height, with classic features, perfectly formed hands and feet, and a carriage like a queen, and Prof. Fowler said she had one of the *best* heads he had ever examined. At nineteen years of age she was married to Wakeman Beers of Ontario, and when her second daughter was two and a half years old, the family, herself, husband and three children, Norman Terry, Harriet Permilla, and Marietta Lizzie "went West" and settled on the Western Reserve in the township of Columbia, Lorain Co. Ohio. There on the farm was born her fourth and last child, Salome Gertrude. One son and three daughters, which she playfully called her three graces—*little* graces, but the little graces grew apace; the eldest overtopping her mother a quarter of an inch; the second climbed just to her height, and the "little one" of the household got half an inch ahead; but in spite of their ambition to grow tall, they grew in grace in their mother's heart.

Mrs. Beers was a model mother with steady nerves. Pioneer women who live in a forest filled with wild beasts, and miles from the nearest neighbor, ought to have strong nerves, especially when all the children are down with malignant scarlet fever, as hers were at one time. The attendant physician, an Englishman, said she was the best mother he had ever seen in America. Mrs. Beers had aspirations far above the sphere in which her destiny was cast. She wrote prose and poetry, and kept a diary, and had her acquirements been superior to a common school education in a country town, she would have left a shining literary mark behind her. She had superior conversational powers and during the winter months, the house on the hill, as her home was called, was thronged with visitors. She ruled her household with imperious sway. The only law her children knew was the law of obedience. When the cock crowed at five o'clock in the morning, every one must be astir. It mattered not how sleepy or tired, from last night's route, the children might be, they had to shake themselves and get up, for "she arose while it was yet night and gave meat to her husband, and a portion to her children." She and Mr. Beers were both "sweet singers in Isreal" and her fine voice rang out the old fugue tunes through forest and glen, as she fearlessly rode on horseback or drove along the under brushed and corduroyed roadway of the new country.

Her independent principles asserted themselves in property rights; she having always kept her individual patrimony separate and distinct from her husband's and the accumulations of wedlock. She owned her saddle (and carriage) horse, a butiful bay, which no one would think of saddling or harnessing ,ever, without her express permission.

Two of her brothers, Seth and Zebina, owned farms across the public highway from the Beers farm, and two sisters, Hannah and Mary, lived a mile distant in opposite directions; and never a week was allowed to pass by o[illegible] family reunion took place at one of the four houses. All the Woods were the closest of close communion Baptists. They believed that unless every hair of the head went clear out of sight "under the wave," that brimstone would be the portion of the "unburied" part.

Mrs. Beers died, after a brief illness, in New York city, in 1864. She was perfectly conscious and at the last moment, raised her hands and eyes with a rapturous look upon her countenance, and exclaimed, "My father and Frankie Bell." Frankie Bell was a dearly loved grandchild who was born and died in her house.

In looking at the paternal and maternal ancestral tree, the question arises, are we degenerating? It looks as though we were. The male line in Levi Woods family is nearly extinct, and wholly so in Moses Beers' family.

Here are the 1st and 2ond generations in their order.—Levi Wood's children and children's children.

	Sons.	Dauters.
Levi—Died, single.		
Hannah	4	3
Freeman	1	4.
Esther	1	2
Aseph	1	2
Lois	1	3.
Seth	1	3.
Electa	2	2.
Zebina		3.
Permilla	3	5.
Mary		1.
Phila, died in infancy		

Moses Beers' family.

Harriet,died in the bloom of youth.		
Wakeman	1	3.
Ann	1	2
George—died a bachelor.		
Precilla	1;	2,

The survival of the fittest, is surely in the female line in these two families, and the original stock has certainly very much degenerated in two generations. There are no men in the family that will compare in physical grandeur and manly excellence with my mother's father and brothers, and the daughters and granddaughters are far from as comely and capable as their mothers and grandmother were. Why is this? There has never been a consanguinity marriage. The breed has been crossed with blue blood, and red blood. Zebina married Huldah Church, Permilla married John Phillips of Webster Corners, and Precilla married Hicks Worden of Fayetville, but none of their children equal their parents in ability, and good looks. Mrs. Moses Beers was Elizabeth Burr of Conn. There were two sisters, Elizabeth and Deborah, cousins of Aaron Burr. Their sisters were splendid women physically and mentally. Deborah had but one child, a Mrs. Marvin of Shelby, O. Mrs. M—now deceased, had a large family of sons and daughters, but none of them, neither she nor her children were equal to her mother. A granddaughter, Mrs. Dr. Howard of Cincinnati' is the only one of them who has made any stir in the world, and Elizabeth's children's children are far behind her although the commingled blood of the Woods and Fullers of Mass. and the Beers and Burrs of Conn. flows through the veins of the two families. Wakeman and Ann Beers having married Lois and Aseph Wood What is the matter when high-bred stock runs into scrub stock? Our family is not the only one on the down grade of extinction. Look at the Beechers, Adamses, Websters, and hosts of others, far above our high-blood mark. What is the matter? Cattle breed up, humans down. I once said to Mary Livermore, "What is the reason your daughter is so much smaller than her mother?" "A book" she replied. "I wrote a book while I was carrying her, and robbed her of her birthright." But our family has not been book-dwarfed. Its members have been farmers, mechanics, merchants, priests, lawyers, etc., and yet we degenerate, and die out. What is the matter, Mr. Moody (Loring)?

Mrs. Stow.

Wanted; Wanted:

Agents, Agents, Agents,

TO CANVASS FOR

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTKY.

Premiums offered.

Probate Confiscation and Probate Chaff. The first book is in its fourth edition, has over 400 pages, is printed on fine tinted paper and butifully bound in best English cloth. It gives the legal rites of married women, widows, orfans and brobate courts. It shows how sacredly the property of widows and fatherless children is garded by our wise lawmakers. Few books have had more extended notices and reviews. It is worse than folly it is a *crime* to be ignoraat of the laws affecting home and loved ones.

Probate Chaff gives the merry side of a dark picture, It is illustrated with 200 cuts. These valuable books will be forwarded, post-paid, to any one, who will send $10 and twenty names, subscribers to the HERALD.

Why people should take the HERALD OF INDUSTRY. It is the only paper in California owned and made entirely by women in the interest of women. Every true woman who takes an interest and pride in the "woman-movement" will subscribe for its organ in in her own state. The price is so small it comes within the reach of all.

I urge every woman, man and child to each city, town and hamlet in the state to obtain subscribers for this paper.—FIFTY per cent. commission is paid, for both subscriptions and advertisements.

Send in your oaders to 304 Stockton street, San Francisco.

PROBATE CONFISCATION $2

PROBATE CHAFF.....$1,20.

Is these one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

Personal likes and dislikes must go go to the wall in this contest. As will might we cavil about the *Spirit* of those who prepare physical food, as mental, and starve ourselves to deth.

Away with likes and dislikes, there is neither time for or sense in such babyish folly,

SUBSCRIBE for the HERALD.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME OF THE RATIONAL DRESS SOCIETY.
London, England.

So many questions are asked as to the divided skirt we recommend, that it seems desirable to issue a short leaflet on the subject. Not because it is the principle reform we advocate, or even an indispensable part of it, but as it is the only new part of it, it excites more attention and without explanation is liable to be misapprehended.

The divided skirt is a skirt divided between the legs so as to clothe each leg separately, the under clothing to be arranged beneath this as most convenient. It should come to about the instep, quite clearing the ground, and be made about a yard round at the ankle. An ordinary dress skirt is worn over this, which may be as much or as little trimmed as the wearer may fancy, although to secure lightness the less the better.

The divided skirt may appear under the top skirt about two or three inches without exciting the least notice.

The divided skirt and the under garments may be fastened to a broad band fitted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any sort round the waist. Or, if preferred, hooks or buttons can be placed on a calico bodice to be attached to corresponding loops on the skirts. The top part of the dress may be any loose body or jacket the wearer may choose, always avoiding bands, ligatures, or pressure of any sort from below the fixed ribs to the top of the hips.

In this costume the weight of clothing may be reduced at least one-half, because as the divided skirts cover the body fully and evenly, fewer layers of clothing are required, and less material in their construction. We have here a style of dress by which no internal organ can be injured, no muscle cramped, no movement of the body impeded, and to which the wearer may add as much grace and beauty as her own good taste may direct.

NOTICE:——The Committee of the "Rational Dress Society," intends to protest against the attempt to introduce any fashion in dress which either deforms the figure, impedes the movements of the body, or injures the health, and earnestly begs members of the society to avoid wearing any article of dress so denounced.

They protest against corsets or tight fitting bodices of any kind, high or narrow heeled boots and shoes, as injurious to health.

Against heavily weighted skirts, as rendering healthy exercise almost impossible, and all tie down cloaks or other garments which impede the movements of the arms.

Against crinolines, or crinolettes of any kind or shape, as deforming, indecent, and vulgar.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union.

532 California Street, Corner Webb.

For the half year ending with December 31, 1881, a Dividend has been declared at the rate of five [5] per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth [4 1-6] per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of Federal Tax, payable on and after Wednesday, January 11, 1882.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier

"THE NATIONAL ISSUE."

From the *National Liberator*,

If the question to be settled by the leaders of the temperance movement be one of policy, than possibly in some states it might be polite to ignore and suppress the influence, rights and duties of women in connection with this question. If it be a question of principle, then is every moment worse than lost during which we parley and talk of compromise.

If the leaders of the temperance party believe it is right that the women of the nation should have their opinions upon this vital question counted at the ballot-box, then let them bravely assert that opinion though the heavens fall. To a careless observer it would seem that we are about to witness another repetition of history. When the fifteenth amendment was pending, an d Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and a few other clear-brained, anti-slavery workers, protested against the insertion of a clause in our Constitution whereby twenty million ignorant voters were empowered to legislate for and determine the civil and political status of all American women, unless some provision was made at the same time for the protection of the rights of the women citizens of the United States, even such champions of liberty as Hon. Charles Sumner, and others, wrote, begging these women to hold their claims in abeyance until every man in the United States was free, and then surly the next step would be the enfranchisement of women citizens. The black men were emancipated, and then when the women asked for recognition they were implored to keep quiet a little longer, and help the great Republican party, and the women did help; the number of speeches made and editorials written by women during the campaign of 1876 being amazing to one who will investigate the matter. By the aid of women the praty grew strong and popular, and then, because of its power and popularity, so corrupt that the very party which in its weakness had promised respectful consideration, in the plentitude of power totally ignored every claim and right of women

And now the temperance party, growing in srength and power by the influence and assistance, the self-denial of women, the party which can never crystalize its principles into laws without the votes of women, begins to hint to woman that it would be expedient for her to hold her claims in abeyance (her immortal, her soul-developing right to self-ownership and liberty) until the temperance question is settled.

Loyal as I am to the temperance question, in the sacred name of liberty, of morality, of temperance, of free thought, free speech and liberty, I plead with you, women, to yield not one jot or tittle of your claim, your right, to have your moral power and influence counted at the ballot-box

Far better for the cause of temperance, for pure morality, for the freedom of the race, the development of character, that every women withdraw from specific temperance work and devote herself to the slow work of creating a woman-suffrage party than for women to longer devote time and strength to building a temperance temple on the sands-as any and every temperance movement must be which is not based on the moral and legal responsibilities of mothers.

It is moral impossibility for the temperance movement to suceed without the help of woman. What Elizabeth Herrick in Fngland, Lucretia Mott and Harriet Beecher Stowe in America, did for anti-slavery—what Anna Ella Carroll with her transceddant military genius did for the Union, cannot some other woman do for the sacred cause of morality?

An earnest temperance worker counsels that we adopt a plan whereby the several states can decide upon the amount of liberty with which it is safe to entrust their women citizens. In the name of liberty would Miss Willard think it wise, or that it would tend to advance civilization, if liberty was apportioned to men in the same way? I do not ask for citizenship in I ask for all the rights and immunities of a citizen of the United States of America.

Utah claims the right to portect he citizens in the practice of bigamy. We believe in a national marriage law.

If there are men and women enough, brave enough and true enough to come together in the name of morality and freedom, to found the great National Reform party, based upon the inherent right of every citizen of mature age and sound nind to self-government, then a grandly helpful party will begin its existence. If a party is founded, based on the treacherous sands of expediency, then must the former experiences be repeated.

We are passing over dangerous shoals. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety. The only class of politicians in this nation who have ever been accrued of monarchial tendencies are rapidly gaining power. Gigantic monopolies threaten the industrial interof the people, and a gigantic masculine monopoly of political, civil, educalional and moral interests threatens the liberties of the mothers of the race, and retards civilization.

The ballot in woman's hands means the suppression of the social evil, and the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The ballot in the hands of men alone for a century has failed to retard the gigantic growth of both these evils.

Suppose all the temperance men of this nation were disfranchised—could not have their opinions counted upon any subject; could not elect or choose their jndges, or be tried by a jury of their peers. Which would they deem of the most vital import to all moral questions—the formation of a party which would secure their right to vote upon the temperane question in some of the States, or the formation of a party for the purpose of securing their right to life and liberty?

Yet again, trace the suggestion, that woman suffrage be eliminated from the temperance platforms, to its true source, and it usually emanates from politicians who are not afraid of the temperance party so long as women cannot vote; who recognize that the Prohibitionists who ignore their most helpful allies, the women of the country, will go into battle with Quaker guns, hence the evil day be retarded when a political aspirant must clearly define his position on the liquor question.

Stange that while the Liquor Dealers' Association declare woman suffrage to be fraught with direst evils to their interests, the temperance party decline to raise this only weapon which will or can untie the Gordian-knot that holds the nation bound in a network of immorality.

Temperance women, you will but forge a new fetter for public morals, and add a new link to the chain that holds you in utter helplessness to legislate against this evil, if you do not now in clearest tones insist upon measures based upon principle, not expediency.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

"OH! THAT I WERE A MAN!"

How many women there are, all over the land, wishing they had been born men. It is no marvel that this should be so, when Man is the ruling monarch of the earth. When he holds nearly every office of power, emolument and honor. When woman finds herself not only a slave to his petty whims and caprices, but far too often shut out from even the means of an honorable livelihood. Now and then we see some determined woman donning male attire and doing man's work; earning bravely a man's wages among men, and still more rarely braving a false public opinion, and doing such work in her own habiliments. But the great mass of women are clamoring for something to do; and seeing no opening for them. Those men who employ female labor, generally find themselves fairly persecuted by applications from helpless girls, widows and mothers of destitute families, wanting work even at the lowest wages—asking for it with hungry eyes and pleading voices; to change all this, is the aim of every pleader for Woman's Rights. To teach woman, and claim what is her inalienable birth right is the first great step towards lifting the whole human race upon a higher plane; to raise the mother and to educate the children; for only free, independent, educated, self-supporting mothers can bear and rear noble, grand, beautiful and perfect children. Take right hold then, my sisters, and do what you find to do and do it now. Begin to-day; fear not public criticism. If you can drive a team, haul wood, plow the land, or fill any professional position, do so, regardless of tne fear of being thought out of your sphere. Is it more degrading to carry home a sack of flour from the mill,than to scour a fioor, or is it more unwomanly to plow a furrow, than to stand at the wash-tub? Or is it any more laborious?

Every woman who does something, (women are unused to doing something commonly left for men to perform,) helps precisely that much to break down the barrier that fences her sex out from her share of rights, duties and labors. Do not then, sit idly with folded hands, and *wish to be men*, but take hold and do that which will make you capable of filling well the positions you aspire to fill Read the newspapers; not the marriages, deaths, murders, accidents and novel stories only, but read of books, men and things; of political movements, great inventions and discoveries, and all that stirs the throbbing heart of the world. Broaden and widen out your mind, and your sphere will be widened as a natural consequence. Despise not small things, but perform them as stepping stones to greater achievments. Begin to study, think and do, and you will find the rest will come in its own good time.

"The top is not reach'd by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

We rise by things that are under our feet:
By what we have master'd of good and gain:
By the pride depos'd and the passion slain:
And the vanquish'd ills that we daily meet."

ELMINA.

Snowville, Pulaski Co. Va.

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This is the only paper in the world whose leading feature is the INDUSTRIAL EMANCIPATION of women. through self-help and co-operation. It fearlessly preaches the new doctrine of reason and common sense, in proclaiming that every child has a divine right to be well born. It points the finger of shame at perpetuators of disease, crime, idiocy and lust. It voices "Equality before the law," and "An aristocracy of sex is repugnant to a republic."

THE HERALD OF INDUSTRY
IS A
STATE and NATIONAL ORGAN,
FEARLESS, OUTSPOKEN, AGGRESSIVE.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a most vigorously edited paper.—*Morning Call, San Francisco, Cal.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a remarkable sheet. It contains more that is important to women than any paper that I ever opened.—*Jeanne C. Carr.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a spunky and spicy new amazonian, is a business journal, and champions temperance and justice and education on business principles. It is pure gold from San Francisco.—*Boyce's "Saturday Anvil," Washington, D. C.*

It is admirable, sound and alive.—*Clarina I. H. Nichols.*

It looks healthy, and I am of the opinion that its healthy parent will sustain it with good, solid and aggressive food, and that in due time its strength will be great and powerful.—*Clara S. Foltz, Attorney-at-law.*

This excellent journal should reach every intelligent woman on the Pacific Coast.—*Mrs. Rowena G. Steele.*

We are doubly glad to welcome this *industrial* journal, knowing that under Mrs. Stow's management it will do a grand work for women.—*Clara Berwick Colby, Beatrice Express.*

The first number of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY is intensely interesting. It has held me spell-bound all the morning.—*Harriet S. Brooks.*

We like the bold, frank and fearless spirit with which it battles against wrong to women. It does honor to the independent editor, and honor to the association over which she presides with so much ability.—*Col. Warren, California Farmer.*

This paper is one of the best of its class we have ever had the pleasure of looking over, and it should certainly succeed. Its mission is a noble one, and it has the right person at the helm. Mrs. Stow makes a readable, earnest and effective paper, and every women who neglects subscribing for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY does not know how to spend a dollar.—*San Leandro Weekly Sentinel.*

The paper is remarkable for the boldness with which it states facts, and attacks unjust and unequal laws.—*Lucy Stone, Women's Journal.*

The editor is free and outspoken in denouncing what she conceives to be wrong, and vigorously advocates what she believes to be right. She is an excellent writer, as will be seen by a careful perusal of her paper, which we recommend to all our lady readers. Subscribe for it at once. Only one dollar a year.—*Mountain Echo.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is breezy with the spirit of *liberty*.—*Frances Ellen Burr.*

When reading your paper to-day I was forcibly reminded of Garibaldi's immortal manifesto, that "rang like a silver trumpet round the world," in which he said: "Whoever is in love with hunger, with cold, with death, follow me." Reformers must be fighters. Every footprint of human progress has been wet with tears, and led through tribulation, suffering and strife.—*Wm. H. Robb, M.D.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a paper published monthly by Mrs. J. Stow, a woman of rare ability and fine attainments. It will prove a great educator.—*Medico-Literary Journal*, San Francisco,

This paper fills a niche never yet occupied in the history of journalism, and its mission is one that commends it to every family in the land. It most eloquently proclaims the rights of woman, which she never yet enjoyed in this land of "liberty," and we most heartily endorse its sentiments. May it speak forth in tones of thunder, until the sound thereof reverberates throughout the whole land.—*Leemoor Advertiser.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a *gem*. I am greatly pleased with it. I see thee believes in all true reforms—a true Radical in deeds as well as words—and I am anxious to make friends with thee. I am a full believer in Woman; her mission of purifying the race, exalting love, ennobling work, and all that elevates and makes us better.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

I like its bold, affirmative position. But few women, unless they have been subject to martyrdom, as you have been, can realize what is due from womanhoood to the progress of civilization and the building of humanity.—*Lucinda B. Chandler.*

This beautiful publication is edited with marked ability, and is "devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help." We hope and prophecy a successful career for this new enterprise. *Western Woman's Journal.*

I am delighted with the courage and executive ability displayed in the HERALD.—*Clemence S. Lozier, M.D.*

The opening number gives promise of a most readable, able, spicy and very useful journal.—*The Rescue.*

WOMAN'S HERALD is wide-awake and aggressive, and bids fair to reach a large circle of readers.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. These folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Mattie P. Krekel, Mirror of Progress.*

Have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

A bright, readable paper. Mr. Parker joins me in wishing you every success.—*Julia E. Smith.*

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Duniway, New Northwest.*

I have just finished reading the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and thank you for *one* of the *three* happy days of my life.—*Virginia A. Betts.*

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ROCHDALE CO-OPEEATIVE RULES.

ARTICLE I.

NAME, OBJECTS, MEMBERSHIP, LOCATION.

SECTION 1. The name of this Society shall be the Co-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

SEC. 2. The objects of this Society shall be:

First.—To supply its members and others with articles for household and personal use that are unadulterated and of good quality.

Second.—To buy such articles at wholesale, to sell the same for cash at retail at the same prices as those charged by other retail dealers, and to divide the profits thus realized among its members and others in proportion as they have contributed to the production of said profit by their CAPITAL, LABOR, or CUSTOM.

Third.—To provide a safe and profitable investment for the capital saved in small sums by its members, and for the re-investment of the profits made by the business of this Society.

SEC. 3. Any person whose application for membership is approved by the Board of Trustees may become a member of this Society on paying an entrance fee of *fifty cents*, subscribing for one or more shares of its capital stock, and signing an agreement to abide by these by-laws and amendments thereto. In case of his rejection by the Board of Trustees, all money, if any, that he shall have paid shall be returned to him.

The Board of Trustees may suspend any member who persists in conduct which in its judgment is injurious to the Society. In such case they shall, at the next regular meeting of the Society, state the cause of complaint against said member, having first given him three clear days' notice of the same. If a majority of the members present so vote, said member shall be expelled, and on the surrender of all share certificates held by him he shall be paid the (book) value of such certificates. A person who has been expelled shall not be again admitted as a member, except by the vote of two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting of the Society, nor unless notice has been given at the last previous regular meeting of the intention to propose his name for re-admission.

SEC. 4. The office of this Society shall be located in the County of....., and State of..... It shall be established at the store of the Society, or at such other place as the Board of Trustees may from time to time appoint; and at such place all books of account, securities and documents of the Society shall be kept, other than such, if any, as are required for carrying on its business elsewhere.

ARTICLE II.

MEETING AND QUORUMS.

SECTION 1. Regular monthly meetings of this Society shall be held on the third Tuesday in each month.

The monthly meeting occurring in the month of January shall be the regular annual meeting of the Society.

The monthly meetings occurring in the months of March, June, September and December shall be termed regular quarterly meetings, and the financial quarters shall commence on the first of said months. The President shall preside at all meetings when present. In his absence the members present shall elect one of their number to preside for that occasion.

SEC. 2. The following shall be the order of business for all regular meetings of the Society except the regular annual meeting:

1. Reading the minutes of the last meeting.
2. Reading the minutes of the Board of Trustees since the last regular meeting.
3. Secretary's and Treasurer's reports.
4. Reports of Committees.
5. Unfinished business.
6. New business.
7. Enquiries and suggestions.
8. Adjournment.

This order of business may be amended or suspended during any meeting by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

SEC. 3. Special meetings shall be called at any time by the President and Secretary, upon the written request of ten members or by order of the Board of Trustees.

Three clear days' notice shall be given to each member of every special meeting. The notice shall state by whom and for what purpose the meeting is called; and no business shall be brought before the meeting not specified in the call for the same.

SEC. 4. Each member shall be entitled to but one vote, and voting by proxy shall not be allowed. All votes shall be taken by show of hands, unless a majority of members present shall determine otherwise. In case of a tie, the President shall have the right to cast the deciding vote, in addition to his vote as a member.

A majority of members present shall decide all questions, except in those cases otherwise specified by these By-Laws.

SEC. 5. No member in arrears to this Society, on any account whatever, two days previous to any meeting, shall be entitled to vote.

SEC. 6. All meetings shall be held at the Society's place of business, or at such other place as the Board of Trustees may from time to time appoint. At least fifteen (15) members must be present to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; but no meeting shall be rendered incapable of transacting business after the chair has been taken and a quorum has been found to be present.

In case a quorum is not present within one hour after the time stated in the notice for such meeting, the meeting shall stand adjourned to that day week, unless it be a special meeting, in which case it shall be adjourned *sine die*.

A meeting may be adjourned from time to time for any period not exceeding fourteen days, except as herein specified.

ARTICLE III.

OFFICERS AND MANAGEMENT.

SECTION 1. The affairs of this Society shall be conducted by a President, who shall be *ex-officio* a member and Chairman of the Board of Trustees, eight other Trustees and a Treasurer, who shall be elected at each regular annual meeting to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected and qualify.

SEC. 2. Any vacancy occurring in the Board of Trustees may be filled for the unexpired term at the next regular quarterly meeting of the Society after the vacancy occurs, subject to the conditions of nominations herein provided.

SEC. 3. All candidates for office shall be nominated at the regular monthly meeting next preceding that at which the election is to take place.

The Secretary shall prepare a list of all persons nominated, together with the names of the retiring officers, and shall post the same in several conspicuous places in the Society's store at least ten (10) days before election.

Retiring officers shall be eligible to re-election.

The Board of Trustees shall keep a record of the attendance of its members during the year, a summary of which shall be read at the regular annual meeting previous to the election of officers.

SEC. 4. Any member of the Board of Trustees or other officer who shall accept any other office or place of profit in the Society shall first resign the one held by him before entering upon the duties of the new office to which he has been elected or appointed.

This rule shall not apply to any officer who may be elected to represent the Society in any wholesale co-operative society of which it may become a member.

No member of the Board of Trustees shall be interested in any contract with the Society, excepting when he is a member of a firm or company which has entered into contracts with or has done work for the Society, in which case he shall not be present or vote when such contracts are being discussed or acted upon.

SEC. 5. The Board of Trustees shall appoint a Secretary and a business manager. It shall also appoint all employes, and fix all compensations and define all duties not specifically provided in these By-Laws.

SEC. 6. The Secretary shall attend all meetings of the Society and of the Board of Trustees when required, and keep a correct account of the same. He shall keep a register of the addresses of all members, which register shall be open for the inspection of members during business hours. He shall post all notices as required. He shall keep the accounts of the Society in such manner as the Board of Trustees may direct. He shall receive all money due the Society, and pay the same to the Treasurer. He shall, on all occasions, in the execution of his duties, act under the direction and control of the Board of Trustees.

SEC. 7. When any member shall change his address, he shall, within one month thereafter, give notice thereof in writing to the Secretary, who shall, on receiving such notice, make the necessary change in the address of such member in the register of members provided for in the sixth section of this article.

SEC. 8. The Treasurer shall be responsible for such sums of money as may from time to time be paid to him by the Secretary or other persons on the account of this Society, and shall dispose of all money received by him as directed by the Board of Trustees.

All deposits of money in bank shall be in the name of the Society. All checks shall be signed by the Treasurer and counter-signed by the Secretary.

SEC. 9. The Board of Trustees shall require from every person elected, appointed or employed to or in any office or position of trust in this Society, such security as, in the opinion of said Board, shall be duly proportioned to the trust reposed.

SEC. 10. At any regular quarterly meeting of the Society the members present may fix the compensation of the members of the Board of Trustees, Auditing Committee, and of any person or persons delegated to do any special duty for the Society. One month's notice shall be given to all members of any proposed change in the compensation fixed for the members of the Board of Trustees.

SEC. 11. At the regular annual meeting in each year, an Auditing Committee of three members shall be elected, to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected and qualify. No member shall be eligible to serve on the Auditing Committee who holds any other position of honor, trust, or profit in the Society. It shall have power to employ experts at the expense of the Society, if in their judgment necessary. It shall audit the accounts of the Society monthly, and, if found correct, shall so certify on the books of account. It shall lay before each quarterly meeting a balance sheet of the receipts and expenditures, also of the assets and liabilities of the Society, together with a statement of the business of the Society for the last quarter, and its then condition. It shall have power to call for and examine all books, papers, and documents belonging to the Society, and any officer, employe, member, or other person as witnesses. The balance sheet shall bear its certificate of correctness. In case a vacancy occurs in the Auditing Committee, the remaining members shall have power to fill the vacancy for the unexpired term.

SEC. 12. If a member makes any complaint relating to the quality of, or price charged for goods supplied by this Society, or respecting the conduct of any officer or employe of the Society, he shall make such complaint in writing, and deliver it to the Secretary, who shall lay it before the Trustees at their next meeting. Such complaint shall be investigated and acted upon by the Board, and the complaint, with the decision of the Board on the same, shall be entered on its minute book, after which the complaining member shall be furnished with a copy of such entry. If the decision is not satisfactory to such member, he may appeal from the decision of the Board, and lay his complaint, with the decision thereon, before any regular meeting of the Society, having first given fourteen (14) days' notice of his intention to do so. The decision rendered by a majority of the members present shall be final.

If a member makes any suggestion for the good of the Society, it shall take the same course, and be acted upon in the same manner, as herein provided for a complaint.

SEC. 13. The first Board of Trustees shall adopt a seal for the Society, which seal shall be placed in the custody of the Secretary, and shall be affixed to such papers and documents as the Board may direct, from time to time, and an engraving of such seal shall also be printed upon such papers as it may direct from time to time.

SEC. 14. All notices issued by this Society to its members shall be mailed by the Secretary to the address last given by each member, as shown by the register book kept for that purpose.

SEC. 15. No person shall be employed in any capacity for a longer period than three months, unless his appointment is made in writing by the Board of Trustees, and attested by the President and Secretary. No person shall be dismissed after receiving such an appointment, except by a majority vote of the Board, unless it be done as provided for in Section 12 of this Article.

SEC. 16. This Society may become a member of a wholesale co-operative society, by a vote at any regular meeting, provided such action is recommended by the Board of Trustees, in which case the number of delegates by which it is entitled to be represented in such society shall be then elected to serve until the next regular annual meeting and until their successors are elected and qualify. Except as above provided, the delegates shall be elected at the regular annual meeting in each year to serve for one year, and until their successors are elected.

Their compensation shall be fixed by the meeting at which they are elected and qualify.

ARTICLE IV.

THE ACCUMULATION OF CAPITAL AND FINANCIAL MANAGEMENT.

SEC. 1. The capital of the Society shall be divided into shares, having a par value of *twenty-five (25) dollars each.*

They shall be paid for as follows: ten per cent. on subscription, and the balance in installments of one (1) dollar per month. Any member may pay for the whole, or any part of his share or shares in advance, at his option.

All interest and dividends due members shall be placed to the credit of any unpaid share or shares held by them, until the same shall be paid for in full, but shall not be applied in payment of any monthly installment.

SEC. 2. All share installments shall be on the first of each month, commencing with the month next following the date of subscription for the share or shares, except that installments on shares subscribed for to organize a society, shall not commence to be due until such a day as shall be previously fixed by the Board of Trustees, and shall be payable, without special notice, at such place as the Board of Trustees may designate from time to time.

SEC. 3. If any member shall fail to pay any installment when due, he shall pay, with the installment, a delinquent fee at the rate of ten cents for each month or part of a month the installment shall remain unpaid, except that if paid within twenty days from date of maturity, five cents only shall be charged.

SEC. 4. If, on the second ensuing quarter day, the delinquent member shall not have paid his dues and fines, the Board of Trustees may, at their discretion, order the certificates for this shares so in arrears to be cancelled by the Secretary, and a scrip certificate for the amount paid and interest and dividends credited on such share, less the delinquent fine, shall be issued to the holder of the same, and such person shall, thenceforth, cease to be a member, unless he is the holder of another share certificate.

SEC. 5. Scrip certificates shall be issued to members and others, at their request, for any sums of money due them for interest, dividends, or money paid to the Society to the credit of their account; provided that no such certificate shall be issued to any member until all shares held by him are fully paid for, as required in Section 1 of this Article. Such certificates shall be receivable in payment for shares.

SEC. 6. Investments in scrip certificates shall draw interest at the rate of not to exceed six per cent. per annum (one and one-half per cent. per quarter), payable at the end of each financial quarter, but shall not further participate in any division of profits, nor entitle their holder to vote. Interest shall not be paid for any fractional part of a month.

SEC. 7. Holders of scrip certificates may withdraw the amount represented by such certificates from the funds of the Society, provided they are not indebted to the Society in any way, by giving the Secretary a notice in writing of their desire to do so. The Secretary shall, upon the surrender of such scrip certificate, issue to the holder thereof a draft on the Treasurer for the amount to be withdrawn, said draft to be due the number of days after the date of said notice, according to the amount to be paid, as herein specified:

Ten (10) dollars and under, at sight; over ten (10) dollars and under fifty (50) dollars, ten (10) days; over fifty (50) and under one hundred (100) dollars, fifteen (15) days; over one hundred (100) dollars, fifteen (15) days for the first one hundred (100) dollars, and ten (10) additional days for each additional one hundred (100) dollars or fractional part thereof.

SEC. 8. Installments or money paid, and interest and dividends, credited on one share or scrip certificate, shall not be transferred to another.

SEC. 9. All share and scrip certificates shall be transferrable, provided the holder of the same is not indebted to the Society in any way.

Transfers shall be effected by the surrender to the secretary of the certificate issued, with a direction written upon it, signed by the person in whose name it is issued, and one witness, directing the secretary to issue a new certificate to the person to whom the transfer is made; provided that no new share certificate shall be issued to any person until all By-Laws relating to the admission of members shall have been complied with by the person to whom the transfer is proposed to be made.

The secretary shall charge, for the Society, a fee of twenty-five (25) cents for each new certificate issued on a transfer.

SEC. 10. The transfer book may be closed during the seven (7) days immediately preceding the regular annual or quarterly meetings, and may be closed for any time not exceeding seven (7) days thereafter. Any transfer executed while the books are closed, shall be deemed, for the purposes of said meetings, to have been executed after the time for which the books were closed.

SEC. 11. Every owner of a share or scrip certificate shall receive from the society a book giving, if a member, the member's registered number, and show the amount paid and the amount of interest and dividends credited on the said share or shares or scrip held by him, as the case may be.

SEC. 12. An account shall be kept, termed "*Fixture and Organization Expense Account*," to which shall be charged all organizing expenses, and all articles bought for the use of the business of the society, which are not a part of its stock-in-trade. This account shall be credited with all fees and fines, and its balance shall be reduced at the rate of two and one-half (2½) per cent. per quarter, by crediting the account and charging the general expense account with that amount.

SEC. 13. The profits of this society, if sufficient, shall be divided as follows:

First—A dividend at the rate of one and one-half (1½) per cent. per quarter shall be paid quarterly upon the share capital of this society, for all amounts invested at the beginning of each financial quarter.

Second—After paying the sum provided for in the first paragraph of this section, five (5) per cent. of all remaining profit on the busines of any quarter shall be placed to the credit of a Reserve Fund, which fund shall be disposed of as directed by the members, at any regular quarterly meeting of the society, or a special meeting called for that purpose.

Third—After paying the sums provided for in paragraphs first and second of this section, two and one-half (2½) per cent of all remaining profit on the business of any quarter shall be placed to the credit of an Educational Fund, which fund shall be disposed of by the Board of Trustees, subject to the approval of the members, at any regular quarterly meeting of the society, or at any special meeting called for that purpose.

Fourth—After paying the sums provided for in paragraphs first, second and third of this section, if the remaining profit on the business of any quarter shall be sufficient to pay a dividend of one (1) or more full per cents. upon the amount of one-quarter (¼) of the share capital invested at the commencement of the quarter, the full amount paid as wages during the quarter, and the full amount of sales for the quarter, such a dividend shall be made. Any amount of undivided profit on the business of each quarter shall be carried forward to the credit of the business of the next financial quarter.

Fifth—One-half (½) of the dividend on such sales as are made to known non-members, and the full dividend on sales made to unknown persons, shall be placed to the credit of the "Reserve Fund," and the other half of the dividends on sales to known non-members, shall be paid to the persons to whom such sales were made.

SEC. 14. Interest and dividends shall be paid to the persons entitled to the same, at such time and place as the Board of Trustees may from time to time direct. Notice of such time and place shall be given by posting the same in several conspicuous places in the store of the society, at least ten (10) days previous to the day fixed for payment.

All amounts due members whose shares are fully paid, not called for within five (5) days after the date fixed for payment, shall be placed to the credit of such members as a scrip investment.

All interest and dividends due non-members shall be forfeited and placed to the credit of the "Reserve Fund" if not called for within ten (10) days after the date fixed for payment.

SEC. 15. Share and scrip certificates shall be signed by the President and secretary, and all contracts, legal papers and documents issued by or of binding force upon this society, must bear an impression of its seal, or a printed engraving of the same, and shall be signed by its secretary and treasurer, and such member of the Board of Trustees as said Board may appoint to perform that duty. All legal papers shall be placed in the custody of the Treasurer.

SEC. 16. The capital stock of this society may be increased or decreased at any time by such an amount as may be decided upon by vote at any regular meeting of the society, by complying with the law of the State in such case made and provided.

SEC. 17. Should the society, at any time, have more funds than can be profitably employed in its immediate business, the Board of Trustees may call in and pay off such scrip certificates as it may see fit. The secretary shall notify the holders of such certificates that, by authority of a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees in conformity with this By-Law, it calls for the surrender of such certificate, and, upon the receipt of the same, the secretary shall issue to the holder a draft upon the Treasurer, payable at sight, for the full amount of the investment represented by such certificate. In case such certificate is not surrendered within fifteen days (15) days after the date of said notice, interest shall cease thereon. The Board of Trustees may also, at its option, purchase the share or shares held by an expelled or non-purchasing member, by giving a like notice to said member, and, at the expiration of the term therein specified, if such certificate shall not be surrendered, the book value thereof shall be placed to the credit of the holder, and such shares or amount shall thereafter cease to bear any interest or dividends.

The Board of Trustees may, by giving a notice as hereinbefore provided in this section, demand the surrender by any member of such shares and the certificates therefor as he may hold in excess of five, by tendering to him the book value of such extra shares; provided, however, that said Board shall have been authorized so to do at a previous meeting of the society.

If such certificate or certificates shall not be surrendered, the amount due thereon shall be placed to the credit of the holder, and such shares or amount shall thereafter cease to bear any interest or dividends.

SEC. 18. In case this society shall become a member of a wholesale co-operative society, the Board of Trustees shall invest in the capital of such society, such *pro rata* amount of the capital of this society as may be required by the By-Laws of said wholesale co-operative society.

SEC. 19. The funds of this society shall not be invested in any way other than for the purposes of carrying on its immediate business, except as provided for in sections 18 and 19 of this article, and in loans upon bonds and mortgages on real estate, or on United States or State bonds, or bonds of any city in the United States, for such amounts and such time, and at such rate of interest as the Board of Trustees may from time to time direct.

SEC. 20. The property of this society shall not be used by any of its officers, members, employes, or other persons for their personal benefit, without compensation being made to the society for the same, and then only as previously directed by the authority of the Board of Trustees.

SEC. 21. All sales made by this society shall be for cash. It shall not allow any discrimination in price to be made as between its customers.

SEC. 22. No money shall be borrowed for the use of or in the name of this society by any officer thereof, or by its Board of Trustees unless previously authorized so to do at a meeting of the society.

SEC. 23. In case this society shall become a member of any wholesale co-operative society, it shall buy all its goods through such society, provided that in so doing it does not incur any commercial disadvantage.

ARTICLE V.

AMENDMENTS.

SECTION 1. These By-Laws shall be amended only by a two-thirds vote, and at a special meeting called for that purpose, of which fourteen clear days' notice shall be given.

Proposed amendments must first be approved by, and the call for a special meeting for their adoption must be ordered by vote, at a regular meeting of the society.

SEC. 2. In case any question shall arise, not provided for in these By-Laws, the Board of Trustees shall have power to decide the same provisionally until a regular meeting of the society shall decide the same.—[From "Co-operation as a Business," by Charles Barnard.

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Capersauce.

THE PRETTY MEN.

Barnum is searching the wide world over for a $10,000 handsomest man to travel next circus season with the $20,000 handsomest woman of last season. The "Lalla Rookh," it will be remembered, is an Indianapolis girl, and Barnum's agent thinks he has found the "Emperor of Comeliness" in the same city of beautiful people. The Emperor is the son of a German butcher; he is 25 years old, and wears his complexion dark. It is now thought that he will be accepted for the position, unless Colonel Nicholas Smith should enter the lists.

Among other contestants for this position of the handsomest man, Gen. Joe Geiger, of Ohio, was very prominent, and had very strong backing. The only objection urged against his style of beauty was a pensive, melancholy style of countenance which it was feared would have a depressing effect upon the admiring multitude.

Secretary Kirkwood has filed an application, and forwarded the cabinet fashion-plate in support of his claims. He was at once accepted, but when the agent came to measure him for the imperial uniform he was to wear, he found the old war-horse not dressed quite up to the specifications in the lithograph, and on his report the appointment failed to receive a confirmation.

Henry Clay Dean signified his willingness to serve, but when he stood up in the row of applicants, his trousers were too short and his overcoat too long, and he didn't make any kind of a show at all, alongside a lardy dah young fellow from Amsterdam, who is dependent upon an only mother and sister for support, and who makes his own living by sucking the head of his cane.

David Davis said he would take the character himself, and send the photograph on in sections. Mr. Barnum said his style of beauty was too ethereal for the character, but he engaged him to perform the little ballad, "We Are Seven," taking all the characters himself in one stanza, and also to stand on the Union chariot, behind the Goddess of Liberty, to represent the national motto, "E Pluribus Unum."

Carl Schurz accepted the position with characteristic promptness, but he was ruled out, his style of beauty being too æsthetic. He has accepted, however, to play the character of fire-escape for a five-story hotel.

Farmer Hayes wrote from Fremont, Ohio, that he would come if Rogers would be allowed to accompany him as lady's maid. But they couldn't take him for the handsomest man so long as Geiger was alive. However, they told him he might come along and blow for the side-show, and he could tie Rogers to the organ with a long string.

The polls are not yet closed, and if there is any man in Burlington who prides himself on being "pretty," if he will come down to the Hawkeye office he will be photographed in this column, and his name sent to the Committee on Manly Sweetness.

Burlington Hawkeye.

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LONGFELLOW.

Poet whose sunny span of fruitful years
Outstretches earth' whose voice within our ears
Grows silent, shall we mourn fot thee? Our sigh
Is April's breath, our grief is April's tears.

If this be dying, fair it is to die:
Even as a garment weariness lays by,
Thou layest down life to pass, as Time hath pass'd,
From wintry rigors to a springtime sky.

Are there tears left to give thee at the last,
Poet of spirits crushed and hearts downcast,
Loved of worn women, who, when work is done,
Weep o'er thy page in twilights gathering fast?

O tender-toned and tender-hearted one,
We give thee to the season new begun!
Lay thy white head whithin the arms of Spring—
Thy song had all her showers and all her sun.

Nay, let not as such mournful tribute bring,
Now that thy bird-like soul hath taken wing:
A grateful memory fills and more endears
The silence when a bird hath ceased to sing.

—*Puck*

THE FRESNO COLONY.

On the 20th of April, being, personally, the happy recipient of a Press excursion-ticket from the curteus proprietors, T. E. Hughes & Sons, of the Fresno Colony, we (several hundred glad souls) set our faces toward this modern Land of Bulah. Seated in the sumptious Pullman palaces how our pent-up city eyes feasted on the royal panorama which stretches in one unbroken line from the City of Oaks to the town of Fresno, with its 3000 enterprising inhabitance; its handsom Court-Houe; sits larg skool bilding—having accommodations for 400 pupils and a hy skool department; its clean streets and hospitable homes. The HERALD'S chief wil long remember the cordial "welcom" in the vine embowered cotages of Mr. and Mrs. Marks, Miss Austin, Mrs. Davis, John Foster and brother Furgerson. She wil also remember the merry evening at the Hall, when the able "Home Talent" entertained their guests. Especialy wil the "The Golden Slipper" and "Voyage Arouud the World" serve as a match to lite a smile in the darkest nite of desperation over a pied article.

May the Home Talent's *shadow* never grow less!

Fresno County, situated in the great plain of the San Joaquin Valley, is aknoledged to be the garden-spot of California. Its numerus Irrigated Colonies hav proved that every kind of tree, vine or plant, that can be grown anywhere else in the State wil flurish here. Fresno Colony is butifully laid out, between the thriving town of Fresno and Central Colony, 206 miles from San Francisco, on the S. P. R. R. It offers superior inducements to peple in serch of homes. With a smal capital, energy and prudence, any person, woman or man, can make a fortune in a few years on 20 acres of land—that being as much one person, alone, can properly cultivate.

Tho title to the land is by the U. S. patent, and a perpetual water-rite has been purchased from the Fresno Canal Company. Both absolutely perfect, and the terms ar most favorable, $1,000 a lot, $300 down and the balance in thre years at ten per cent. Every information respecting lands in Fresno County can be obtained by calling upon or addresing Thomas E. Hughes & Sons, Fresno, Cal, or 314 Montgomry st, San Francisco, Cal.

Irrigated land in Fresno County wil produce from 8 to 12 tons to the acre. Wine grapes sel at $20 to $40 per ton. Thre tons of grapes wil make one ton of rasins. These packed in 20-pound boxes bring $2,50 a box. To prepare and plant one acre in vines costs from $10 to $20.

The soil of the colonies is of the very best, being a lite sandy loam that does not bake, is easily worked and very productive. per example: Four years ago Ray White purchased a 20-acre lot and bilt thereon a house, which took his last dollar, but he looked up a job and went to work with an indomitable energy and soon made the desert surrounding his home to blossom like a rose. A smal portion of his land is set out to fruit, his incom being derived from the sale of grain, alfalfa, wine and rasins. Mr. white is out of det, has thre good horses, thre cows, wagons, plows, scrapers, mowing-machines and all the implements necessary on a farm. He considers that he has made $4000 for his four year's work.

Within a few years the wine and rasin production of Fresno county wil place this section in the front ranks. The vine is at home here, and the grape ripens erly. Miss M. F. Austin, Central Colony, has a vinyard of 30 acres, in the third year from cuttings, from which she made 8000 pounds of rasins. The Muscat of Alaxandria and Muscatel de Gorda Blanco ar the varieties used, yielding an average of ten pounds a vine the first seson of fruitage. Her grape product last year paid all expenses of the vinyard, trays, boxes, platforms, etc. Miss Austin is justly proud of her succes, and enthusiastic over the future prospects of the rasin industry in this county. This woman general and model houskeeper (her rose-embowered cottage is a perfect gem of neatnes, convenience and thrift) personally inspects every bunch of grapes that by a careful proces is transformed into a delicious cluster of rasins, with al the bloom on. She puts shoulder to the wheel, just as every other woman must do if she expects to succeed, makes boxes and trays when there is no lord of creastion handy: She employs "lords."

Miss Austin has 80 acres, but their ar as many as a dozen other women who own and superintend 20 or 40 acre lots and ar succeeding, too.

As to *profits*: When the cannery, which is going up this season, is bilt, and half the price paid for fruit, that was paid last year at canneries, the possessor of a 20 or 30-acre fruit farm wil hav a handsome income. A four-year-old peach or a five-year-old apricot orchard pays from $450 to $600, per acre, with far les labor than the handling of the grape. A Peach tree in Mrs. Davis' orchard, two years old from the pit has 275 peaches on it. She packed a 100 boxes of rasins from two-year-old vines. Fig trees set out in winter bore a larg number of figs the following summer. A single hil of the white sweet-potato weighed twenty pounds.

Thre crops of corn can be ripened on this land in one season and alfalfa can be cut thre times for fodder in one summer. From of a rod and a quarter over a quarter of an acre was picked, last year, 5100 pounds of strawberries. There is redy market for wine graps at the Eisen vinyard, at $20 a ton. Miss Austin purches rasin grapes at $40 per ton; a cheese factory utalizes the surplus milk; butter, eggs, etc, find a goob market in town.

Thre things ar necessary to insure succes in the Fresno Colony: First—Wel directed labor: Second—Persistant labor: Third—Lov of labor.

For further information respecting the Fresno peple attention is called to the S. F. *Evening Post*, of the 29tt, in which wil abpear an exaustive article (illustrated with a map) from the trenchent pen of Net. T. Caulson, who, altho a youthful bachelor, has seen the contents of two continents and, sampled salt on many islands of the sea. The HERALD endorses the article.

Book and Literary Notices ar again, crouded out, also many important articles, al owing to the Fresno picnic, when the key was turned on office cares for a few days. The June number wil make the *amende honorable*.

SOCIAL SCIENCE—Mrs. J. H. Smyth, of Oakland, read an admirabe paper, Home Life, on the first Saturday in April and The Torture of the Feet was discussed on the third. Both meetings were wel attended, May opens with a fre out-of-door clas in Fysical Culture, taut by our accomplished Secretary, Mrs. Stephens.

The Pacific Woman's Medical College held its first quarterly meeting on the evening of the 18th, at Dr. Stone's church. Interesting re-vemarks wer made by Drs. Mc Donald, Wells, President, snd Sawtelle, Dean of the College. Recitations by the pupils and singing by Mrs. Howell, in her usnsal faltles style, gave a plesant variety to the exercises.

The Woman's Industrial Association, 291 16th St, Denver, Col, offers a rare opportunity to gain useful and reliable information concerning the climate, resources and pleasure resorts of of the Centennial State. The officers, Margaret I. Patterson, President; Olive Wright, Secretary; Helen F. Clark, Treasurer, ar women of rare culture and superior executiv ability. This society is prepared to giv every detail resbect mines and mining in Colorado. It has superior advantages: The National Mining and Industrial Exposition is permanently located in Denver.

THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSCI'N wil hold its SECOND Annual Conference on Wensday and Thursday the 6th and 7th of September. Al persons, Liberals and Conservatives, and al societies of the new and of the old ar cordially iuvited to be present, and participate in the oxercises. Co-operation is the watchword of the hour.

SCISSORS.

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand;
'Twill soon be dark:
Aye! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!—*Emerson.*

Who lacks in aim never finds success.

Freedom, law and ability know no sex.

History is mainly man's record of man's achievments.—*Mary A. Livermore.*

Mrs Shelton, of Santa Clara County, introduced bees into California in 1853.

Dr. Tracy-Cutler is practicing medicine in Hollister, the county seat of San Benito.

Young & Young, wife and husband, a law firm in Sacramento is doing a successful business.

Dr. A. C. Buckel has not only established herself professionally in Oakland, but is a practical teacher of natural history and biology. Both classes are in a prosperous condition.

Kate Smith Wiggin, of San Francisco, lectured on the Kindergarten system of education, last evening, to a large and deeply interested audiance: The lady's faultless diction, easy manners, wit, eloquence and logic captivated every listeners eye and heart.

New Northwest.

The *Womans Herald of Industry*, edited by Mrs. Stow, is a lively, interesting and very ably writen paper. A marked feature of the editorials is a partial amendment of the most barbarous method of spelling which stil remains in common use.

Rescue.

Elizabeth Thompson has given away, during the last sixteen years, for benevolent purposes, some $600,000, and here is what she says about it: "The most of this money has been used to encourage idleness and crime; I am now determined to assist Gods worthy people, who are striving to make mankind richer and better, morrally, intelectually, scientifically or mechanically."

50,000 women employed in various trades in Chicago, average in wages only $2 a week. What marvel that the inviting paths whic h leads down to death in that city of churches is overcrowed?

Charlotte Guillard, the first notable woman printer, was in business for fifty years in Paris. She entered the typographical ranks in 1506. This early followerr of Guttenberg was celebrated for the correctness of the work issued from her press.

Indianapolis has twelve naturalized Chinese citizens, who can deposite votes for the government of American women who have no redress at the hands of this lying Republic.—*Our Herald.*

Women have been fed upon sacred and profane fiction for 6000 years. No wonder they are a race o physical and mental invalids.

Talmage calls George Eliot an *adulteress*. Women ar the chief corner stones, pillars and posts in his tabernacle, and yet this long-legged saint gathers up all the stones in his "Hevenly pastures" to throw at women. What of Lewes, brother Witt? When you go nosing round in charnel houses root out both sexes.—*Mrs. Stow.*

Never heard of the *Herald of Industry?* You are behind the thmes. It is six months old and one of the brightest publicatons west of the Rockies. It is an out and out woman's paper—died in the wool. No man is allowed to look at it until it is ready for the press. *Truth.*

If women genarally knew how carefully the masculine press is garded from feminine sentiment, every true woman in the land would take a paper published exclusively in the interest of women, advocating common sense and giving the news of womens advancement. Such papers as The Woman's Journal, Boston; Womans Herald of Industry, San Francisco; The Ægis, Cincinnatti, O.; The New Northwest, Portland, Ogn; Our Herald, Laffyette, Ind.

The Ægis,

Mrs Annie Duren has been appointed matron in the New York Police Department, with headquarters at the Tombs. Wheel into line San Francisco!

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston, has received a gift of $2,000 from the estate of Charles H. Lyman.

A BILL has passed the Kentuckey senate giving married women the same right to own real and personal property in the same manner that the husband can, property belonging to him.

Children's Corner.

WHERE SHALL BABY'S DIMPLE BE?

Over the cradle the mother hung,
Softly cooing a slumber song,
And these were the simple words she sung
All the evening long:

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the babi,s dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakens my baby again?"

Still as she bent and sang so low
A murmur into her music broke,
And she pause'd to hear, for she could but know
The baby's angel spoke.

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall my finger fall and rest
When I come down to the baby's nest?
Where shall my finger's touch remain
When I wake your babe again?"

Still the mother sat and dwelt
Long on the sweet delay of choice,
And then by her baby's side she knelt
And sang with pleasant voice:

"Not on the limb, O angel dear!
For the charms with its youth will disappear;
Not on the cheek shall the dimple be,
For the harboring smile will fade and flee;
But touch thou the chin with impress deep,
And my baby the angel's seal shall keep".

Dr J. G. Holland.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

During the night she was awakened by the creaking of straining timbers and the cry of the sailors "heave'o, heave'o! as they hurried from side to side of the laboring vessel. There was a fearful storm raging; blinding flashes of lightning were quickly followed by crash on crash of deafening thunder, and the rain dashed furiously against the plunging craft. The beautiful blue waves of the night before, were churned into white foam; seething and boiling it was caught up by the howling wind and hurled clear over the bow of the boat.

Etta sat up in her berth and pulled back the curtain from the window to see what it all meant; but she grew dizzy and nauseated and was obliged to lie down again and keep perfectly quiet. Her mother bade her lie on her back and not be alarmed for it would soon be day and then the storm would pass away. But Puss came at that moment, and jumped up beside her with such a scared look, that she was more frightened than before. Then some one knocked at their state room door and enquired if they were sick, or in need of anything? "No, we're not sick, neither are we in need of any thing," replied Mrs. Breeze, "and we rest secure in the trust that God will keep us safely through the storm."

After that Etta went to sleep, hugging Puss, and dreamed that Piggy was with her, going to Ohio, and that he had a French nurse with the nattiest of caps, and that each glossy ring of his tail was looped with blue ribbons, and that a string of blue beads surrounded his ample throat. She was startled from her funny dream by the voice of her mother, reminding her that she would very soon see her dear papa, as they would arrive in port in a few hours.

Then Ette began to wonder what "papie" would say at seeing Towz and Puss with them, and if he would remember her and be as glad to see her as she should him; but she was aroused from her reverie by a call to breakfast. As she passed the open cabin door she heard a voice calling "O ho! pretty Polly, pretty Polly wants a cracker! O Polly, pretty Polly Ann!

Etta dropped Milly's hand and ran out on deck to see who it was, but she only saw a beautiful green bird sitting very demurely on a perch; he did not move and as she saw nothing else but the sailors, she hurried after her mother and Milly, to have them tell her about the bird. Her mother explained to her that it was a parrot, and that such birds could be taught to say many things, and to sing and whistle too, and when they returned from breakfast, they would stop and make her acquaintance. After Etta had satisfied her own appetite, she filled her hands with crackers, thinking that poor Poll must be nearly famished, by the way she cried out, and made her condition known; but just as she was leaving the table, the captain, who had been conversing with her mother and looking at her, said, "So, little partrige, you are going to live in the woods, and make friends with the bears and wolves, are you? "No, no!" broke in Etta, "I's doin to feed Poll now, and see papie afterwards.

When Poll saw Etta and the nice crackers that she reached up to her, standing on tip-toe to do it, she tho't as she nibbled the cracker and ogled her, "she's a plump little body and lives on crackers, no doubt! We shall make capital friends, if she is agreeable and contines the supplies! I wouldn't mind marrying her, if I was not already engaged to Mr. Canary. She finished up her cogitations by turning a summersault over her perch, very much to Etta's delight who cried, "Do it again, Poll!" which brought Terry and Milly bonnding over the deck to see what was going on; but as soon as the parrot caught sight of Terry, she seemed greatly offended and screamed out at the top of her voice, "Go way boy, no boys wanted round here, get out booby-boy. get out, I say!" and reaching down she tried to bite off the end of the perch, she was so angry. "Hush! you feathered horror!" said Terry, colorng with vexation; "What are *you* good for, you are too lean for a broth, and too cross for a pie. You and 'Grey Eyes' make a queer span." "Do way Tay," broke in Etta, "he don't 'ike *bad boys!*" "Bad boys, bad boys!" repeated the parrot. "Go way, bad boys!"

As Terry was about to make a wrathful reply, Milly caught hold of his hand and begged him to go with her and see if land was in sight. Mrs. Breeze had already gone on the forward deck, and he required but little coaxing to leave "the old scold," as he called the parrot. They were soon standing beside their mother, straining their eyes landward; while Etta was still busy with Poll's breakfast. Presently she heard her mother calling her, and Milly came running all out of breath, and said, "Do Netta, leave the old parrot and come with me for Cleveland is in sight, and I have brought your red sack to put on, for the captain wants all the passengers to go out on deck in bright colors, so as to look as gaily as possible when we come up to the wharf."

Then Etta jumped about for joy, greatly to the surprise of Poll, who began to think she was altogether too lively, and she hopped close up to the standard of the perch, when Etta exclaimed, "Oh, I's so gad! I'll see papie in a minit, I *is so so* gad! aint 'ou Milly?" "Yes, yes," replied her sister hastily, "but do come along, or we shall be obliged to stand behind every body, and then we can't see anything and I want to wave my handkerchief at papa the minute I see him."

Then they ran up the winding stais, through the deserted cabin, and out on deck: which was already filled with people. But Etta caught sight of her mother's red shawl, near the bow of the boat, and sitting like a drum-major beside her on the railing-bench, was Towz, whose glossy brown coat shone like satin in the bright sunlight. The happy children were wild with delight.

They made their way through the dense, but accommodating mass and reached the place where their mother stood.—— She gave a hand to each without looking down, for she was far out over the rippling waves, trying to outline a familiar form among expectant throng that awated their arrival upon the wharf.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY MRS. J. H. SMYTH.

THE PERFECT MAN AND WOMAN.

The idea of beauty of person is synonymous with that of health and a perfect organization.—Pritchard.

Our highest conceptions of what should be, are, it is said, merely obscure prophesies of what will be. So the ideal man and woman of today are but foreshadowings of the actual man and woman of the future.

The injunction, "Be ye perfect," was not pronounced in mockery; and if moral perfection be within the range of human capability, physical perfection, surely, must also be attainable. But in what does this perfection consist, and by what signs may the perfect man and woman be known, when they have made their advent upon the earth?

These questions would hardly be asked in reference to one of the lower animals, and if they were, our answer would be ready and brief. Perfection in a horse, for instance, consists in the entire fitness or adaptation of the animal, as a whole, to all the functions or uses of the horse, and of each member in particular to its special function; and the external sign of this complete fitness is perfect equestrian beauty.

Beauty, then, whether in plants and animals, or in men and women, is the grand external sign of goodness of organization and integrity of function; and the highest possible beauty can indicate nothing less than perfection in these particulars. In the proportion, therefore, that we approach physical perfection, we become beautiful, "the idea of beauty" being, as the learned Dr. Pritchard truly says, "synonymous with health and a perfect organization." Physical goodness (or health) and beauty will always bear a strict relation to each other, the latter being everywhere the sign or symbol of the former. A lack of beauty in any member or system of the body indicates a lack of goodness or health in that member or system. A deformity of limbs shows clearly enough a want of goodness in the locomotive system; a bad complexion not less certainly indicates somthing wrong in the vital system; and a malformation of the brain, made manifest by the shape of the cranium, is a sure sign of want of balance or symmetry in the mental system. This relation was well understood by the ancient Greeks, who placed beauty next to virtue and made it an object of worship; and a French writer (a zealous son of the Church too,) declares that the true object of all religions is the progressive development of beauty, since that tends to unite men with God by making them like Him.

But it is from external forms and colors, and their arrangements, merely, it may be said, that beauty results, while physical perfection includes the complete performance of all the internal functions as well. This is true; but as we shall show in the proper place, the former are always imperfect where the latter is wanting. Any functional defect or derangment manifests itself at once externally. A dyspeptic stomach or a diseased liver records its condition on face and form in characters which cannot be misunderstood. Beauty, the sign of health, has no fellowship with disease.

For embodiments of ideal beauty in its completeness, we may at present, perhaps, look in vain to forms of flesh and blood; but we may find it in *fragments* all around us. In one person we may observe a perfect forehead; in another, a perfect nose or mouth; and in a third, a limb or a bust, which no artist could improve.

It was by selecting the most beautiful parts of various individuals, and combining them in one harmonious figure, that the ancient Greek artists succeeded in creating those models of ideal beauty which are to this day the admiration of the world. Thus the parts are truly copies of real beauty, once enshrined in flesh and blood, though the *ensemble* is ideal. The artists have forerun rather than outdone Nature, whose intentions and tendencies which are always toward perfection, are constantly thwarted by human ignorance and stupidity. They have created, in periods of social incoherence, and physical and mental imperfection, models of the perfect forms which will be the necessary result of the true life of the coming ages of social harmony and perfect obedience to law.

The proportions of the perfect human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump, this rule holds good. Any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the end of the chin, is one tenth of the whole statue. The hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, is the same. The chest is a fourth, and from the nipples to the top of the head is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the point where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The navel is the central point of the human body; and if man should lie on his back with his arms and legs extended, the periphery of the circle which might be described around him, with the navel for its centre, would touch the extremities of his hands and feet. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of one hand to the extremity of the other when the arms are extended. These are general measures of the species.

The Venus de Medici is considered the most perfect existing model of the female form, and has been the admiration of the world for ages. We beg our fair readers to observe the form of the waist (evidently innocent of corsets and tight dresses) of this model woman; this form is such as unperverted nature and the highest art alike require. To compress the waist and thereby change its form, pushing the ribs inward, displacing the vital organs, and preventing the due expansion of the lungs, is as destructive to beauty as it is to health. If the shape of an hour-glass had been the best shape for a woman—if her functions had been such that their perfect performance would require this form, she would doubtless have been so created in the beginning.—*Selected.*

Sunflower Seed for Poultry.—Mammoth Russian sunflower seed is greedily eaten, makes the hens lay eggs plentifully and keeps the feathers glossy and elegant. I have grown it successfully on a variety of soils, and used the stalks for kindling wood It grows to twice the size of the common South American variety, and far excels it in the large heads of nice black seeds, if cultivated like other grain and kept free from weeds. I have raised heads larger over than a water pail, and very heavy. Plant as far apart as corn, and three quarts to the acre.—MRS. M J. C., Otter, Iowa.

HORSE-RADISH.—If the thin man will let tobacco alone and use horse-radish with his food he will get thick, strong and fat. One happy man says: It has cured me of dyspepsia, kidney complaint and a partial paralysis of the left arm and leg. As a tonic and apitizer it has no equal. It enlivens the torpid liver, thus digesting the food.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME OF
THE RATIONAL DRESS SOCIETY.
London, England.

So many questions are asked as to the divided skirt we recommend, that it seems desirable to issue a short leaflet on the subject. Not because it is the principle reform we advocate, or even an indispensable part of it, but as it is the only new part of it, it excites more attention and without explanation is liable to be misapprehended.

The divided skirt is a skirt divided between the legs so as to clothe each leg separately, the under clothing to be arranged beneath this as most convenient. It should come to about the instep, quite clearing the ground, and be made about a yard round at the ankle. An ordinary dress skirt is worn over this, which may be as much or as little trimmed as the wearer may fancy, although to secure lightness the less the better.

The divided skirt may appear under the top skirt about two or three inches without exciting the least notice.

The divided skirt and the under garments may be fastened to a broad band fitted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any sort round the waist. Or, if preferred, hooks or buttons can be placed on a calico bodice to be attached to corresponding loops on the skirts. The top part of the dress may be any loose body or jacket the wearer may choose, always avoiding bands, ligatures, or pressure of any sort from below the fixed ribs to the top of the hips.

In this costume the weight of clothing may be reduced at least one-half, because as the divided skirts cover the body fully and evenly, fewer layers of clothing are required, and less material in their construction. We have here a style of dress by which no internal organ can be injured, no muscle cramped, no movement of the body impeded, and to which the wearer may add as much grace and beauty as her own good taste may direct.

NOTICE:——The Committee of the "Rational Dress Society," intends to protest against the attempt to introduce any fashion in dress which either deforms the figure, impedes the movements of the body, or injures the health, and earnestly begs members of the society to avoid wearing any article of dress so denounced.

They protest against corsets or tight fitting bodices of any kind, high or narrow heeled boots and shoes, as injurious to health.

Against heavily weighted skirts, as rendering healthy exercise almost impossible, and all tie down cloaks or other garments which impede the movements of the arms.

Against crinolines, or crinolettes of any kind or shape, as deforming, indecent, and vulgar.

We hae received the first number of the *Exchange and Mart*, published by Myrick & Co., Santa Cruz, in the interest of emigration and land investtransactiond, generall. It contains much valuable information about the putiful city and county of Santa Cruz at the small price of 25 cts a year. It is issued monthly. The HERALD places it on file and bespeaks for it a well merited succes.

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AMONG OUR EXCHANGES,

Published by women in the interest of women or for women.

THE WOMANS JOURNAL,

Boston, Mass., Vol. XXIII, 8p, $2,50, per annum, Lucy Stone, Editor, is the oldest paper in the world whose banner-word is Woman Suffrage. The Journal's able, renowned and beloved editor's deeds of daring and persistent effort ar known in all lands, and her praise is sung by all peples. May the fadeles garland which she has woven long twine above her brow, after the little magic bit of white paper, for which she has battled for so many years, is firmly clasped in her hand. God speed that day!

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE JOURNAL,

Manchester, Eng., Vol. XII, 16p, price one penny, Lydia E. Becker, Ed.

Miss Becker wields a vigorous pen. Her articles hav the strait forward come-to-the-point-ness of an old masculine editor—who was born with a quill behind his ear. Every person, woman or man, who would hav the gist, the very extract of woman's emancipation battles in the mother country today should subscribe for this excellent penny journal.

THE NEW NORTHWEST,

[*Free Speech, Free Press Free People.*]

Portland, Ogn, Vol. XI, 8p, Abigail Scott Duniway, editor. Terms $3. This is a butifully made wide-awake paper. The editorials hav the aroma and strength of the pines and the roar of the Columbia when it leaps a barrier and moves grandly on.

It has done and is doing a fearless work for woman. Its standard-bearer never turns pale at the foot of mountains or molehils of prejudice, but scales each dizzy hite and plants thereon truth, justice, freedom. The noblest sons and dauters of the Pacific rise up and call her blessed.

THE ALPHA,

[*Human Rights before all Laws and Constitutions. The Divine Right of every Child to be Well Born.*]

Washington, D. C., Vol. V, 12p, $1, Caroline B. Winslow, Ed. This iconoclastic journal advocates the new and divinest of all doctrins: That lifes elixir should not be squandered in riotous intemperance; that peple should live in holy continence in wedlock and out of it—keeping their bodies as shrines wherein may dwell a strength of manhood and womanhood that would fill the earth with symetrical buty, helth and happines, in place of festering deformity and misery, cursing and a curse.

OUR HERALD,

[*Freedom and Law know no Sex.*]

Lafayette, Ind., Vol. IV, $1, Helen M. Gougar, editor. This large four-page sheet ably advocates Temperance and Woman Suffrage. Its brilliant editor puts the sparkle of champane into her articles, which hav the clear ring of true steel, for her scabbard never holds a rusty blade, and the diamond points in her full quiver ar alternately dipped in the river of sarcasm and the font of persuasion.

THE COLORADO ANTSLOPE,

[*Come Let Us Reason Together.*]

Denver Col., Vol. III, 20p; $1, Caroline M. Churchill, Ed *Antelope* is a name fitly chosen for this brite-eyed fleet-footed journal. It keeps the gras from getting tangled in the paths of wrong and injustice in Colorado. The Denverites ar to be congratulated on the executive ability of their women. The HERALD'S chief has never been introduced to any men in the Centennial state—however, she now beleves them to be real Apollos in manly buty and paragons of manly generosity, and that every one of them subscribes for the liberty-breathing editorials, the resinous "locals," the spicy corrispondence, the instructive articles and the charming bits of poetry that fill the pages of this gem of a paper with lite and perfume. We will "reason together."

THE ÆGIS,

[*Woman's Armor of Defence.*]

Cincinnati' O., Vol. II, 8p. $1,—Annie Laura Quinby, Ed. *Dear Annie* your name brims the eyes and fills the harts of your co-laborors, as it did the eyes and harts of the Crimean soldiers, when;

"They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.
They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britian's glory,
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

The ægis that Jupiter gave to Minerva was made of goat skin, but the ægis that Inspiration has given to our Annie is burnished steel, which reflects the lite of reson and the new gospel of equality, and whoever makes haste slowly to take this paper does herself or himself great injustice and shows a lamentable want of appreciation and good sense.

WESTERN WOMAN'S JOURNAL,

[*Equality before the Law.—An Aristocracy of Sex is Repugnant to a Republic.*]

Lincoln Neb., Vol. I, 16p, $1,25, Erasmus M. Correll, Ed. This paper shows the polish of a veteran journalist, editor and statesman. Hon. Mr. Correll comes to his chair of state very differently eqnipt from most of his feminine confriers, therefore much more of polish, erudition and logic will be looked for, and found, in this paper than is to be expected in many of the "50" now published in the U. S. by women. He is particularly fortunate in having a long array of distinguished women's names on his editorial staff. Such names would giv papers published by women the same impetus it has given the W. W. J. Mr. Correll is doing a grand work which no woman could do as well, perhaps, at her prestnt status of executiv development, as eficisntly as he is doing it. All honor to his bravery, fidelity and hyly cultured ability. The HERALD wishes the W. W. J. every prosperity and a glorious victory in the coming struggle "by the people for the people," etc.

At this moment every eye, in love with justice, thruout the land is turned toward the work and workers in Nebraska.

LIFE CRYSTALS,

[*And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal.*]

Oakland, Cal., Vol. I, 20p, $1, Carrie F. Young, Ed. This journal is devoted to the science of helth—clean minds, bodies and beds; pure lives. diet aud air; the restoritiv properties of labor, etc. Its efficient editor has had twenty years practice as hygienic physcian and writer, she hav having, formerly, edited the Pacific Journal of Health. Each number contains an ingraving of the wonderful Coast scenery.

The outlook for this much needed illuminator is very propitious. The seven-month veteran, W. H. of L, gives it a warm hand-clasp of welcom acros the bay.

THE SANATARIAN,

[*Then shall thy light break forth as in the morning and thy health shall spring forth speedily.—Isaiah.*]

Hygienic Home, Quincy, Ill, Vol. I,28p $1, M. Agusta Fairchild, Ed. A journal replete with valuable instruction to people, old and young, in every walk of life. It should be found in every library and by every hearthstone in Illinois. The editor pens from a clear brain admirably. Life in her Home, under the magic of her curative fingers and refind presence, must rival the lovly abode of our illustrious mother, ere the serpent enterd it. May the telling years find its shadow athwart every door sill in the land.

LE DROIT DES FEMMES,

[*Le Droit prime la Force.*]

Paris, Vol. XIV, $2, Leon Richer, editor. *The Rites oi Women* is a resume of the political, literary and social position of the subject class in France. It is a valuable journal not alone for irs able editorials but because it voices the agitation and progress of new thots and enterprises born of woman's brain in an old civilization. It brings to our doors the *creme* of butiful consecratred lives that find enjoyment outside the *Champs Elysees*.

WOMAN'S EXPONANT.

[*The Rights of the Women of Zion: The Rights of Women of all Nations.*]

Salt Lake City, Utah, Vol. X, ate-page semi-monthly, $1, Emeline E. Wells, editor. This paper is published in the interest of the Morman Church. Its editorial contributors ar firm believers in all the doctrins taut by those "called of God, the latter day saints." These plural wives say they ar living for eternity and not this life. There is no form of religeon that requires such self- abnigation and unqualified faith as this. Ever present the one all-absorbing thot shines thru and illumins each page of their paper with a sincere radiance.

ANTI-POLYGAMY STANDARD,

[*Let every Man have his own Wife: Let every Woman hav her own Husband.*]

Salt Lake City, Utah, Vol. III, 8p, $1, AntiPolygamy Women, editors, is a vigerusly edited, spirited, aggressive sheet, that knows no quarter. It preaches, in thunder tones, freedom from a spiritual slavery which destroys both soul and body—most assuredly—for the best good of *this* life.

THE LAWS OF LIFE,

Dansville, Vol. XXV, 16p, $1,50, Harriet N. Austin, Ed., is devoted to dress reform, fysical culture, hygienic living and cure without drugs. In the wonddrful "Home on the Hillside" its editors practice their own precepts and swallow their own prescriptions. The numbers ar legion that have entered there, halt, blind, deaf, and sore afflicted with all the plagues that Pandora delt with, and, after a few weeks or months they hav gon forth healed—blessing and blest.

THE ILLUMINATOR,

[*While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be children of light.*]

Louisville, Ky, Vol. I, 4p, $1, Aurelia E Gilbert, Ed. Dr. Gilbert says in her salutatory: In presenting this prospectus or initiative number of THE ILLUMINATOR, in the interest of humanity, and a higher education in the science of life, from its first inception, and to promote human culture, prenatal prenatal physiology the laws of heredity, responsibilities of parentage, temporence in all things, heath and hygien.

Louisville is wheeling into line in the Suffrage Cause, and wherever that maintains a new order of life for women is inaugurated. We welcom this progresiv new comer and predict for it a succesful future.

We greatly mis from our files the *National Citizen*, which is temporarily suspended, owing to the severe mental labor devolving upon its accomplished editor, Mrs. Gage, in preparing for publication the second volume of The History of Woman Suffrage. May she soon return to the journal editorial chair, whsch she fills soadmirably.

We also mis the *Mirror of Progress*. Where ar the *liberals* when such a publication is forced to suspend for the want of support? How much such a cultivated, chaste, reformatory paper is needed, for women, in the hands of such a grand and gifted woman as Mattie P. Krekel.

Women ar presing into the inviting field of "local and general" daily and weekly papers. The San Joaquin Valley Argus, edited by Rowena G. Steel, has as broad and firm a grasp upon the leading events of the hour, religous, secular and political as tho a man sat at the helm. And now comes The Boonville (Mo) News presided over by a woman, Mrs. A. B. Thornton. This handsome ate-page weekly is a clear-voiced Greenbacker. She argues, and argues wel, that her party is reformatory; that it means improvement in every way, mentally morally and fysically for the whole peple.

Mrs. Thornton has the political outlook of the country wel in hand, and makes some teling strokes, with the wepon that is mytier than the sword.

Among our many temperance exchanges is one, Our State Union, Flint, Michigan, whose editor and proprietor is a woman. No one denies woman the rite to labor to promote the cause of temperance, yet it hinges on the ballot for woman.

The *Iconoclast*, Vol. I. No. 5. published in Indianapolis, Ind. by W. H. Lamaster, in the interest of a rational Christianity, is before us. Here is a taste of its creed:

"The time to be happy is now, and the place to be happy is here.

Reason is the lamp of the mind—the only torch of progress; and instead of blowing that out and depending on darkness and dogma, it is far better to increase that sacred light."

It is a 8p. paper, $1,50 a year. We like its creed, and desire to place its clean, brite face among our exchanges. More light is needed everywhere.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1882.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

HONOR TO WORKMEN.

Whom shall we call our heroes?
To whom our praises sing?
The pampered child of fortune,
The titled lord or king.
They live by other's favor,
Take all and nothing give;
The noblest types of manhood
Are those who work to live.

Who spans the earth with iron,
And rears the palace dome?
Who fashions for the rich man
The comforts of his home?
It is the patient toiler;
All honor to him, then!
The true wealth of a nation
Is in her workingmen.

For many barren ages
Earth hid her riches deep,
And all her mighty forces
Seem'd bound as in a sleep;
Then labor's "anvil chorus"
Broke on the startled air,
And lo! the earth in rapture
Laid all her treasures bare.

'Tis toil that over nature
Gives man his proud control,
And purifies and hallows
The temple of his soul;
And pleasure gives for pain,
Puts iron in the muscle
And crystal in the brain.

The grand Almighty Builder
Who fashioned mother Earth,
Hath stamp'd His seal of honor
On Labor from her birth,
In every angel flower
That blossoms from the sod,
Behold the master-touches—
The handiwork of God.

Correspondence.

Napa, Cal.

MRS. J. W. STOW—Dear Madam, The specimen copy of the HERALD was received and read with great pleasure. Will send you one year's subscription. Can I have it commence with the first No? I desire to keep the complete file. I am seeking opportunities to recommend this excellent journal to all my lady friends and aim to promote its noble objects with all my influence.

Wishing you an unflagging enthusiasm and an host of helpers in this work for truth and liberty,

I am yours sincerely,

GEO. R. WALDEN.

OFFICE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN,
Napa State Asylum for the Insane.
Apr. 3—82.

Dear Madam, At the meeting of the Board of Trustees of this institution Nov. 10, 1881, this resolution was adopted:

RESOLVED, That the Board approve of the suggestions made by Geo. R. Walden, with reference to procuring by contribution, books and other publications for the use of the patients in the Asylum, and request that he proceed in the matter with the assurance of our co-operation.

Since the opening of this Asylum very few publications have been donated to the library. Many of the 1060 patients here are in a condition to enjoy reading and be improved by it. The State Legislature failed to grant the small appropriation asked to establish a library. Donations are, therefore, very much needed from the generous citizens of California. Any newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, books or pictures, will be gladly received and gratefully acknowledged.

Please favor by sending your paper.

E. T. WILKINS. M. D.

Nevada, Iowa, Apr. 9—82.

DEAR MRS. STOW—I have just come in possession of your valuable paper, the HERALD, and I want to express to you, at this my earliest opportunity, my heartfelt gratitude, that there is one woman on this globe who dares stand against all opposition, if even like John the Baptist, her head goes off. For years I have realized the want of just such spirits who dare denounce the wrongs perpetrated upon women in such language as the case merits. Too many think as we are dependent on, I might say, our male masters for the ballot that we ought to use very soft language, but I don't so view it; we are asking no favors at their hands, we only ask them to get out of our way and permit us to use what belongs to us; we ought to rise 50,000 strong and march to Washington and stand there until every disability is removed. I tell you my heart grew hot within me as I read the story of your imprisonment and the insult and wrong you have suffered, and oh, to think there are so many women all over the land who are so indifferent to the subject; they have become so entirely contented with their subjugation that they can sit back and say very submissively "I have all the rights I want," and these poor creatures don't know they haven't any rights at all.

I only wish I could see you and tell you how much I appreciate your bold, defiant position. Enclosed find $3 for which send me your book Probate Confiscation, also the paper for one year. Did your suit come off and what was the result? Of course they would beat you. God bless you in your good work.

Yours for liberty and equality in all things. J. B. F.

I am a *woman* but I won't write Mrs. to my name.

Quincy, Ill. March 24—82.

Mrs. J. W. Stow—Dear Madam, I have received two copies of your valuable publication, "Woman's Herald of Industry," and with thanks I send you a copy of my new paper, which it would seem might do a work for women, side by side with yours. We all recognize the value and *real power* of health for woman.

With the wish that it may suit you to exchange with the *Sanitarian*, I tender to you my high appreciation of your labors, and earnest desire for your unbounded success.

Yours very truly,
M. AUGUSTA FAIRCHILD.

Dowagiac, Mich.

Dear Mrs. Stow—The papers came last night. I have only had time to glance over first No. but I want the paper; find enclosed the amount. As soon as I have read them, will pass them around and see if I can get a few subscribers. I fain would meet you face to face and talk upon the live issues of the day! Was there ever a time in your remembrance when women could accomplish the mighty work before them as easily as now, if they were only awakened to the knowledge that they alone must strike the blow! More anon.

Truly yours, ABBIE KNAPP.

Hanford, Cal. March 14—82

Mrs. Stow—Madam, I saw in a copy of the *Pacific Greenbacker* several months ago, an advertisement of a "Work Exchange" under the direction of the Cal. W. S. S. A. I wish to enquire if I can find sale through the "Exchange" for hand embroidery on silk, and the Kensington. I can embroider elaborately piano, table and chair scarfs that are so fashionable now, infant's wardrobes, ladies' wrappers, etc. I paint in water colors, therefore have a knowledge of artistically arranging the various shades required in doing Kensington embroidery.

Do you think I could command a price sufficient to make it remunerative?

I have a beautiful pattern for an infant's crib cover from an Art Interchange; cherub heads in each corner with a scroll "Holy angels guard thy bed" through the centre. It is done in outline on fine white flannel. If I were to send you one do you think you could find sale for it? Any suggestion you can give me will be most thankfully received. I am almost entirely dependent upon my own exertions for a livelihood. If by this industry I can add a little to my resources it will be of great assistance to me.

Yours respectfully, MRS. A. A. CURLE.

The Asylum Appeal, whose motto is, *Industria et Perseverantia; Dignitas et Opulentia; Domesticus et Scholasticus; Utilitas et Felicitus*, published every Saturday by the patients of the Napa State Asylum, for the insane, is a neat, four page paper, handsomely gotten up and very cleverly edited. We like its aims and endorse its motto

TEMPERANCE.

BY LOIS LIVINGSTON.

In occupying the Editorial Chair of the Temperance Department of the HERALD, I enter upon a labor of love. To uproot vice and plant virtue; to condemn the wrong and uphold the right; to stand shoulder to shoulder for truth and justice, with the noblest sons and daughters of the land, is a privilege I never dreamed of, until your welcome letter said, "Come up and help us, for the harvest is white and the laborers are few." That silver clarion, *Come up and help us*, rings through the smiling valleys clothed in purple, and over the bleak hills crowned with perpetual snow. Everywhere the watch-fires are lighted; everywhere is the song of deliverance being sung, and the time is at hand when we shall have temperance builded in the bone, sinew and flesh of unborn millions. And so to the great army of temperance workers, I make my bow, with sword unsheathed and lance in rest. L. L.

From the liquor traffic the United States government derives an annual revenue of $60,000,000. The people of the United States imbibe annually 90,000,000 gallons of whisky, beside 372,000,000 gallons of beer, wine and other liquors. The manufacture of this whisky, consumes abont 25,000,000 bushels of corn, annually. It consumes the product of 660,000 acres of land, which gives employment to 250,000 farmers. The manufacture of it employs about 10,000 distillers. This revenue, therefore, of the government, and upon which this great United States government, this mighty people, prides itself, is subject to large deductions when you take from it the value of the corn used, the labor of the men employed added to the 50,000 men employed in its sale, and the millions of men whose valuable time is taken from business to consume it.

Rum is at the bottom of three-fourths of the murders, four-fifths of the larcenies and burglaries, five-sixths of the assaults with intent to kill, and nine-tenths of the vagrancies. Abolish the manufacture of ardent spirits, and you have solved the tramp problem, and converted that indolent, thriftless class, leeches on the body politic, into an industrious and valuable element in society. Talk of the revenues of the nation! Has anybody summed up the amount of revenues exhausted in the criminal trials in this country; the expense of almshouses, workhouses, jails and penitentiaries? Add to this, the labor lost, character destroyed, fortunes wasted, women widowed, and children beggared, and you have a fearful total.

But dropping the humanitarian side and looking at the matter from a national point of view, this degrading vice is lowering our physical, mental and moral standing as a people, and is a calamity more insidious than a civil war. It is everywhere around us. We have no protection against it. Your children are contaminated, take them where you will; for the vice is rampant in respectable society, as well as among the degraded. Tobacco, beer and rum are wasting the vital and mental forces of our people, and today we mourn full many a hero slain.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe, from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All we have to do is, to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of suicides, of insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breasts of despairing wives asking for bread, of the men of genius it has wrecked, of the struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds on either side, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff, called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness.

It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, blights parental hope, and brings premature age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all paupers. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, embraces consumption, covers the land with misery and crime. It genders controversies, fosters quarrels, cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes victims to the scaffold. It is the blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, hates love, scorns innocence and virtue.

It incites the father to butcher the helpless offspring, and the child to grind the paracidal ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God and despises Heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perfidy, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections and endangers the Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, disarms the patriot.

It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend, calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and unstained with havoc, it wipes out national honor, then curses the world, and laughs at its ruin. It does more—it murders the soul. It is the sum of all villianies, the father of all crime, the mother of all abominations, the Devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

INGERSOLL.

A correspondent of the *Journal of Mental Science*, Dr. Donald, writing from Guinea, states with regard to the etiology of insanity in that colony, that it is not found to be depending in any way on, or modified by, the nature of the climate, but that one of the most fertile causes of the malady is intemperance; this is more particularly the case among Creoles and Portugese, alcohol being traceable, in many instances, as the direct agent. Dr. Donald states, that among the lower classes rum is mostly used, and frequently in the form of high wines, rum 40 over proof, so that it can easily be understood that this in time, seriously interferes with the bodily health, and, acting as a poison, eventually produces cerebral lesions.

It is singular indeed that we should have had recently, a week's conference on prison reform, and by common consent ministers, judges, lawyers, prison guardians, and police officers and several lady speakers too, carefully omitted all allusion to the one principal, and most thoroughly understood cause of crime, but when a Good Templar introduced on the last evening, a resolution, specifying that drink was the cause of $\frac{9}{10}$ or $\frac{4}{5}$ of all crime, it was adopted.—*Rescue. S. F.*

FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

Men's Weakness, Wisdom and Worth.

The key that winds up many a man's business is whisky.

The immoral men of Toronto are to be placed upon the same footing, socially, as immoral women.

"You have no ruins, no natural curiosities, in this country," was Oscar Wilde's complaint to Mrs. Senator Pendleton; and that lady's retort was: "No, but our ruins will come soon enough, and as to our curiosities, we import them.

Some misanthropical fellow who has no conviviality in him, wants to know why it is that when a lot of men get together to talk nonsense and drink champagne, they call it the "feast of reason and flow of soul."

—*Boston Globe*

The youth who parts his hair at the equator, sucks the head of a rattan cane, squints with dreamy eyes thro' airy glasses, wears number five boots on number six feet, sports a double-breasted watch, wears a horse's hoof scarf-pin and sporting-dog studs, and says; "duced," "aw, yes, damme," and "don't you fail to remember it," has a soft thing in this hard world. He wears it in his hat.

"A poet is to be hanged in England." Is this boasted land of freedom and intelligence—this land flowing with—with—well, with a great many things—going to sit supinely on her hind legs and see England her rival, making rapid strides toward a perfect civilization without making an effort to surpass her? Let us hang two poets.

—*Norristown Herald.*

Saturday forenoon a young man of about twenty, nearly enveloped in a linen duster, was wandering through the Detroit City Hall with his Mary Ann, and he was several times heard to say: "Mary, I'd die for you—would, for a fact."

After seeing the various rooms, he left her on the steps, while he hunted around for a place to buy soda-water. In crossing the street, he was run into by a velocipede, and he got up yelling like an Indian. The officer on duty at the hall ran down and asked him if he was hurt.

"Hurt! I'm mashed all to kindlings!" was the reply.

"But I heard you say you were willing to die for the girl in the gray dress up there."

"I don't keer a penny for what ye heard!" exclaimed the young man, as he danced around on one leg. "I want you to understand that there's just as much diffierence 'tween dying for a gal you love, and colludin' with a two wheeled sulky, as there is 'tween a three-cent-mouth organ and a brass band of angels! I want to begin a lawsuit right off!" —*Free Press.*

At the opera in Dublin a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware he was opaque. The other denied the allegation, and said it was O'Brien.

LIFE CRYSTALS,

A monthly 20 page quarto Journal, published in Oakland, California, by

MRS. CARRIE F. YOUNG,
Hygienic Physician,

(former editor of the Pacific Journal of Health,) in the interest of all people who wish to learn how to live without drugs. Life Crystals is a journal that every wise father should give to his daughters, every brother to his sisters, every husband to his wife.

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MRS. C. F. YOUNG.
Berkely Cal

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Agents Wanted.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY MRS KNOX-GOODRICH.

THE FIRST VOTE.

In the *Mercury* of Feb. 21st. is an article with the above heading, from which we propose to take a few extracts. "It is a proud day for the average young man when he reaches his majority, and finds himself entered upon manhood's estate. He has left behind him the authority of parent and master, he has disencumbered himself of those social fetters which bound him, and he can now assert his independence in matters spiritual and temporal." Yes! What a satisfaction it must be, to feel independent in matters spiritual, temporal and political, and to be able to disencumber one's self of fetters of every kind, which bind us. It must be a proud day indeed, for even the "average young man." But how is it with his companion, the young woman. What has she to look forward to; what independence has she, even "when she finds herself entered upon woman's estate," with a splendid education, capable of taking almost any position, not only as teacher, lecturer, physician and lawyer, but as professor of any and every branch of business that a man can fill; bank president, Prof. of languages, ministers of the Gospel, in short, there is no position of trust or responsibility, except that of *father* of a family, but what at some time, has been filled by women, and as they monopolize the mother side of the human race, which is considered equally as important, we don't see but we might shake hands and call it even. We, however, claim no credit for being the mothers, neither do we hold the other sex responsible for being the fathers: some great over-ruling Providence arranged that matter, without consulting either male or female; and as Samantha Allan says, "Nature's laws are not made in Washington, D. C." and are not likely to be repealed. We read in the Great Book, God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them; so it seems they had an equal start to begin with, and now we want to ask, who it is that has *robbed* us of our just rights—who "encumbers us with social fetters," deprives us of that proudest of achievements that is so anxiously looked forward to in boyish days, "The first vote;" can it be possible that our fathers, brothers, husbands, sons and lovers, can so long practice injustice, tyranny and oppression, that they can reconcile their conscience to still continue the degradation of women, who are not only the equals, in every instance, of the "average man," but in very many cases their superiors, intellectually, socially, morally. Alas! We fear that is just where the trouble comes in, "under the progressive spirit of the age, young men are beginning to think for themselves" yes, and young women and old ones also, are not only beginning, but have been thinking for themselves for years ever since the Rebellion, at least. We have been thinking of the great numbers of sick and wounded soldiers in camps, hospitals, and even on the battle fields, whom they nursed back to life, and we think too, of promises made by this great Republican party that boasts of having shaken off the shackles from three millions of slaves, yet quietly and complacently lets twenty millions of educated, intelligent women, their mothers, wives, sisters and daughters still suffer the humiliation of a disfranchised class, the political equals *only* of idiots, insane and criminals of the opposite sex. "We are on the eve of a great political struggle—a struggle that will plant the black flag of Democracy over the destinies of the state, or proclaim the triumph of republican ideas and republican principles;" the principles of either party are good enough, but to the practices of both we seriously object, and we cannnot see that one can claim to be much better than the other. What we need and want is, a new party, wherein the mothers of the race will hereafter be considered persons—and when "we, the people," will include women in other things, as well as in crimes and taxes—a party that is not "born of a national necessity," but of *Justice*, not reared in the midst of battle smoke but in quiet homes of the nation, where both father and mother can look after their offspring, and see that they grow up honest, temperate and just men and women. We do not want a party that has shed its best blood, but we do want one that has "intelligence, for its guiding star, a free ballot the means, and liberty of mind and body the end," for women as well as men. Then, and not till then, can any party be a success, "have peace at home or respect abroad;" one of the best and safest plans to get respect either at home or abroad is, to respect the rights of others.

(*To be continued.*)

K-G.

A woman does not give up her wifehood or her motherhood, her graces or her sensibilities, when she becomes a voter; not at all. But she shall be free to pursue such activities as her own natural desires shall dictate. Suffrage will increase woman's self-respect. When she considers these higher questions of general interest, she will become a larger and nobler person. It will be an elevator. She will advance by its exercise from a subordinate position to one of higher duty and responsibility. It will double her powers. She has thought and activity, but she lacks just what will give validity and power to her highest and best thoughts of life. I can not see how women's characters are to be injured by voting. Look upon society in our midst; where the rights of women are most generally acknowledged, there she attains her finest development. There can be no higher wifehood and motherhood than we see here in our country. There is no evidence that her moral character has been toned down. On the contrary it has been made nobler and stronger, by the sense of responsibility.

—*Rev. Samuel B. Stewart.*

The right of women to the elective franchise has become a question of too wide-spread interest to be ignored, or to be treated except with the most respectful attention. It has secured the appointment of a committee in the United States Senate; it has been widely discussed in many of the State Legislatures; it is recommended by governors, and supported by enlightened statesmen. It has been presented in the form of petition to our General Assembly for many successive years. I have no doubt that when the petitions now pending come up for consideration, the subject will be judged solely on its merits, as a question of justice and of right.

Gov. Littlefield, of R. I.

There is one thing in connection with the suffrage movement in the state of New York which is worthy of the highest commendation; and that is the steady and straightforward advance those engaged in it make upon the plane of justice and right. They make no unseemly clamor, but depend upon solid, logical argument. This shows that the movement is guided by clear and masterly minds, capable of organization and execution., and the most judicious management. This management is largely due to the chairman, J. K. Hamilton Willcox, of the late woman suffrage state convention, at Utica. He has devoted much of his time for several years, to the cause. *Press & Knickerbocker*

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

MISS MINNIE F. AUSTIN.

When President of the California Woman's Suffrage Association, I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Miss Austin. She was then principal of Clark's Institute, San Francisco. Miss Austin has one of those rare organizations that puts every energy of soul and body into her work, and not having the physical, to sustain her mental activity, she found her health gradually giving away under the wear and tear of the school room. The sentimental life of an invalid had no attraction for her brite spirit and her indomitable energy, and she soon marked out a new, and at that time, hazardous path in which to walk. She, with a commendable foresight, had laid up some of her salary, and this, she and three other teachers co-operating together, invested in 80 acres of sand, apparently, two and a miles from the lovely town of Fresno. This was six years ago. What was then a dreary, desert plain, the undisputed home of the squirrel, rabbit and gofer, is now a paradise of buty, a joy to its possessors, and all who have the good fortune to behold it. On the 21st. of this charming month of April, I stood with Miss Austin in the midst of her creations, and herd from her own lips, in low musical tones, the story of her progressive steps, upwards and onwards. God alone knows how low I bent the knee and bared the brow to this woman, who has made it possible for all women, by precedent and example, to rise out of the slough of indolence, crime and despair, to a hier, truer, worthier plane of existence. Her gem of a cottage is garlanded with the queen of flowers, outside (Drifts of golden splendor lay along the low slanting roof, where the voice of May birds told of other residents than those whom the lattice shuts in at night), and inside there is the same air of refinement and cultured grace that was characteristic of her home in Chicago and San Francisco. Books, magazines and newspapers, told of mental abundance, and a graceful Maltese sunned himself in the doorway.

Miss Austin has 30 acres of raisin grapes, and no brand in the Cal. market is superior, if equal, to hers. Looking at the piles on piles of drying trays in the packing house, she remarked with a merry twinkle in her brite eye, "There are more than 5,000 trays here, and I made lots of them." I buy the grapes of a number of women who are in the business, but have not the facilities that are to be had here, for the various processes of changing grapes to raisins. After the grapes are thoroly dry, the stems are so brittle that they have to be handled with the greatest care, but when taken from the sweat boxes I can wind them around my finger. There is not a cluster that I do not personally inspect. I pay twenty cts. a box for packing, and a woman will pack about five boxes a day on an average. The raisins in all the boxes are uniform thruout, exactly the same in the middle, as at the top and bottom. The women who sell me the grapes, come here and assist me in packing.

She has 300 apricot trees, 100 nectarines, 400 figs, 400 prunes and all ordinary fruit trees.

Miss Austin conducts her farm with as much system as she did her school, thus practically demonstrating that a by order of mental culture and thoro discipline is as valuable on the farm as in the school room or counting house. She is doing much towards solving the problem of out of-door work for women, in this state, by a quiet precept and example, which is *par excellence* and is of more real, intrinsic valne, than oceans of theory without the practice.

MRS. STOW

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Personal likes and dislikes must go to the wall in this contest. As well might we cavil about the *Spirit* of those who prepare physical food, as mental, and starve ourselves to deth.

Away with likes and dislikes, there is neither time for, or sense in such babyish folly.

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PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how under the sounding title of *"justice,"* the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

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The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but *"speaks right out."* It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated. —*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherless children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

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Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

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The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News.*

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

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We like the bold, frank and fearless spirit with which it battles against wrong to women. It does honor to the independent editor, and honor to the association over which she presides with so much ability.—*Col. Warren, California Farmer.*

This paper is one of the best of its class we have ever had the pleasure of looking over, and it should certainly succeed. Its mission is a noble one, and it has the right person at the helm. Mrs. Stow makes a readable, earnest and effective paper, and every women who neglects subscribing for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY does not know how to spend a dollar.—*San Leandro Weekly Sentinel.*

The paper is remarkable for the boldness with which it states facts, and attacks unjust and unequal laws.—*Lucy Stone, Women's Journal.*

The editor is free and outspoken in denouncing what she conceives to be wrong, and vigorously advocates what she believes to be right. She is an excellent writer, as will be seen by a careful perusal of her paper, which we recommend to all our lady readers. Subscribe for it at once. Only one dollar a year.—*Mountain Echo.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is breezy with the spirit of *liberty*.—*Frances Ellen Burr.*

When reading your paper to-day I was forcibly reminded of Garibaldi's immortal manifesto, that "rang like a silver trumpet round the world," in which he said: "Whoever is in love with hunger, with cold, with death, follow me." Reformers must be fighters. Every footprint of human progress has been wet with tears, and led through tribulation, suffering and strife.—*Wm. H. Robb, M.D.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a paper published monthly by Mrs. J. Stow, a woman of rare ability and fine attainments. It will prove a great educator.—*Medico-Literary Journal*, San Francisco,

This paper fills a niche never yet occupied in the history of journalism, and its mission is one that commends it to every family in the land. It most eloquently proclaims the rights of woman, which she never yet enjoyed in this land of "liberty," and we most heartily endorse its sentiments. May it speak forth in tones of thunder, until the sound thereof reverberates throughout the whole land.—*Leemoor Advertiser.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a *gem*. I am greatly pleased with it. I see thee believes in all true reforms—a true Radical in deeds as well as words—and I am anxious to make friends with thee. I am a full believer in Woman; her mission of purifying the race, exalting love, ennobling work, and all that elevates and makes us better.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

I like its bold, affirmative position. But few women, unless they have been subject to martyrdom, as you have been, can realize what is due from womanhoood to the progress of civilization and the building of humanity.—*Lucinda B. Chandler.*

This beautiful publication is edited with marked ability, and is "devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help." We hope and prophecy a successful career for this new enterprise. *Western Woman's Journal.*

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We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. These folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Mattie P. Krekel, Mirror of Progress.*

Have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

A bright, readable paper. Mr. Parker joins me in wishing you every success.—*Julia E. Smith.*

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Dunniway, New Northwest.*

I have just finished reading the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and thank you for one of the *three* happy days of my life.—*Virginia A. Betts.*

McNALLY & HAWKINS,

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Brackets, Rubber Hose, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, and a Complete Assortment of all kinds of

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HEREDITY.

ONE OF MANY.

The New York *Graphic* gives this pen picture of one of many:

Well, the poor boy came into this world with a weak body, for his mother was troubled with much household care and labor when she bore him, and his father, though a church member in good standing, was an inordinate tobacco chewer and kept his strength bolstered up through the stimulus of the weed. So long as the boy ran about loose with other children, and played in the sand with bare feet he was tolerably healthy. But when sent to school he pined. At the boarding school he was counted a good scholar and made great progress in memorizing. At eighteen he was tall "spindling" and slightly stooping, always complaining, eating according to custom whatever was set before him, working and studying directly after eating and complaining of a weak stomach. So he went on in life till the age of twenty-five. Then he married, was always in poor health and in frequent consultation with doctors. First, doctors at home; next, doctors abroad; then, special doctors; now, regulation doctors, with reputations and diplomas. and then in despair applying to outside doctors, herb doctors, bush doctors, botanic doctors and tramp doctors; doctors who said it was his liver, doctors who said it was his heart, doctors who said it was malaria, doctors who said he didn't make blood enough, doctors who starved him, doctors stuffed him, doctors who chilled him in cold, wet blankets, doctors who parboiled him in medicated vapor baths, doctors who advised him to go North, doctors who advised him to go South, doctors who suggested springs, doctors who recommended mud baths, but never a doctor who told him that half the damage had been done before he came into the world, and the other half through his own ignorance and that of the authors of his being. But he died all right and the doctors then found out what ailed him, and they gave the disease a Latin name, and it's now raging around seeking whom it may devour.

LOVE OR LUST?

BY ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

This beautiful world of ours, which offers us so many avenues to happiness and joy, is full of by-ways that lead to misery, disease and death, and the most dangerous of all the enemies man has to encounter is Intemperance. We eat too much. We drink too many kinds of stimulants. We work too hard, and too much on a rush; but of all the ways in which we transgress the laws of health there is none that at all equals that deadly foe to purest happiness—sexual intemperance! The fires of Lust and Passion are raging all through the land. Not only in houses of prostitution, but in every little village and hamlet, and in lonely country places and backwoods farms. In every place are found men given to lust and women who minister to their demands. All these are shunned as moral pests by the so-called virtuous classes of society. They are despised and cast out as lepers whose very touch is poison. But, my friends, did it never occur to you that were the curtain lifted from the homes of thousands of our married couples, a far more cruel and wicked lustfulness would be brought to light? These *free* ones are not bound by law, custom and *love* to submit to the demands of passion whenever some thoughtless, ignorant and brutal master has the desire for indulgence. Many marry who are ignorant of every physiological and sexual law of their nature, and in one short year the wife is a poor, broken down, diseased and enfeebled wreck of womanhood. Fashion says, the subject is a delicate one and must not be broached publicly—so ages roll by and only here and there one learns that sexual continence is health, purity and happiness. That the organs of reproduction should *never* be prostituted to purposes of mere pleasure. "Fewer children and better" should be the watchword. No more children than can be properly and healthfully reared. No child to be born unless it can be given its birthright of a sound mind in a healthy body. Only to-day I read of a man who has not been able to dress himself or walk for twelve years; yet in that time his wife has had eight children, making twelve in all; and the mother now dying with child-bed fever, and all this family depending on her for food and clothing, and this of the most meager description. Was it pure, true love or the vile fires of lust that fathered these helpless little ones and murdered the self-sacrificing mother?

Think of these things, my friends, and seek for the truth. Our *Physiologist* was shut out from the mails because it taught a cleaner and better morality and showed the wickedness of bringing into the world crippled, deformed, insane and diseaaed children—or of forcing women to become mothers to unwelcome and unwished for offspring. Oh, may we become "wise unto Salvation" in the matter of real living issues, and no longer waste time, money and brains on myths for the future.

Now and here is our work. Help us, all ye who believe in right generation and reform. Work for our papers—take your nearest home Liberal paper and extend its circulation all you can. One good paper will do more than any single body of men can accomplish in any other way.

Physiologist.

HYGIENIC AND INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

How few realize the full meaning of the foregoing. It comprehends the regeneration of the human race, and prolonging their continuity ages after the wage-slave would inevitably be extinguished. There are so many phases of the social picture that one is at a loss to choose, but the humanitarian will invariably turn to that view which takes in the broadest conception. Bearing in mind that a people to be happy and successful must be healthy, hygiene takes precedence of æsthetics. Harmony requires such a blending of useful and beautiful, that it seems impossible to go astray, provided the philosophy adopted be pure and honest. Therefore, the sharp and persistent contest for an equitable distribution of labor and its rewards. The consideration of the peace and well being of society requires that every member of a suitable age should not only be self sustaining, but sound in body, mind and morals. The surest mode of achieving this result is to insist that each member have a thorough industrial training. No knowledge is promotive of social well being without this ingredient; the practical development of the physical by the actual performance of the manual exercise attending productive labor. Moreover, this labor to be of the utmost benefit should embrace a variety of employments to give thorough self sustaining knowledge. If one desires it in its best and normal shape it must be sought in the rural districts. The city is an after-thought, a certain agency not at all necessary in any view we may take of industrial education. For as the world grows older cities will come to be the exceptions, (and less frequently occuring exceptions at that.) Rural life is the normal condition of mankind, and the best informed now look upon cities as excrescences to be avoided. They contaminate; and this contagion reaches all, whether urban, suburban, or rustic, none escape. The vices and disorders that afflict humanity originate in cities. To obtain respite and cessation from these afflictions, cities, as now known, must be abandoned. Cholera, the more malignant forms of eruptive and other fevers could not exist but for cities. The earth and the constituents thereof, was made in a way to neutralize the obnoxious effluvia and emanations of animals if properly distributed, To teach these truths and the way to avoid disorders of every name and nature was a primary consideration in the organization of the Southern California Sanitary Hotel and Industrial College. Land has been secured nine miles from Los Angeles and six miles from the ocean, at an altitude of 1000 feet where pure air and water contribute, and united with the labors of horticulture and other industries, make the location desirable as a field for advancing the science of life. Public inspection and co-operation are invited.

F. M. & M. G. W. Shaw.

Ben Hame, Los Angeles Co.

KING'S ENGLISH.

The old hieroglific landmarks have been removed and altered in a thous and instances and we still have a most barbarously written and contrived language, or rather the mode of writing it and expressing it on paper is a most thoroly crooked, broken backed, distorted and absurd one, and has not a single advantage; there is no excuse for it either, except the bigotry of habit once formed and the superstitious regard for old usages; and this bigotry and superstition is present more or less with all of us.

But to save the old folks who have suffered the wrong all their lives and who in 49 cases of every 50 never could master their system of spelling so as to write an ordinary letter without a dictionary of hieroglifics beside them, to save tnem from about two hours' study of how to spell intelligently, every one of the many millions of school pupils in the U. S. must have had a blight thrown over their school days; a portion of every day worse than wasted in learning to spell words falsely, foolishly and arbitrarily; and a prohibitory law is kept in force that makes our language, which is the best and richest in the world, a sealed book to all other nations; its infernal spelling being an insurmountable obstacle to them, rendering it impossible for them to master it.

This is a wrong which we ot to rectify. Some men who profess to be ardent spelling reformers, object to the practice of the *Rescue* and some other journals, which discard some of the most prominent caricatures, scarecrows, nightmares and hobgoblins of our spelling; they say we should wait and stick to the old fashion worship and folly till the whole English family shall agree upon some definite uniform plan. That means to wait just 5,000 years; the only way to ever hope for any reform is to reform yourself at once, and then it has commenced. What would have been the progress of the temperance reform if all men had continued to drink till the whole world should come to an agreement to quit on a certain day?—*Rescue.*

Business Notices.

Horn's Electro-Magnetic Belt is conceded to be the very best on the Coast. It cures without medicine many of the most aggravated forms of disease. If you do not believe that electricity is life, call at 702 Market street and be convinced.

Buy your paper of Bonestell, Allen & Co., 415 Sansome street; your hardware of Osborn & Alexander, 628 Market street; your fruit-dryers and Blymyer bells of Linforth, Rice & Co., 325 Market street, your artists' materials, paints, oils, glass, varnishes, of Bass & Co., 27 Dupont street; pure groceries of Hawley & Co., 217 Sutter street; dry goods at The White House; cloaks at Sullivan's; and crayon portraits at Kalenmyer's, 724½ Market

Gentlemen in search of the latest styles in Gents Furnishing Goods will find exactly what they want, breakfast suits,, business suits, hunting suits, wedding suits and price to suit at NICOLS THE TAILOR'S, 818 Market Street. S. F.

JUSTICE, LABOR, CHARITY.

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

A most laudable and sensible endeavor has been made in Washington to provide for cases of destitution and distress. The Associated Charities organize to protect both the needy and the helpers of the needy. The basis of their work is the proper and just one to provide employment instead of bestowing alms. This is the only principle on which individuals or communities can maintain self-respect and moral health. The difficulties which attend the smooth and permanent working of this system are the same as prevent the securing of an equitable adjustment of work and trade life everywhere. At the headquarters of the Associated Charities, Mrs. Sara Spencer, on her own responsibility, has started an industrial enterprise to meet the urgent necessities of women who must have bread or perish. What is the first obstacle which appears? It is an obstacle of hideous features and gigantic prorortions. It is the competition which heartless monopoly offers, a monopoly fed by the heart's blood of underpaid working women. In New York, where thousands of sewing girls and women are forced into the service of employers as soulless as the machines with which they operate and of which they are only an appendage of brains and skill. Shirts are made at the lowest possible price; it seems a farce to pretend there is any pay for the work in them. One cent apiece! Think of it, thoughtless man and woman; think of it! And these shirts are offered to the people of Washington to underbid the garments that can be made by the women of this city, who must have either alms work or starve. There is a kind of missionary work more important, that would be more sanctifying, soul-saving and redeeming, than all that religion ever has or ever can accomplish without it. It is the teaching and practice that will establish justice in work and trade life. A man or a woman who can peacefully and with satisfaction perform religious services toward God while they wear garments fashioned by hands that stitch into them the weariness and anguish of underpaid labor, needs more than regeneration; they need a lightning stroke fron the very throne of eternal justice. They need electro-magnetizing with the golden rule. Who would be willing as a price of existence, to make shirts of any kind at one cent apiece, or at four cents, which hundreds of women do—fifty cents a dozen? Who would be willing to work ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day, unceasingly, for ten, twenty, or even fifty cents a day? You may say, "Oh, the price of labor is regulated by supply and demand." A lie—a monstrous lie! A subterfuge of the carelessness, thoughtlessness and selfishness that fails to do its neighbor what it would have its neighbor do. were respective positions reversed. You, man and woman, who first of all when you purchase a garment, buy where you can obtain the lowest price, you are one of the individual members of the community who combine and conspire to rob the makers of the garments of their just reward, and thus to lower the price of work. Press this truth into your souls when you seek satisfaction in saving a few cents or dollars on the price of a ready-made garment, that what you have saved to your purses is the very cost of your sister's life, which has been wrought into the garment. Why should Washington people buy garments made in New York, when women in Washington are suffering for the necessaries of life, and could maintain an honorable livelihood, if Washington people would furnish them garments to make at a fair remuneration? The enterprise of Mrs. Spencer is a more needful, just, philanthropic, and in every way meritorious endeavor than exists in the city. Every community that provides not for its own members is worse than infidel-it is monstrous. That honest women willing to work, should lack the support of the community in furnishing well paid employment is worse than heathenish. Religion thst fails to enforce honest payment of what it honestly costs to produce a garment is not the religion for an honest soul! When to buy cheap, is to rob labor, the eighth commandment is as surely violated as when one abstracts the contents of a purse that belongs to another. Christianity and philanthropy need seek no more urgent or worthy field of missionary labor than that of securing just remuneration to work, especially woman's work. Women of fine sensibilities and tastes, as well as women of less refinement, are ground between the pressing necessities of existence, and the desperate or degrading resources of civilization, for the degradation of womanhood secures the best remuneration and living. I heard, to my astonishment and indignation, that a woman inquired at the work rooms, the prices of garments for sale, remarked, "she would like to buy there, but she could get them cheaper elsewhere." She would like to get the garments for less than they cost, to take the nice labor that fashioned them without paying for it.

Washington should save its own citizens from the distress and humiliation of indigence, instead of sending to New York for ready-made garments made by defrauded, wretched woman's labor. To do this, home industry should be well patronized and well paid. No human rights are of any avail unless the rights of industry are secured—the right to both opportunity and reward. The supreme demand of American civilization and of the hour is to secure to every person the opportunity to earn a livelihood and to reap the profits of industry. If we believe that God hears the sighing of the needy-we know that an hour of judgment must come-will any woman be glad in such an hour to present the cheapest garments as her certificate of indifference to the heart-throbs of anguish and despair that fashioned the tucked, rnffled and neatly made wardrobe she has worn without counting the cost? A cheapness that is injustice to the worker, a robber of industry, is quite too costly for an upright soul. —*National Republican.*

"ALLOWED."

We smile at the arrogance of men who assume to hold the liberty of all women at their disposal, by declaring constantly what *they* will "allow" women to do in this world. It would seem that the masculine half of creation was especially delegated by the all-wise Creator to stand, whip in hand and drive them whithersoever they will. Women are kept constantly on their knees before some body of Bluebeards, praying for some sort of *allowance.* At first men refused to "allow women to share the A. B. C's., with them; then they refused to "allow" them to enter literature; later, these same masculine creatures, refused to "allow" women to enter the professions. In some of the states, today, women are not "allowed" to practice law. Education and qualification has nothing to do in the matter. It is enough that the applicants are of the feminine gender. The fixed unchangable opinion of an eminent divine is that a woman should not be "allowed" to be a voter, lawyer, judge or legislator. To our mind these men are not enough out from the ignorance of brute force to be far removed from their ancestral monkey, and it is high time that liberal minded men and women shorten their caudle appendages and their assumed athority by well directed blows of sarcasm and logic, and these "men of authority" taught, that the word "allow" is not alone a masculine possession.

H. M. G. in *Our Herald.*

Capersauce.

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

Chronik-Illiad.

When the Merchants' Exchange and the Revenue Office and the enduring mansions of Nob Hill shall have become powdery and crumbling with the aging breath of time, and when the history of their architects and projectors and lordly owners shall only be accessible to the curious, plodding, prying, patient antiquary who holds communion with ancient shriveled parchments and faded records of ancient races—there will still remain one imperishable legend of San Francisco, fresh and green and lovely, growing fresher and more beautiful as century after century gilds with new lustre and heightens and intensifies more and more the noble heroism, the unselfish courage and devoted patriotism which it carries down thru all the fame-worn channels of coming time.

It will probably be immortalized in a volume of heroic rhyme, by some Milton or Byron who may now be practicing his first childish verses; but if no such genius appears for 100 years, it will be the chief and favorite labor of the great poet when he comes. No puny genius will attempt the lofty theme. It will be entitled:

THE CHRONICLE AND THE S. S. S.

It will tell how a dozen fierce, hardy, able-bodied, full grown women banded themselves together and with no fear of the Boss Lords of Creation before their eyes; in open day started out to take counsel on the subject of improving the condition of women who had husbands and children to provide for by their labor, and to give those who had no one else to take of, a chance to earn a living for themselves; and to that end not to encroach on man's domain, but to develop some neglected industries which would, if set in motion, be of vast benefit to the state. That will be the subject of the first book of the Chronik-iliad.

The second will tell the story of the consternation which fell upon the tobacco scented and whisky irrigated bipeds of the warrior sex, when the idea crashed thru the empty chambers of their crania, that some day these intellectual Amazons should acquire for themselves equal rights with the bearded heroes of the bar-room. Horrid thot ! ! Appalling possibility ! ! !

The third Canto will tell of a heroic Don Quixote, who having made a will and got his biography written up and guarded always with a sturdy coat of mail and shielded from the avenging horsewhip by a numerous body guard of faithful henchman, boldly assailed the whole dozen of the formidable women, the chief Amazon of the crowd being a giant of near 200 lbs. and a famous warrior at that; a noted adept with all the deadly weapons that are mightier than the sword.

The fourth volume will describe the various contests between the belligerents. How at a safe distance the *Chronicle* every week ridiculed, lampooned, satirized, falsified, defied, caricatured, blackguarded and braved this formidable phalanx of a dozen and sometimes twenty women—all single-handed, too, under the protection of his body guard and henchmen and pistols and coat of mail. And none of the formidable Amazons came out to fight.

Canto five will be a rapturous ode of invocation to the graces and glories of true chivalry and courage and patriotism and manly independence.

Book six will chronicle the cutting of an underground tunnel from the corner of Bush and Kearney to the top of Nob Hill, thru which the anti-S. S. S. champion of man's eternal superiority could travel without fear of an encounter with the terror-inspiring Mrs. Stow.

The seventh curtain will rise on a waking up of the S. S. S. Champion Amazon; woman's finesse and cunning; a countermine from Stockton st. to the castle of the enterprising chevalier. Surprise and successful capture by the Avenging Genius, the champion of the S. S. S.

Book eight will record the prayer for mercy; snort-hand reporter sent to take down last words and dying speech "I die that 'independent, enterprising journalism' may live." Collapse and pose of the corpus. Coroner's verdict, Died of sudden fright.

Book nine. Te Deums by the Amazons. Henchmen surround their chief to mourn; Doctors summoned; Champion comes to life; Amazons disband. Equal rights and silk culture and independent womanhood surrender finally to independent bifurcated journalism, and the country saved.

—*Rescue.*

W. B. Douglass,

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 1. No. 8. San Francisco, California, June, 1882. { $1.00 per Annum. { Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

A Monthly Newspaper, published the first day of every Month in San Francisco, devoted to the interests of Woman—to her emancipation from mental and fysical serfdom, thru self-help, and co-operation.

MRS. J. W. STOW, Editor.

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CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.

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PUBLIC MEETINGS AT THE S. S. S. 1ST AND 3D SATURDAYS OF EACH MONTH AT 2½ P. M.—FREE-EXERCISES; Recitation. Sentiments Offered. Reading and discussing a short paper, and questions pertaining to the legal disabilities of women answered. Music. All WOMEN are cordially invited.

BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—Double scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is embroidered in gold on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is worn on the left breast with a star spangle or a badge pin. Those of the Reception Committee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, showing an inch below and half an inch above. Ribbon one and a fourth inch wide.

Star badges, post-paid, fifty cents apiece.

FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE
(Sept. 7th and 8th, 1881)

EVER CONVENED BY WOMEN ON THE COAST, WAS A TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS!

Two days and two evenings of unalloyed pleasure. What with fine papers and letters from absent sympathizers, music and recitations, the two days and evenings will be remembered for a twelve-month, at least.

WOMAN'S REPUBLIC.—Founded by Mrs. J. W. Stow, June 7, 1881, for the purpose of creating an independent center of thought and action for women, where they can meet once, twice, thrice a week, and discuss all questions with a freedom and thoroness heretofore undreamed of; where every subject pertaining to the well-being of the race is fully exposed to the sunlight of truth and investigation. Only filthy and obscene minds can speak of the sacred function of creating and bearing children as "dirty." Every ray of light emanating from the lamp of reason should be focused upon it. To eradicate evil we must begin at the germ.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE PREMIUMS.

OFFERED BY MRS. J. W. STOW.

First Premium.—Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Labor: Its Value to Woman." Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Bread: The Staff of Life." Ten Dollars ($10.00) for the best loaf of bread.

Second Premium.—"The History of Woman Suffrage" for each of the second best of the two essays.

THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOC'N wil hold its SECOND Annual Conference on Wensday and Thursday the 6th and 7th of September. Al persons, Liberals and Conservatives, and al societies of the new and of the old ar cordially invited to be present, and participate in the exercises. Co-operation is the watchword of the hour.

When will women and girls rise superior to to the lying tungs of dissolute men? A Red Bluff girl has just been stung to deth by the slanderous tungs of men. If Mr. Linch did his duty he would hang every one of the villains by the neck til ded.

FYSICAL CULTURE.—*Free* class in Fysical Culture every Tuesday at 2 P. M., at the S. S. S., for women and girls.

ELOCUTION.—*Free* class in Elocution, for women and girls, every Saturday at 1 P. M., at the S. S. S., 304 Stockton St., S. F.

FRESNO ENTERPRISE.—The Fresno Fruit Packing Company has formally organized with M. J. Donahoe, J. W. Hinds, Miss, M. E. Austin, W. Faymooville, W. T. Oden, and Thos. E. Hughes (of the firm of Thos. E. Hughes & Sons, Real Estate Agents, 314 Montgomery Street, S. F.), as directors.

Wanted women to assist the Company to dispense entirely with Chinese help on the premises. This gigantic Company is prepared to engage an unlimited number of women and girls in the industry of canning fruit. "Giving them employment in preference to Chinese labor is certainly very commendable. The Company invites the fair daughters of the Golden West to advance and perform the labor. We would be pleased to inform our numerous readers of the "WOMENS HERALD OF INDUSTRY," what inducements and facilities are offered, or what compensation would be considered equivalent for the work performed, but are unable. A man can slip on his brogans, shoulder his kit and blanket, shake hands with a spade and reconnoitre a new district before permanantly settling down; with a woman it is entirely different. We hope, nay more, we expect, that Bro. Ferguson, the genial editor of the Fresno Expositor and the presumptive advisor of the S. S. S., will furnish us with full information for our July issue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Whatever you rite for the HERALD, "*Mrke it short!*" It is a *monthly*, with so many departments that only the veriest extract of noledge will find place. A poem that will occupy over a *fourth* of a columne need not be sent. Send original articles; the editors will make their own selection of second-hand matter. Send nothing to this office for revision. Rite your article and then take a pencil and uproot all the verbosity-tares, loving the clean wheat of fact and argument, only. Count each word in your article and never have it exceed a 1000—670 is a more acceptable number, that being just a columne of the largest type used in the HERALD. Remember that brevity is the soul of a newspaper as well as wit. Rite *plain*. Life is too short and time is too precious to waste in decifering aroglifixs. Rite about the living present, not the ded past—with its chains and faggots. Rite about *women* and what they ar doing, industrially, as Miss Walsh has done. When you Rite a bizness letter, calling for an answer, enclose a postal-card or stamp—if you expect a reply. The HERALD has planted a Postal-Service tree, but it hasn't blossomed yet.

CO-OPERATION will make every man (and woman) his own landlord; learn him to think and act for himself; teach fair deling and honesty to all; bring about a more equitable distrabution of welth; reconcile the difficulties of capital and labor; advance the workman's wages without strikes and lockouts.

The Co-operative Society of Bradford, Eng. is 21 years old. It was commenced with $150. From the first the management has been exclusively in the hands of the work-people, and it turns over from $650,000 to $700,000 a year. It has paid in the aggregate over $500,000 to its members. How did they accomplish such results? By putting their hands to the co-oper-wheel. They stood shoulder to shoulder: they had confidence in themselves and trusted each other. They found in co-operation the power requisite to bring about a great moral and social revolution. They developed a true social science among the masses. They have demonstrated by the results of their efforts that work-people have intelligence, ability and capacity for managing their own bizness. They raised their condition from dependence and poverty to independence and competency. They demonstrated the teachings of the Master in daily life in the fraternal unity of "Each for all and all for each." They loved their nabor as themselves.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

WOMAN'S REPUBLIC. Again and again comes the question: What is a *womans* republic? For what purpose is it created? What good will it accomplish? Answer. It was founded for the purpose of creating a great buro of information respecting women; their work, wages and general industrial status. Also, to get women out o' the narrow grove in which custom has held them with a grip of iron; to teach them, to think, act and to do for themselves; to be actuated and controled by their own judgement instead of being in leading strings all their lives. This is the aim of Womans Republic. Headquarters at 304 Stockton street S. F.

CALIFORNIA.—A State of inexaustable resources; a State where women will solve, themselves, the problem of labor; and all it means for them in the great relm of out-of-door work.

REASON WHY THE HERALD should be taken by every woman in the United States, first; in the civilized world, second; and in heathen lands third: It is the first and only paper in the world that has for its leading feature the Industrial Emancipation of women. It is the only paper published by a woman and entirely edited by women that advocates an absolute mental and fysical *Freedom* not licence. Freedom to live pure and beautiful lives. Women write, "I cannot afford to take the HERALD." Can it be possible that any woman is so poor that she cannot find one dollar a year to feed her poor starved brain? God forbid! To all such the pertinent advice is Wear one the less furbelo, give one dollar a year less to the Church, in some way get *one* dollar and subscribe for a paper that has the grand object in view that the HERALD OF INDUSTRY has. Not only subscribe yourself but get your friends to do likewise. First take the woman's paper published in your own State and after that as many as you have time to read, that are published in other States.

ATTENTION is called to the butiful type, all *new*, used in making the HERALD. It was purchased of the prosperous firm of Marder, Luce & Co, Type Founders, 528 Sacramento St., S. F. Whoever deals with this House will be well served.

The Rescue, California's Temperance Organ, is waging, a never flagging battle, against rum, tobacco and vice in all their hideous shapes. Its editor, Capt. Wood, wields a free pen and when it makes a dash at iniquity, some of the bristly gentry are sure to squeal. Under the *Rescue's* fearless banner the Cause is rapidly gaining ground in this fair state. It is liberal onuf to exchange with a woman's paper, and that is saying a good deal for the weeklies of San Francisco. It should be in every library, reading-room and household in the state. We give it a hearty godspeed! as a co-worker.

DEFORMED WOMEN.—Our streets ar filled with with women who ar walking to and fro with waists and feet so misshapen and deformed as to make the angels weep. Do they ever consider who knows the most about human architecture, God or the modern shoemaker? God or the modern dressmaker? Do they ever consider sin they ar committing, and the friteful entail they ar bequeathing to unborn generations? These ar the *weak-minded* sistsrs.

OAKLANDERS who have cut their wisdom teeth will patronize Dr. Thrailkill, Cor. Broadway and 10th streets. He will *kill* the pain and rejuvinate the unruly moler. He is a wise man who advertises in the HERALD, and good teeth are a joy forever.

NICOL THE TAILOR never goes fishing and his garments always fit.

THE LONE WOMAN will find an earthly paradise in Associate Homes. Come and help make them ye disconsolate, homeless, "unprotected", forlorn sisters.

THE HUGHES FRESNO EXCURSION in August.

SCISSORS.

DREAMS.

Yes, I have dreams. I some times dream of life
In the full meaning of that splended word:
Its subtle music, which few men have heard
Tho all may hear it sounding thru earth's strife:
Its lofty heights by mystic breezes kissed,
Lifting their lovely peaks above the dust;
Its treasures that no touch of time can rust:
Its emerald seas, its dawns of amethist;
Its certain purpose, its serene repose;
Its usefulness that finds no hour for woes—
This is my dream of life.

Yes, I have dreams. I ofttimes dream of love,
As passionless and brilliant as a star—
As changeless, too, as that fixed light afar
That glorifies vast worlds of space above,
Strong as the tempest when it holds its breath
Before it bursts in fury—and as deep
As the unfahtom'd seas, where dead worlds sleep,
And sad as birth and beautiful as death,
As fervent as the fondist soul could crave,
Yet holy as the moonlight on a grave—
This is my dream of love.

Yes, yes, I dream. One oft-recurring dream
Is beautiful and comforting and blest,
Complete with certain promises of rest,
Divine content and happiness supreme,
When that strange essence, author of all faith—
That subtle something, crying for the Light,
Like a lost child that wanderes in the night,
Shall solve the mighty mystery of death—
Shall find eternal progress, or sublime
And satisfying slumber for all time—
This is my dream of death.

—ELLA WHEELER.

CLEVELAND, May 22.—In his morning sermon, yesterday, Bishop Gilmour denounced the women in his congregation for identifying themselves with the Ladies' Land League. The latter organization, at its afternoon session, hotly denounced the attack made upon its members by gown and surplice.

Mrs. Nellie Grace edits the largest paper at Eureka Springs, Ark. She issues a daily and a double sheet weekly. Another woman owns and conducts the largest saw mill, and another is developing a lead mine besides superintending a large farm,

Miss Alice Moore, of Huntington, Ind., has been in the drygoods business since 1877, and her receipts foot up to $50,000 a year. The whole establishment is under her direct care and supervision, yet she finds time and opportunity for social and intellectual pursuits, and also to cultivate her love of art.

"There is one Susan B Anthony, one Mary A Livermore, one Anna Dickenson, and thank the Lord there are no more!"—*Rev. Meredeth.* "Thank the Lord for the glorious trinity! brother Cream—Cheese. *Mrs. Stow.*

"Chinese! Chinese! It aint Chinese we hev ter fear but wiming! wiming!" Quaking Oaklander.

The assumption that a child was only the son of its father, brought to bear upon a large scale, has made up our cyclopædias and biographical dictionaries. The mothers of the most eminent men are rarely mentioned; and as for the humbler men, you would suppose that they had no mothers at all,

Woman Suffrage is the key, the short and direct road, to temperance success.—A. B. HOTCHKIS.

In many of the most influential daily papers, editorials are written upon all the gravest questions of the day by hands which, in the ages of barbarism, pounded corn and brought wood and water, and in the times of chivalry held a fan or a mirror or an elegant handkerchief.

The two Cincinnati young ladies whose carved bedstead, exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, received such high praise have gone to Florence to study sculpture under Preston Powers.

Hartford women are to establish an insurance company, the stock of which shall be owned, and managed, exclusively by women.

There are sewing girls in Chicago who make button-holes for two cents each and some can make but fifteen or twenty in a day. Is it any wonder that girls go down to ruin under such circumstances.

Mrs. Coburn, of San Antonio, Texas, has 40,000 silk worms at work in her yard.

No better advertising medium can be found than the HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

Children's Corner.

PARTING.

Fare thee well; my dearest heart,
Day is come, and we must part,
See! the silver gleam of dawn
O'er the east begins to grow.
Ah! how swift the night has gone,
Swift, too swift—and I must go.
There's a stir on bush and brake,
Soon the world will be awake:
All the stars are drowned in light,
Past the sweet romance of night.
One last kiss, dear love, and then
For the world of work and men!

One dear thought the livelong day
In my memory shall stay
Filling all the ambient air
While I wait and work alone,
With an odor faint and rare,
With a sweet remembered tone.
Ah! how dull the world will be,
Till again thy face I see!
Would that night had just begun!
Would the weary day were done!
One last kiss before we part—
One, the very last, dear heart.

W. W. Story in *Childhood's Appeal.*

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

What a pretty picture they made standing there in the luminous atmosphere of the young day. The mother with her queenly form—tall and well proportioned—with beautiful white teeth firmly set and a chin full of character; large dark eyes that flashed in merriment and scintillated in anger; bands of brown-black hair put back from a broad fair brow and hands ans feet of exquisite mould. Terry, the masculine protector, in a straw hat, white pants and blue sailor-jacket looked the personification of young America. He was tall of his age—twelve years all told constituted the numerical sum of his existence. He had his mother's fine eyes and teeth, and chestnut hair that curled at the ends just enough to give it a carless look. Milly was a pretty little Miss of seven summers, with an abundance of rich auburn hair, dark hazle eyes, beautifully penciled eyebrows and a rose-bud mouth. In disposition she was amiable and loving, qualities that made her a general favorite among her companions, especially with her brother. To him she was perfection itself. His partial eyes could discouver no flaw in the beauty of her character or person. To him all pleasures were flavorless unless shared by her.

Etta was an odd one. She had no particular human mate, but the birds and the bees and the flowers loved her. Her eyes were the greyest of all grey eyes; her flossy hair was the hue of spun gold; a delicate skin as white as milk, and so blump in person was our heroine that every joint had its corrisponding dimple. She, too, was gentle and loving until aroused; but when she suffered her hot temper to get the best of her, how the grey eyes flashed and the white brow crimsoned. She had a desided mouth and chin, and taken all in all, a face that would develop, in coming years, more character, in its varying outlines, than beauty.

This is a faint outline of one of the most prominent groups on the deck of the Fashion that charming June morning ,long, long years gone by, as the wheel made its last revolution, and she lay calmly beside the peopled wharf, with reversed enjine, safe from storm and danger,

"Oh! mama where's papie? I tant see 'im anywhere?" sopped Etta as she looked eagerly down into the upturned faces. "Hush up quick!" exclaimed Terry, "Dont you see that strapping fellow with the big red whiskers looking at you? He may be a *cannibal* for all I know, and you're too tempting a morsel, in that line, to risk his attention very long. There might be one the less of us to see pap, yo know."

But Etta, who scorned any reproof save that given by her parents, after the momentary interruption, cried the louder. As soon as the gangplank was lowered there was a great rush to get on shore,

"Do not stir from your places, my children," said Mrs, Breeze, "there is always danger when a mass of people are in such haste. The way will be cleared in a few minuits and then father will come for us.

While she was speaking the big whiskered man came on the boat, and was standing so near them that he heard all she said. After she had ceased speaking, he came up to her and, respectfully dffiong his hat, enquired if she was Mrs. Breeze?

"I am," she made answer, wondering who it could be, how he knew her name and what business he could possibly have with her. She had not long to wait, however, for he explained the situation, promptly, in the fuest of words, by saying—

"Yer man's down with *ager* an' sed howt I *mus cum* an' fetch ye hum.

At this announcement Terry, who had grown white around the mouth through fear, caught hold of his mother's hand and begged her not to think of going with the burly fellow, "for," said he, "I'll bet anything he's a Spaniard who will sell us all to the Injins for buffalo skins and wampum, and then we shall be slaves and killed if we wont work. Oh, mother! *dont* go will you?"

Mrs. Breeze turned to the man, who had gone a little dsstance from them, and said—

"Did my husband send no message?"

"Why, bless my stars!" exclaimed the man—"Yis! an' here 'tis" fishing a letter out of his breast pocket and handing it to Mrs. Breeze, with an awkward bow.

The letter explained everything to the satisfaction of all concerned, and accompanied by their formidable looking guide they left the steamer.

TAKE IT OFF.

You think your corset may be worn so loose that it will do no harm. If worn so loose as not to interfere with respiration when you lean forward in needle-work, then it will make the form look badly. A corset to look well must be worn snug and trim.

And then you think the corset is important as a skirt-supporter. It certainly may be of service in this way, but it is not half as good a skirt-supporter as a pair of common gentlemen's suspenders. No, girls, the corset is bad and only bad. It is not only a great enemy to health, but it is the great destroyer of female grace and beauty. A rigid stiffness in the centre of the body makes all the movements of the entire body stiff and ungraceful. As to the matter of beauty, it's a question between the Creator and the dressmaker; I take sides with the Creator, some folks take the other side.

DIO LEWIS.

Business Notices.

HORN'S Electro-Magnetic Belt is conceded to be the very best on the Coast. It cures without medicine many of the most aggravated forms of disease. If you do not believe that electricity is life, call at 702 Market street and be convinced.

Buy your paper of Bonestell, Allen & Co., 415 Sansome street; your hardware of Osborn & Alexander, 628 Market street; your fruit-dryers and Blymyer bells of Linforth, Rice & Co., 325 Market street, your artists' materials, paints, oils, glass, varnishes, of Bass & Co., 27 Dupont street; pure groceries of Hawley & Co., 217 Sutter street; dry goods at The White House; cloaks at Sullivan's; and crayon portraits at Kalenmyer's, 724½ Market

Gentlemen in search of the latest styles in Gents Furnishing Goods will find exactly what they want, breakfast suits,, business suits, hunting suits, wedding suits and price to suit at NICOLS THF TAILOR'S, 818 Market Street, S. F.

Subscribe for the
Womans Herald of Industry,

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY GERTIE S SMYTH.

As each wheel and spoke in the car of Progress find place and adjustment, more and more are the laws of life studied and practically applied to every-day needs. We are slowly but surely learning the great lesson, that *this* world is a place to be happy in, and that without joyous, thrillig, radiant health we are defrauded of our rightful inheritance. We have become such a race of dyspeptic scarecrows that we must stop short and ask, What is the matter? and stick a pin there. Many are purging their systems of poisons engendered by meat eating. All meats are more or less diseased—especially pork—which is often full of crawling death. "But", it is asked, "what is to take the place of meat?" Pure milk, eggs and fish for those who feel the need of animal food and nuts of all kinds (they are a good substitute), raisins, prunes and all kinds of fish and dried fruits. Live (uncooked) food of some kind should constitute a portion of each meal.

Try this anti-ment diet for a month, or two months, or *three* months and see if your bad head, or bad stomach, or bad bowels, which ever it may be, does not feel better.

G. S. S.

Cooked Celery for Rheumatism.—Cold or damp never prodces rheumatism, but simply develops it. Acid in the blood is the primary cause and the sustaining power of the evil.

While the blood is alkaline there can be no rheumatism, and equally no gout. Cut the celery in small pieces, and boil in water until soft. Then take new milk, slightly thicken with flour and flavor with nutmeg; warm with the celery in the saucepan; serve up with diamonds of toasted bread around the dish, and eat with potatoes. The water in which the celery is boiled should be drank by the sufferer.

Cotton Seed Oil is a pure, vegetable oil, suitable for all purposes where "shortening" is used.

The fastidious hygienist, and dietetic reformer is no longer vexed with the apparent necessity of using an animal substance, now that this oil supplies the place of lard, butter, or cream, and those people who only want shortening, and do not care what its origion, will, because of the superior quality and flavor, be induced to patronize cotton seed oil.

It is made from the seeds of the cotton plant, by chopping and crushing them, then subjecting the mass to strong hydraulic pressure, and afterward refining the crude oil by a process which renders it clear and inodorous. We believe this will supercede all other kinds of shortening just as fast as its value becomes known, and this vegetabe oil will be one of the "staples" in every grocer's store, so that animal fats can be consigned to their legitimate use in forming a part of that essential compound, called *soft soap.*

Mrs. Mary Norris, culinary manager of Dr Fairchild's Hygienic Home, Quincy, Ill., gives the following: I am using from a can of cotton seed oil sent by the "Hope Oil Mill" compeny, of Memphis Tennessee. I like to use it. It is free from the disagreeable odors of other fats when heated.

For shortening it requires only about half as much in quantity as would butter or cream, or suppose lard (We never use the latter.), its cost is less. Requires less in quantity not only but is cheaper even than lard, being sold at retail for about seventy-five cents a gallon, or ten cents a pound. The trials of the hygienic house-keeper are much lightened by having this need so easily supplied; for while lard, the oil of the scorfulous scavenger is not allowed in our food, it is not possible to get butter evenly good, and cream is not always attainable.

I use the oil in making pie crust, cakes, cookies biscuits, and in browning graham mush, corn mush, samp mush, or any place which calls for grease or butter.

As an experiment I made some delicious doughnuts—and fried them in this oil, and they were certainly superior to anything I ever saw, where lard was used. Perhaps if I should give the receipt, it might find its way into The SANITARIAN, but the editor would not recommed such food.

However, to those who do use fried cakes, and fried foods generally, this oil commends itself for possessing less objectionable qualities than other fats.

DOUGHNUTS.

One quart raised dough the same as for yeast bread, I used graham yeast dough, half cup sugar, one egg, one table spoonful cotton seed oil, a little ground cinnamon. Cut in small diamond shaped or round cake, and allow them to remain on the well floured biscuit board until light, when fry in in the hot oil. Roll them in powdered sugar on serving.

The Sanitarian.

Poison for Rats and Gophers.—Split open a carrot or onion and sprinkle over as much finely pulverized crystal strychnine as will lay on the finger nail; dust a little fine sugar over that, then put a drop of oil of Rhodium on the carrot and place it in or near the hole of the pest. The smell of the oil attracts both gophers and rats.

A LABOR UNION PLATFORM.

The trades and labor unions of New York and vicinity formed a centralization of their trades, known as the Central Labor Union of New York and vicinity, for the purpose of organizing and concentrating the toiling class for mutual protection, educaation and combined action in behalf of labor's cause.

They demand the following:

The reduction of the hours of labor to eight per day, so that the working people may lesson the surplus of idle labor, that they may have more time for social enjoyment and intellectual improvement, and be able to reap the advantages conferred by the labor-saving machinery which their brains have created.

2 The prohibition of the employment of children in workshops, mines and factories before attaining their fourteenth year.

3 The abolition of the contract system on national, State and municipal work.

4 The abolition of the system of letting out by contract the labor of convicts in prisons and reformatory institutions.

5 The abolition of the so-called truck system and the enactment of laws to compel manufactures and corporations to pay their employees weekly in full for labor performed during the preceding week, in the lawful money of the country.

6 The enactment of laws giving the laborers a first lien on their work for their full wages.

7 The securing for both sexes of equal pay for equal work.

8 Establishment of bureaus of labor statistics in States as well as by the national Government, the officers of such bureaus to be taken from the labor organizations.

9 Sanitary inspection of mines, factories, and all conditions of labor, and a general provision for health and safety of workingmen and women in factories.

10 The abolition of the conspiracy law, tramp laws, and the abrogation of all laws that do not bear equally upon Capital and Labor and its representatives.

11 To prevail upon the Government to establish a purely national circulating medium, issued directly to the people, without the intervention of banking corporations.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME OF
THE RATIONAL DRESS SOCIETY.
London, England.

So many questions are asked as to the divided skirt we recommend, that it seems desirable to issue a short leaflet on the subject. Not because it is the principle reform we advocate, or even an indispensable part of it, but as it is the only new part of it, it excites more attention and without explanation is liable to be misapprehended.

The divided skirt is a skirt divided between the legs so as to clothe each leg separately, the under clothing to be arranged beneath this as most convenient. It should come to about the instep, quite clearing the ground, and be made about a yard round at the ankle. An ordinary dress skirt is worn over this, which may be as much or as little trimmed as the wearer may fancy, although to secure lightness the less the better.

The divided skirt may appear under the top skirt about two or three inches without exciting the least notice.

The divided skirt and the under garments may be fastened to a broad band fitted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any sort round the waist. Or, if preferred, hooks or buttons can be placed on a calico bodice to be attached to corresponding loops on the skirts. The top part of the dress may be any loose body or jacket the wearer may choose, always avoiding bands, ligatures, or pressure of any sort from below the fixed ribs to the top of the hips.

In this costume the weight of clothing may be reduced at least one-half, because as the divided skirts cover the body fully and evenly, fewer layers of clothing are required, and less material in their construction. We have here a style of dress by which no internal organ can be injured, no muscle cramped, no movement of the body impeded, and to which the wearer may add as much grace and beauty as her own good taste may direct.

NOTICE:——The Committee of the "Rational Dress Society," intends to protest against the attempt to introduce any fashion in dress which either deforms the figure, impedes the movements of the body, or injures the health, and earnestly begs members of the society to avoid wearing any article of dress so denounced.

They protest against corsets or tight fitting bodices of any kind, high or narrow heeled boots and shoes, as injurious to health.

Against heavily weighted skirts, as rendering healthy exercise almost impossible, and all tie down cloaks or other garments which impede the movements of the arms.

Against crinolines, or crinolettes of any kind or shape, as deforming, indecent, and vulgar.

We hae receved the first number of the *Exchange and Mart*, published by Myrick & Co., Santa Cruz, in the interest of emigration and land investtransactiond, generall. It contains much valuable information about the putiful city and county of Santa Cruz at the small price of 25 cts a year. It is issued monthly. The HERALD places it on file and bespeaks for it a wel merited succes.

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For the Herald.

UPRISING OF WOMAN-

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

While in the most advanced nations of earth men are resisting oppression, and avilling themselves of international co-action; women, in spite of complex oppressior, manifest their claims to liberty and its blessings, and their interest in the world's goodness and progress. Two events in the United Stats of America indicate the dawn of an era that will endow women with knowledge of their rightful possessions, and with faith that will avail in performing works reaching to their spheres. The first was woman's costume reform starting in central N. Y. It proved that by relieving the body of pressure, useless weight and obstruction to motion, health was retrieved, and mental and moral strength evolved in proportion to physical improvement. It originated some local efforts which did little more than agitate thought, because of vain desire for popularity. Concerted opposition of mercantile monarchs caused a partial relapse in the movement, but thousands enjoying its benefits adhered to the change.

Advocacy went quietly and steadily on, conviction grew, sentiment clarified, and the world's need was declared to be hygine, principles of heredity practicalized. This occupied thirty years, and conveyed the knowledge to all climes. The other is also a wholly womans enterprise, starting in San Francisco, Cal: and, as it appears at a distance, by the vigilance of one woman. She edits a brave paper called *Womans Herald of Industry*, which advocats the right of women to choose and pursue self-sustaining vocations—teaches ethics and points the means of true life—exposes partial and sinster statutes, bearing on their wrongs and limited welfare. She established a womans Republic, a womans Social Science Association, and suggests colonization where, of course, agriculture, or at least horticulture, and manufacture will be basic to art and literature. This *cluster* of movelays out the field to be entered upon when the *first* press forms from cumbrous clothing, and allows only good to accure from labor. It is ralated to the first as effect to cause; comes in as seconder and champion of success; though the noble founder may not have noted the pioneer work behind her. Will not all women loving humanity's well-being lend hastening hands to the hallowed results—and all men great enough to love anything truly? Faith in themselves as responsible foctors of their kind; in each other as helpful co-operatores for individual and general benefit; and courage to act from convictions in fields now open to them, can alone produce conditions that will open othters and all privileges to women, tyrannously monopolized. Before the exercise, the awakening of a spirit to achieve its full desttiy, the gift of some things now sighed for would fall an ungrateful bequest. Thus, the long struggle for equal sufferage, not accompanied by a general show of that courage and spirit, can be mocked by those to whom it prays. But these primary works begining among practical elements, look at superstructures, vacant industry and power to accomplish, as the honorable as well as necessary means of whatever enobled and blessed existance, indisputably proving qualification for all they imply and demand.

Hence dress reform preparatory to great effort, did not appear too soon. Those claiming the world is not ready for it, only states an unwillingness to admit women's thought, and *permit* their indepdent choice and action: for it is not all ignorance that dreads to see their subjection recede before the ability to sustain, protect and defend themselves. Fashion speculation persists because fortunes are in it, and male mastery in its wake. Tyrannies favor it because gaining sway by monopolies, and holding kingly tenure by Woman's dependence. women should resist them both because they are enemies to them personally; and thru them, to all men, and thrn heredity, and all posterity and all future time. Slavery that enfeebles the body makes other kinds possible; so, to prolong inefficiency flattery and fraud are plied so lavishly that many women deem their first and paramount duty, in this world, is to facinate men by decoration, seeming not to know that men crave unnatural figures, even monstrous deformities, to stimulate degenerate functions, and that complying smites themselves again. If the sensuous features of this craze seem awful in its first allusion, what horrors would come to view if carried to clear statement and true detail? Nothing is truer than that ere our prosperity is established hygienic diet must build our systems purely, and proper costume cherish, save and utilize their powers.

Intelligent opposers concede the facts here stated. Well informed majorities confess scientific habits must prevail before general health and sound offspring succeed present invalidism and corruption. Public opinion finially accords these habits, even the radical style of dress, the meed of respect, and the press, scorning longer to rediculo, risks its subscription list on being friendly. This is large gain the in last ten years. Women's resolution to supplant error with truth, slavery with liberty, and driveling misesy with enjoyment in sublime uses, is only lacking. And since it is probable that they will have to advance to grand purposes without men's special aid, (for they are as listless as the laden sisters) let us lose no time in forwarding provisions for the redemption of both sexes, old, young, and prospecteve.

Vineland, N, J.

For the Herald.

THE PERFECT WOMAN.

Doctor of Divinity (whatever that may be), David Wills has delivered himself and still the world wags and the course of progress goes on. And all the hundreds of doctors of divinity cannot stop it, with all their influence and popularity, because people are begining to think for themselves. This particular holy man, Mr. W., has good delivery and presence but no reasoning organs to speak of. These U. S. Chaplins draw a large salary from the public treasury contrary to the wishes of many thousands of tax-payers who feel that they are not benefited by the empty ceremonies of an aristocratic class who are infringing on our constitution, which stipulates for freedom in religion and makes no provision for priests. When our forefathers freed us from king-craft it was from priest-craft too—for the latter ever upheld the former. Realizing this, a liberal constitution was formed, than which the world had never known a better. But it has been gradually undermined by designing priest's (through their tools) until is forced on the people almost the combination of church with state that has driven the poor of England and Ireland, to starvation and distraction. Only we are newer with more resources. Do the clergy ever, were they ever known to speak out on the side of the oppressed? Where they the first to speak out for the slave (in the history of this country) when every pulpit was closed to the first liberal agitators in New England? were they on hand to champion Woman's freedom? "No, but as the subject is popularizing they are now joining in, and will as usual claim all of the victory after it is won. Do they today take sides with the oppressed masses against the monopolies which are grinding them down to starvation wages and for their high tariffs.

Monopolies and priests will eventually own this country unless the people wrest by force their just right from them as history tells us they have always had to do from the king and priest. "Do as you would be done by," the only religion in the world as old as humanity, is never preached by them. To keep in with the rich and powerful they sought text's from Bible upholding slavery. They taught the masses: Obey the powers that be which are ordained of God: Servants obey your masters etc: Wives obey your husbands: Women keep silent in the Church etc. All these barbaric ideas they have tried to confine the people to, but when they found they could not, because the masses by mixing with other nations making discoveries, etc, were getting too liberalized to believe all their teachings that they have had to bestow in order to keep their fat places. Sermons preached in orthodox pulpits now, fifty years ago would have caused the dismissal of the preacher for heresy. Instead of becoming Chrisianized we are becoming liberized. The world is liberalizing the church. Yes, and it has got to come to our grand level. General brotherhood and sisterhood of all humanity. Those who love God so much love mankind little—will even torture them for his supposed sake. Believe or be damned begins here, now. Among these supposed leaders of public morals and good teachers are found some of the most criminal wretches. And more of them in proportion to their number than of any profession in the U. S. This is startling, no doubt to many, but true. A pamphlet containing the whole list of names addresses and dates is published by M. E. Billings Iowa. Total number of crimes committed by preachers in five years 917. These are only from the public press. We all know how many sins of the clergy are suppressed for "the good of the cause." Also, the author has a long list of crimes, published within the last five years, committed by these reverend gentry *incog*. Could their sweet names be ascertained the above list would be largely increased." At last the Christian woman and their preachers have joined in a grand temperance movement. (I believe the women were first in this too.) Would that mankind were temperate in all things. If our youth were better educated and trained on a really moral basis and more morality with less superstition impressed upon the young mind, taught that it is greater to conquer your own passions than to develop religious ideas—we would have a highly moral person, one who would not debase himself or wrong others. And such ones are the best of earth. So many are educated so religiously that their sense of morality is undeveloped—they cannot distinguish between right and wrong.—A. E.

(To be continued.)

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1882.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

For the Herald.

OUR MISSION.

Human lives are silent teaching—
Be they earnest, just and true;
Noble deeds are noblest preaching
From the consecrated few.
Poet-priests their anthems singing
Hero-sword on corslet ringing
When Truth's banner is unfurled;
Youthful preachers, genius gifted,
Pouring forth their souls uplifted,
Til their preaching stirs the world.

Each must work as God has given,
Hero-hand or poet-soul;
Work is duty, while we live in
This wierd world of sin and dole,
Gentle spirits lowly kneeling,
Lift their white hands up appealing
To the throne of Heaven's King—
Stronger natures culminating
In great actions incarnating
What another can but sing.

Pure and meek eyed as an angel,
We must strive—must agonize;
We must preach the Saints evangel
Ere we claim the saintly prize;
Work for all— for work is holy,
We fulfil our mission slowly
When like heavenly arch above,
Blend our souls in one emblazon,
And the social diapason
Soumds the perfect chord of love.

Life is combat, life is striving,
Such our destiny here below—
Like scythed chariots driving
Through an onward pressing foe.
Deepest sorrow, scorn and trial,
Like the alchymist of old
Pass the ore through cleansing fire
If our spirits would aspire
To be God's refined gold

We are struggling in the morning
With the spirit of the night,
But we trample on it scorning;
Lo! the eastern sky is bright,
We must watch: The day is breaking
Soon like Memnon's statue waking
With the sunrise into sound,
We should raise our voice to Heaven,
Chant a hymn for conquest given,
Seize the palm nor heed the wound.

We must bend our thoughts in earnest
Would we strike the idols down;
With the purpose of the sternest
Take the cross and leave the crown.
Sufferings human life can hallow,
Sufferings lead to God's Valhalla—
Meakly bend, and bravely try
Like a hero with heart o'erflowing;
Like a God with conquest glowing;
So to love—and work—and die.

Ben Hanie.

Correspondence.

SAN DIEGO, Cal.

MRS. J. W. STOW:—Inclosed please find $1 subscription for your live paper. More power to you. In my judgment the day is not far off when the political party that is too cowardly to make the enfranchisement of woman one of its leading planks in its political platform will be buried and retired for a quarter of a century. The temperance folks *must* adopt it: it is the direct key to the extinction of the manufacture of alcohol. Every mother should have a vote for herself and one for every minor child on all questions of local government, such as the sale and restriction of sale of liquors as a beverage in saloons, bars, and places of public resort. Agitate! the defiance of law shown in the recent Sunday prosecutions call for reinforcements to the voters in the interest of the "home." They can only be got by the enfranchisement of woman. It is the key to the fight for "home,"

Yours respectfully,
A. B. HOTCHKISS.

ANAMOSA, Iowa.

EDITOR HERALD:—If the dwellers of the valleys may return thanks to the "goddesses" of the mountains for the refreshing breezes wafted to them from their tops, may not I— one of the plodding, hoping, praying toilers, who sometimes get very faint-hearted and despondent, struggling for a foothold in this work-a-day world, into which, through which, and out of which we seemed propelled by some mysterious and invisible force—may not I write and thank the editors, friends, and contributors of the WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY for the invigorating breath of life that was wafted to me from its office a few days since, through a specimen copy which some friend was kind enough to send me. And especially let me thank you for the kindly spirit manifested toward your crying "children." That is right. If they cannot work with you, let them organize and work by themselves, and bid them God-speed, even as I—though a Spiritualist, and sometimes feeling regret that facts demonstrating immortality, so familiar to me and thousands, yea millions, of others, should be hidden from the noble and gifted Ingersoll and his coworkers—can still bid them a God-speed in their chosen field of labor, knowing well that there is room enough and need enough for all, and that each division, from its particular standpoint, reaches a class that could not be reached except from that particular standpoint.

And so the process of growth—evolution—goes steadily on; though, if we look only at the bickering, strife, turmoil, slander, and persecution with which we as individuals are sometimes surrounded, we are apt to forget it and become despondent, and feel as though the world, our own little portion of it at least, was sliding back into the Dark Ages. And that is why I want the HERALD; so I can, through it, look out over the world at large and console myself with the thought that though I, a humble toiler of the valley, may be able to accomplish but little, there are those who can and do—"goddesses" up on the mountain-tops forging thunderbolts with which to slay the tyrants of custom and superstition; "goddesses" "churning wind," as McDonald tells about—*radical* wind—with which to blow away the dead leaves and rubbish and noxious gases of an effete civilization and make room for the new, in which equality, freedom and justice shall not be a tantalizing dream, but an established fact. Inclosed please find one dollar for subscription.

Yours truly,
MRS. MARY E. PRESTON.

SAN JOSE, Cal.

DEAR MRS. STOW:—It is very difficult to confess a fault, especially when that fault is of the mean order, but truth compels the avowal that the majority of believers in the Woman's Cause—myself included—belong to that class anathematized by the angel for being neither hot nor cold.

J. F. B., in her letter, says: "We ought to march to Washington 50,000 strong;" instead of that we won't even lift a finger to help on the struggle, but sit back languidly indifferent, sometimes scornful, while the few brave woman do battle with prejudice and injustice. When they conquer—and here is the meanness of it—we seize the rights they win for us with as much assurance as if we had been in front of the battle. I blush at my own supineness, and as the first step towards better doing, I send you a few items concerning woman's progress in the field of industry at San Jose.

Our sex begin to realize two facts: 1st, that the industrial arts and agriculture are the true basis of all prosperity; 2nd, that woman can do all and everything that she intelligently wills to do.

What more unlikely business for the "weak sex" than an iron foundry? Yet San Jese boasts of a young lady, quite a girl and a great social favorite, who upon her father's death undertook to carry on his foundry. The business was then in a critical condition, but this girl's energy and practical ability soon placed it upon a firm basis; and she now runs it successfully, thereby sustaining her mother, brother, and two sisters. People smiled in pitiful derision when she began, now they cite her as a wonder.

In the Willows, Mrs. Ingalls works a fruit ranch of 12 acres, which produced $500 the first year of bearing: $1,000 second year; $1,200 third; and last year the fourth, the comfortable sum of $1,800. These figures are sufficient comment upon our ability. Besides this income, the 12 acres give her a beautiful garden and a pleasant home.

About nine miles out an ex-school ma'am has a farm of 20 acres, which she has brought into good condition. It is an elegant picture to see her as happy as a bird (and as trim and pretty as one) working her own farm or beautifying her neat little home.

Others, inspired by her example, are investing their earnings in land and cheer the drudgery of the school-room with practical dreams of a pretty little farm and a good little income all their own. Thus the leaven works,

MARIE A. WALSH.

BOSTON, May 8, 1882.

MY DEAR SISTER:—Do not think me unmindful of your welcome letter and postal. I have expected daily to have my case brought before the court. I know not when it will be settled. You are not a stranger to court delay. I need only say I still hope for a speedy adjustment of this long-pending case. * * * I receive my papers all safe, etc.; want five copies of "Probate Confiiscation." God bless and protect you in your daily work for humanity, sister—yes, truly, you are my sister in all good work for woman; thank God! you are not narrow and selfish in your work. Love and blessing from my dear mother and myself to you. Your dear father is gone. Happy for him and for you each, his dear children, to have been with him in his last hours spent here.

Leve, etc., H. M. E.

NORTHFIELD, April 27, 1882.

MRS. J. W. STOW:—I have read your paper with much interest, and can say my soul is with you. May your efforts be crowned with victory on every side. I should rejoice to see the day when woman can stand by the side of her brother man and proclaim her right as a citizen of this boasted free country. But, alas! we never can be free under the present marriage system that gives man authority over woman to use and abuse as he sees fit. Ah! if one-fourth of the misery that is caused by this system could be told, the brows of the intelligent would burn with shame.

Yours for progress,
MRS. S. P. LEMONT.

NEVADA, CITY.

EDITOR HERALD:—"*Oh, Dio mio!*" I heard a godly Italian exclaim the other day, when he heard that his Pope, perhaps, would have to leave Rome. "Why don't he make his home in America?" America stands more in need of men like Ingersoll, Bennett, Underwood, etc., and papers like the *Truth Seeker, Investigator, Our Herald*, and THE HERALD OF INDUSTRY, which correspond more with the intellect of the present "truth loving" generation than with the fog and superstition of the past, which hug the soul theories to their bosoms, etc., are not familiar with all that matter can do. How dare the theologian predicate that women will always be under the iron heel of the church! with the ever ready and appalling quotation:

"The husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the Church, and that just as the Church is subject to Christ, so must wives be subject to their husbands."

These views of the duty of submission on the part of wives were not surprising in that age, for they have continued to the present day among gospel-preaching and gospel-ridden people. Paul is only chargeable with not having been in advance of his fellow-men. He regarded the genius of men like Plato, whom not even the greatest gospel preacher can approach, to foreshadow for women a position of equality which they are but now beginning to attain.

Women themselves are the greatest enemies we encounter on our field of battle for their deliberation. "We have all the rights we want," is a most frequent expression of theirs. Privileges like those a doll enjoys in the hands of a child—one moment hugged to the bosom, and the next tossed a one side—are what they consider their rights. Another very common expression is: "What more do I want? My husband provides nicely for me." Isn't he providing similarly for his horses and other animals?

Yours truly, E. W. F.

TEMPERANCE.

BY LOIS LIVINGSTON.

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"The Women of America v. The Liquor Traffic."

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THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN.

At the last meeting of Golden Rule Lodge, No. 263, I. O. G. T., in the city of San Diego, the following resolution was offered by Mr. Hotchkiss and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is the best judgment of the members of this lodge, that in view of the recent experience of the law-abiding people of the State of California in their efforts to enforce the closing of liquor saloons and bars on Sunday, it is evident that the only certain means of securing the abolition of the rum traffic lies in the enfranchisement of woman. That we most heartily and earnestly urge all temperance organizations to at once join with us and take such action as may tend to the accomplishment of that reform by securing the proper constitutional amendment and leislation.

WILL I BE LIKE YOU, PAPA.

A gentleman who for years has been more or less under the inuflence of liquor, and whose red nose and bloated figure stamped him as an inebriate, has gone home to his wife and children in this codition. He was not unkind in acts or in words. It was his delight to play at games with his little ones, as he was able, and to entertain them with wonderful stories.

On this occasion the family were all together in the sitting room, and the usual games having been played, little Freddie, a lad about six years of age, had climbed upon his father's knee, and was asking all sorts of boyish questions. He talked as a child will talk——of what he would do when he was a big man! asking if he would be like papa then: and finally after a long and serious look into his fathers face with every shade of childish curiosity in his voice and glance, put to him this bewildering query:

"Papa, when I grow up to be a man, will my nose be red like yours, and my face swelled."

Ah! why should that poor swollen face grow redder than it was won't to be? Why should his arms so quickly draw the boy to his breast? And why should tears flow and voice tremble as he replied in words and tones that made his mother's heart glad:

"No, Freddie, please God you won't be like me when you get to be a man; and neither will your father, my boy, for from this hour he will lead a sober life.

"Be like him!" he had never thought of that before, and the bare possibiliy staggered him. All the love of his father's heart cried out again to him.

That boy! His pride! Going about with a bloated face and poisoned breath! No, no! he was not prepared for that! Never before had he seen his own looks so clearly; they were reflected in the boy's—the boy grown to manhood; and honor, affection and reason came to the rescue. The child had preached a sermon no orator could deliver; and innocence and ignorance had accomplished what learning and logic had aimed at in vain.

Those words went home.

Temperance means abstinence from everything that will injure body or brain.—L. L.

FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

Men's Weakness, Wisdom and Worth.

Dont smoke, dont swear, dont chew tobacco, dont bang the doors, dont whistle or hum in the house or street cars unless by invitation or permission.

No, young man, it dosen't hurt you a particle sow your wild oats. Go ahead and sow as many as you wish. But its the gathering in of the crop that will make you howl. And you have to gather it, too. If you dont it gathers you, and one is a great deal worse than the other. Go on and sow your wild oats, but keep away from this office during harvest time.

Burlington Hawkeye.

RULES OF BAYARD TAYLOR. These are rules I have always accepted: First, labor; nothing can be had for nothing; whatever a man achieves he must pay for; and no favor of fortune can absolve him from his duty: Secondly, patience and forbearance, which are simply dependent on the slow justice of time. Thirdly, and most important, faith; unless a man believes in something far higher than himself, something infinitely grander and purer than he can ever become—unless he has an instinct of an order beyond his dreams of beauty and goodness and justice, beside which his own ideas are dark, he will fail in every particular.

A True Gentleman.—"I Beg your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmon handed to an old man, against whom he accidently stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit," said the old man, cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I am glad to hear it;" and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join the playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charles Gray. "He's only Giles the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one."

"BUT WE DLGRESS."—In the early evening of Thursday a man passing through Endicott street saw an object crawling on the sidawalk toward an entryway. The figure disapeared behind the door, and nothing more was thot about it until near midnight, when the object was discovered in a confused heap and was dragged out on the sidewalk. It proved upon examination to be nothing more than a dead man.

He died of cold and starvation.

The South Sea Island Mission is very prosperous, some $18,000 having been contributed by the Christian churches of our land to clothe the naked children of that section in scarlet shirts and overalls. It is said that the youngest bury their clothes on account of the intense heat.

But we digress!—Boston Times.

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WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY MRS. E. OX-GOODRICH.

THE FIRST VOTE.

(CONTINUED.)

In the HERALD of May 19th we see the following statement: "Judge McGarvey, of the Superior Court of Mendocino County, has made a remarkable decision. He holds, in a case where a prisoner was before him for selling liquor to the Indians, that under the Fourteenth Amendment Indians are citizens, and under the Fifteenth Amendment they cannot be deprived of the right to vote; that being citizens, they have the same right as other citizens to buy liquor." Quite a different decision to the one given by Judge McKee of this district in the case of Mrs Van Volkenburg, of Santa Cruz. When she offered her *first vote*, and was refused by the legal protectors, she brought suit to compel them to accept her vote, claiming that under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments she was a citizen, and had a right to vote. The Fourteenth Amendment says: "All *persons* born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside."

Well, this learned judge, rather than do an act of justice and give women the ballot, decides that legally women are not persons, socially they are; but when it comes to crimes and taxes, women are citizens, legally as well as socially. We take it, judging from the amount of taxes they are compelled to pay to support the government of men, by men and for men, and also the number of women who are arrested, tried, imprisoned, and even *executed* by their legal superiors and citizen judges and jurors—not as the law (which is made by male rulers) says: by a jury of their peers; by no means. How many men could you find that would admit that they were the equals of women? Very few. Some tell us women are too good to be admitted into the filthy pool of politics; but I have never yet seen men who thought they were too good for women to live with, look after their households, and administer to their personal comforts, all for their victuals and clothes, having no interest nor claim whatever in their joint earnings, or even in their children (if they have any) unless the court so decide, until the death of the husband; then she gets about what he chooses she may have, sometimes with the clause, "so long as she remains my widow."

So we see, women, Indians and Chinamen are citizens, or are not, just as the judges having the power may decide, not according to the Constitution, the Fourteenth, or Fifteenh Amendments of the Declaration of Independence, which says, "that all men are created equal;" "that governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." In the Articles of Confederation we find in Article IV this sentence: "The better to secure and perpetuate mutual friendship and intercourse among the *people* of the different States in this union, the *free inhabitants* of each of these States, paupers, vagabonds and fugitives from justice excepted, shall be entitled to all *privileges* and *immunities of free citizens*" Are not women free? Some are. They certainly are not all paupers, vagabonds and fugitives! We would like to have it decided sometime in the near future what women are. In 1879, if we remember right, when reminded of the services rendered by loyal women during the rebellion, the Republican party did, in a gush of enthusiasm, put a clause in the twelfth plank in their platform, recommending the "honest demands of this *class* of citizens for additional rights, pledges, and immunities should be treated with respectful consideration;" and so far at least it is about all they have done. The Democrats claim that they gave the women the ballot in Wyoming when they were in the majority in the Legislature; the Republicans claim the Democrats did it thinking the Republican Governor would refuse to sign the bill. So, we presume, we can give both a share of the credit, and only wonder, they seeing how well woman suffrage has worked there, have not before now made it universal.

We, too, you can rest assured, "read carefully," and are "studying the political question," and never will the Republican party or the Democratic ever succeed in "making a single mile-post on the road to success" until they take justice for their guide, strike the shackles off of their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, and make America what it professes to be—a *republic*, where all are "created equal," and class legislation shall have been abolished, and when this shall truly be "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," As it now stands, what does it matter to the women of America, whether, as you say, "the coming political struggle will plank the black flag of Democracy over the destiny of the State, or pro claim the triumph of Republican ideas or Republican principles?" It is only a change of masters over taxes, and your injustice goes on just about the same. We want a new party—one that will consider women not only persons, but citizens, and grant them the same rights they claim for themselves. K-G.

In spite of the declaration that "all just government is founded upon the consent of the governed," half of the people of the United States, of lawful age, have been excluded from the privilege of the ballot for a hundred years. In spite of the declaration that "there should be no taxation without representation," nearly half the taxpayers have been denied representation. Evolution has not yet so far progressed that the male animal allows the female a voice in the choice of her own servants in the State House. No matter how much more she needs the protection of just and equal laws than the male, she can have no vote in the choice of lawmakers. In society women may speak. In the church, she may work and silently pray. In the corporation, she may vote her stock. In the family, and in the school, she may mold the morals and cultivate the minds of the race. But in the all-comprehending government, upon which home and society, church and school, and every organized effort to bless the race depend, she stands dumb, if not dead. The virtuous men, who long to bring purity, mercy, and refinement among the elements that hold power and sway in government, have been steadily urging enlightened voters to open their ranks and invite the better half of the community to a participation in the burdens and responsibities of the choice of the servants of the people in town, State, and Nation. The special committee of the Senate of the United States has agreed to report the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States as follows:

ARTICLE XVI.

Section 1. The rights of citizens of the United States to vote shall no bet denied or abridged by the United States or any State on account of the sex.

Sec. 2. Congress shall have the power, by appropriate legislation, to enforce this article.

When this is passed the United States will be a republic indeed. Three times three for the Sixteenth Amendment.

Oakland *Tribune*.

SILK CULTURE.

The second annual meeting of the Woman's silk Culture Association of the United States was held in Philadelphia recently. Twenty-two yards of brocaded satin intended to be presented to Mrs. Garfield for a dress was exhibited for the first time' and it is stated that it took fifty pounds of cocoons, making fourteen pounds of real silk, to make the dress pattern. Some silk was also exhibited which had been made from cocoons in which the silk worms had been fed upon osage orange. This experiment was pronounced a success, as three ounds of osage orange cocoons make one pound of real silk. The annual report which was read by the President stated that sufficient had been accomplished to insure the success of the movement; the silk has been raised in this country equal if not superior to the best of the Italion product, and ahat the extent of American silk culture was shown by the contributions to the dress of Mrs. Garfield, representing as they do fourteen states.

TRICYCLIES.

A washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* writes; Tricycles are also getting quite common enough now to do away with some of the curiosity which is expended over them as they appear. There are quite a number of them in use, particularly among women, and put to more practical purposes, too, than the altogether "giddy" bicycle. Not a few bicycles carry their owners to work and back again, but the tricycle and its passenger keep company all day. Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the lawyer, first had the courage to rein up her fiery steed in front of all the places where she had business every day and she flies along beside the car tracks in the greatest and most unconcerned manner, although quite conscious of the sensation she produces thereby. She has a little screen stretched across the front of the vehicle, which hides partially the vigorous foot-movement necessary to keep in swift motion. Her example and unconcern about people's ideas has no doubt encouraged the other ladies who have already boldly appeared on the avenue in the busiest part of the afternoon and excited the same staring that the first velocipedes and bicycles received. Of course it is only a matter of time before the tricycles will be in as general use as their predecessors in locomotion. Their adaptability to general use is even more strongly marked than the bicycle. Tnere is quite a complex arranement in the way of tricycling, owned by Dr. Bliss, Jr. affording room for himself and a comfortable seat in the rear for his wife. Thus far they only ride about at night, but are quite envied in the possession ofrsuch an easy-going vehicle One of the lady tricyclists, wearing a great white straw hat, attracted such general attention on the avenue, near Fifteenth street, one afternoon last week, as to form a curbstone audience in a twinkling. The tricyclists are confident, however, that they are not ahead of the times, and will be accorded the same quiet interest that any other method of self-propulsion gets.—S. F. *Chronicle*.

Several copies of the "Herald of Industry" published by Mrs. J. W. Stow in San Francisco Cal. are among our exchanges. They are crowded with good literature, any lady of intellegence would gladly peruse their contents from begining to end and lay them by for future refercnce. We admire the independence of the editor and the spirit and sparkling wit shown by some of her contributors, how we wish every city could boast of such enterprise as is exhibited by. Mrs. Stow.—*Boonville News*.

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Personal likes and dislikes must go to the wall in this contest. As well might we cavil about the *Spirit* of those who prepare physical food, as mental, and starve ourselves to deth.

Away with likes and dislikes, there is neither time for, or sense in such babyish folly.

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PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

This is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has mystified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of a will has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interests—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated.—*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherless children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.).

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, ic. them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what atrocity and cussedness prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often veiled by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance. The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passionate eloquence.—*New York Tribune.*

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News.*

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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The first number of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY is intensely interesting. It has held me spell-bound all the morning.—*Harriet S. Brooks.*

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This paper is one of the best of its class we have ever had the pleasure of looking over, and it should certainly succeed. Its mission is a noble one, and it has the right person at the helm. Mrs. Stow makes a readable, earnest and effective paper, and every women who neglects subscribing for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY does not know how to spend a dollar.—*San Leandro Weekly Sentinel.*

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When reading your paper to-day I was forcibly reminded of Garibaldi's immortal manifesto, that "rang like a silver trumpet round the world," in which he said: "Whoever is in love with hunger, with cold, with death, follow me." Reformers must be fighters. Every footprint of human progress has been wet with tears, and led through tribulation, suffering and strife.—*Wm. H. Robb, M.D.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a paper published monthly by Mrs. J. Stow, a woman of rare ability and fine attainments. It will prove a great educator.—*Medico-Literary Journal*, San Francisco.

This paper fills a niche never yet occupied in the history of journalism, and its mission is one that commends it to every family in the land. It most eloquently proclaims the rights of woman, which she never yet enjoyed in this land of "liberty," and we most heartily endorse its sentiments. May it speak forth in tones of thunder, until the sound thereof reverberates throughout the whole land.—*Lecmoor Advertiser.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a *gem*. I am greatly pleased with it. I see thee believes in all true reforms—a true Radical in deeds as well as words—and I am anxious to make friends with thee. I am a full believer in Woman; her mission of purifying the race, exalting love, ennobling work, and all that elevates and makes us better.—*Emma D. Slenker.*

I like its bold, affirmative position. But few women, unless they have been subject to martyrdom, as you have been, can realize what is due from womanhoood to the progress of civilization and the building of humanity.—*Lucinda B. Chandler.*

This beautiful publication is edited with marked ability, and is "devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help." We hope and prophecy a successful career for this new enterprise. *Western Woman's Journal.*

I am delighted with the courage and executive ability displayed in the HERALD.—*Clemence S. Lozier, M.D.*

The opening number gives promise of a most readable, able, spicy and very useful journal.—*The Rescue.*

WOMAN'S HERALD is wide-awake and aggressive, and bids fair to reach a large circle of readers.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. These folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Millie H. Krekel, Mirror of Progress.*

Have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

A bright, readable paper. Mr. Parker joins me in wishing you every success.—*Julia E. Smith.*

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Dunniway, Neis Northwest.*

I have just finished reading the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and thank you for *one* of the *three* happy days of my life.—*Virginia A. Betts.*

McNALLY & HAWKINS,
Importers and Manufacturers of
GAS FIXTURES,
Brackets, Rubber Hose, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, and a Complete Assortment of all kinds of
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HEREDITY.

THE LAW OF HEREDITY.

In an extended argument as to the desirability of farmer's sticking to the farm, the Cincinnati Commercial observes that there is a feature in this matter of sons following the calling of their fathers that is not sufficiently regarded.

"The calling of the father may rise to a higher dignity when the sons adopt the business, thoroughly learn it and zealously and proudly pursue it. The accumulated reputation, capital, and business of the parent can be inherited and preserved by the sons.

"Again it is a law of nature that holds good in all the animal kingdom, that aptness for any business may be inherited or may be bred, as we say of stock. The great desideratum in devolping a race trotters is to insure an aptness to trot. And this comes not from stock that has habitually been used for the draught or chase or race course. If the dam trots and the sire trots we do not expect offspring to be a running horse.

"The old Spartans understood this law of developing an aptness for a given calling in children. The Germans of olden times developed a race of warriers on this principle.

"The heredity is so broad and so powerful in its influence that it extends not only to color and form of our race, but it extends to the temperament and even to the tastes. The taste, though like the muscles and reasoning faculties, of education. Still the taste for aptness to any calling may be increased from generation to generation.

"Then if we are to reach the highest development as a race of farmers, we must expect it through a line of decent. The son must inherit the fitness of the father, and take up the calling and business where he left off, and his son after him, and so on. When this shall be the custom of our farming families, then we shall see a greater stability in society and a higher type of civilization. Every parent has the chief power to bring this work around. The very independence of farmer's life is to be the germ which develops a race that can not be other than independent.

Our nation is to achieve its greatness in the development of agriculture. It is, both at home and abroad, to be established and held through the arts of husbandry practiced by a skillful and a virtuous race of farmers. All then that can be done by the state or family to enoble and to dignify the calling, and to entail its blessings and influences from father to son, will add to the stability and grandeur of the nation.

A Woman compelled to accept the sacred office of maternity, when her whole nature shrinks from the responsibility, commences incorporating the spirit of rebellion and murder in the nature of the child from the moment of her knowledge of its conception, and no law of man, or threats of punishment can prevent it. As well might you expect a woman to be content on a rack of torture, or a heated furnace, as in bearing children when her whole being shrinks from it. That man is criminal, and will in some way suffer for the murderous nature of the child, whose being is unwelcome to the mother, because only the result of his sensual passions. All demonstration of passion in man, when not responded to by the nature of woman, is sensualism, because it is selfishness, and selfishness is grossness and sensuality.

MRS. TOWNSEND-WOOD.

Girls dont marry a man to save him. Dont allow any man, save father or brother, to kiss you. Dont marry under twenty-five years of age. Dont marry unless you want children. Read what women are doing.

ALPHAISM.

If religion and morality are separate and distinct qualities it would seem that a little less attention to the forms of religion and a good deal more cultivation of the moral sense would save much sin and suffering. Moral responsibility seems scarcely developed even among those whose religious sentiments are of the average standard.

Prostitution in marriage and out of marriage has flourished among all notions and under all forms of religinn

A mother, in great grief over the death of her only child, exposes her moral obliquity in expressing sorrow at her loss by saying she had "told" her husband she thought it was a judgment of God upon them for their numerous resorts toward the prevention of conception." The lack of a moral sense of a woman who will admit leading a life of sensual indulgence and then express a belief that God has punished her by killing her child, would seem amazing did we not remember that even among religious teachers marriage is considered a legitimate remedy for prostitution.

The night after the marriage of the mother of Sir Thomas Moore she had a dream or vision in which she saw all the children to which she subsequently gave birth range before her. One was especially bright and radiant, and *one was very dim and faint.* She beleived the brilliant one was Sir Thomas, and the dim one a child of which she miscarried.

THE SELELESS.

By Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

It is a lady richly dight—
Why walketh she by the pale moon-light?
Wide open are her eyes of blue,
She gathers her robe, for thro and thru
Pierces the cold wind heavy with mist,
And stirs the grass as a serpents hist,
Hist thru the brake and thru the brier,
And over the oak-tree scorched by fire:
She gathers her robe across her breast,
But may not smother its wild unrest:
Ah! what doth she, a lady bright?
Walking alone in the cold midnight?

Her yellow locks are all outspread'
Curbless alike by bodkin or braid:
Her dainty feet unsandalled press
The gritty sand of the wilderness:
But she moveth stately with even tread,
Of the night and the darkness hath no dred
And straight before her with open eyes,
She looketh as one, who onward espies
A purpose that must not be put aside.
With eyes that see not tho open wide:
She sees not the rock, she sees not the tree
But shunneth both right carefully.
Hoots the owl from the blasted pine,
The lurking dog doth wheeze and whine,
But she hath no dread, she hath no fear;
The outward eye, the outward ear
Lie dead in sleep, but a deeper life
Comes to their aid in this mortal strife.

Ah! pale are the hands that grasp and clutch
The silken robe; no dainty touch
Of Jewelled fingers on painted fan
Are mingling now with the Lady's plan,
But her diamonds gleam from fingers white
Gems of the mine in the cold moonlight.
Onward she moves with her even tread
Like one by an unseen spirit led,
Who hath ceased to strive, who knoeth well
He must yield perforce to the mighty spell:
Oh! Jesus forbid that any sin
So lovely a form should hide within.

Why doth the baby moan and cry
As the lovely Lady passeth by?
Why doth it clutch at the mothers breast
Who sleepily lulls it back to rest?
And wonders what the cause may be,
That he stirith, and moaneth dreamily!
The brooding bird its close wings lift
And a cold blast over the fledglings drift:
The vampire bat on whirring wing
Skirs circling out, 'tis a kindred thing:
The owlets hoot and the watch-dog's bay
Sounds like a knell, far, far away,
As she onward moves unable to break
The spell that the bird and the child awake.
A black cloud moves athwart the sky
Dimming the moon's pale downward eye;
And now the Lady in weary plight,
The sleeping Lady so richly dight
By a span-long grave is bending low,
And a gusty wind is rising slow,
Stirring the grass so dank and sear,
And rocking the mouldy church-yard bier,
And a span-long babe with sobs and cries,
Into her bosom creeps and lies:
"Suck, little one, oh! suck your fill,
Though never a drop my veins distil.
Why dost thou call me, call me low?
Why do I hear thee when I know,
That thou art dead beneath the sod,
And thy dear soul at rest with God?
I hear thee sobbing under the sod,
But know thy soul is home with God!"
Oh! it was a weird, weird sight,
To see that Lady in mournful plight
Holding the child so blue and thin,
A span-long child of bone and skin,
That look'd in her face and moan'd and sobb'd,
"Oh cruel mother my soul is robbed,
Robbed of the life that mine should be,
Robbed of the soul God ment for me:
I lie in the grave and weep and sigh:
Alas! that an unborn child should die!"
"Now hold thy peace, how should it be
That I have wronged aught in thee?
Oh! cease to call me through the gloom,
Lie down and rest in thy narrow tomb"
"I may nor rest, I may not sleep,
I have no soul dear God to keep,
I have no sin to be forgiven,
I have no sin to bar from heaven:
I sit me down at heavens gate,
And for its opening watch and wait,
I see young children passing through,
And but for thee I might pass too:
An earth-child now, by wild winds toss'd
Oh! give me back the dear soul lost.

Ah! thou wilt go to heaven's gate,
Where such as I must watch and wait,
And th' pure angels seeing me
Will know the sin that blackens thee.
I have no soul, I have no life
Unwilling mother—faithless wife!
And all my comfort, all my rest
Is thus to lie upon thy breast:
And I must call thee—call thee here,
If I perchance may win a tear—
A mother's tear, a mother's kiss,
In place of Heaven's eternal bliss.
Hark! lay me in my dark, cold bed,
I hear the bird sing overhead,
And I must into darkness creep
And with the glow-worm wake and sleep."

Then wofully in piteous plight
Arose that Lady fair and bright,
And homeward turned her weary feet,
To couch herself in snowy sheet.
She pressed her lips upon the sod,
Whose heap of dust appealed to God.
"Oh be thou merciful, dear God,
We are so weak, we are so blind,
We are so slow the truth to find,
So slow to learn the mystery,
We scarcely search to find and see:
Nor half our motherhood implies,
The sacredness that round us lies,
Which we so wantonly dispise!
The sacredness of all our life,
The holiness of mother—wife,
The foretaste in a sweet, pure love
Of God's own tenderness above!
Can fast or prayer at any cost,,
Retrieve the unborn child thus lost!"

The moral perception of men and of men and women in regard to sensuality must be aroused, Their children must be taught physical purity, even with an "thus saith the Lord" edict, as an enforcement of physiological truths. They should *early* be taught that the highest standard of morality is a pure continence—an absolute self-command which respects the entire energies of the mind and body, the mind and the soul, and which will not sensually degrade the divine gift ofcreative power.

The plea that non-use of the generative function would result in impotence is about as equivolent and as sensible as to plead for moderate indulgence in the ardent, lest total abstinence destroy the appetite for liquids. The beasts of the field and the birds of the air teach no such lesson, and their example in this respect puts man's conduct to shame.

The idea that the use of venery is necessary to health is as absurd as to suppose that blood-letting, or a constant use of laxitive medicine, is necessary to persons of correct hygienic habits. People who have lived a continent life from childhood experience none of the dire effects, which ignoeant M. D's ascribe to impotance, celibacy, etc.

When shall the ideal mother come to her high vocation carefully and reverently, as an artist comes to her marbles, clothed with strength' dowered with wisdom, and baptised with purity and love? When shall she be upheld and comforted by a husband as pure, and as reverent, as herself?

Co-operative Watch Repairing Co.
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Room 14 up stairs.

CO-OPERATION.

The Co-Operative Dress Association at Nos, 31 & 33 West Twenty-third street is an illustration of the motto "In Union there is Strength." As the name implies, it is the banding together of persons for mutual benefit. Small sums are aggregated, and the articles purchased by wholesale are sold to stockholders at reduced rates.

This explains the whole theory. We need not enlarge upon it to intelligent readers or inform them that this principle has been acted upon for many years in London, and that the holders of the stock in those companies have not only been benefitted by tht reduction in rates of every article of the household, but the stock has also increased in value fourfold. Notwithstanding the difficulty at first attending the introduction of a new enterprise in this city we are happy to annouce a great success. And we have further to thank the promoters for contributing so much financally to our welfare. The different floors are admiraably arranged, and the most experienced persons in the several departments are always at their bost.

Soon everything can be purchased which may be desired. The building consists of six stories and extends through to Twenty-fourth steet. In addition to the usual departments, there is an elegant lunch-room, reading room, circulating library, as well as a most delightful reception room.

The different floors are reached by approved elevators. Our readers coming to the city will not fail to visit and make extensive purchases at this establishment, which possesses so many advantages. Members of the association receive a dividend of six per cent. out of profits, and are allowed five per cent. discount off all purchases. One share of $25 gives as many privileges as one hundred. The public are cordially invited.

Since writing the above a meeting of the stockholders has been held, at which many of the old directors and officers were re-elected. The attendance was large, and all were enthusiastic in praise of the management and the pecuniary success of the association. Proxies were sent in from all parts of the United States, showing that its benefits are widely disseminated. What with the aid of fashion plates and samples, sent out for selection, a lady at San Francisco can be immediately furnished with the latest importations. Stockholders are also reaping pecuniary advantages; one lady stated that she had paid for all her shares of stock from the profits of five per cent. on her purchases which she had made. This is proving itself advantageous to all classes of the community. Our leading bankers have charge of the management of the funds, and the names of many wealthy citizens are found as stockholders. The association buys and sells for cash, and every advantage is taken of the foreign market. The skill and energy displayed by the lady President, Miss Kate Field, was notably commented upon. Every obstacle has been overcome, and henceforth the association will sail in clear waters.—*Scientific Times.*

Co-operative Building Societies have made Philadelphia a city of homes. There are over 900 of these Societies in the State of Pennsylvania, New Jersey is well supplied with them, and they may be found in every Eastern, Middle and Western State.

Co operative Insurance Societies, generally known as "Mutual Benefit Societies," have made great progress within the last few years. It is now estimated that there are 300,000 members of these Societies in the State of New York alone. In the United States, their membership is estimated at about 1,000,000.

Co-operative Accident Insurance has made a successful start, and is fast moving to the front as an important factor in the general movement.

ANTI-PROBATE MANIFESTO.

At the first meeting of the "National Anti-Probate League," organized July 7, 1878, in New York city, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It having become unsafe for a rich man to die leaving a will, a widow, and a fair name, owing to the monstrous corruption of the Probate Court, and the legions of satellites that subsist upon it; and

WHEREAS, The laws governing marriage property which put absolute control into the hands of the head (husband) of the household, are a part of the old common law, and therefore need revision—in that the identity of the wife is no longer swallowed up in the being of the husband; and

WHEREAS, We believe that the period in the nation's growth has arrived when it is expedient to acknowledge that a well-balanced household should have *two lawful* heads instead of one; and

WHEREAS, Wives have ceased *consimere in manus*, own property, and are recognized as individuals; and

WHEREAS, A widower takes all the joint estate by succession, is not kept in probate for years until his property has been largely or wholly absorbed in costs, is not robbed of the guardianship of his offspring, but is left in peace at the grave of his dead; and

WHEREAS, We claim that wives stand equal with husband in the economy of life, even the most favored, as producers of life in contradistinction to the producers of wealth in its coarser fiber, and that the real wealth of nations consists of brain, bone and sinew—human life—beside which gold is dross; and, therefore,

Resolved, That the home shall in no way be broken up any more when the husband dies out of it than when the wife dies out of it.

Resolved, That the Probate Court has outlived its usefulness as regards the joint estate of dead husbands and living widows.

Resolved, That the aim of this organization shall be to search out and hold up to view every case of hardship in the State of New York and throughout the nation; to personally investigate the cases of every probate-plundered widow and fatherless child; to expose and eradicate this unjust and cruel system; to never cease to agitate the question until husbands and wives stand equal before the law *on a property basis.*

Resolved, That we no longer remain supinely indifferent and culpably ignorant of the causes which despoil the widow and the fatherless, but that we carefully and thoughtfully master the science of marriage and mortmain law, holding that ignorance on this vital subject is both a crime and a disgrace.

Resolved, That the change we seek is not experimental, for the State of Louisiana has set the unprecedented example in this country, and continental European marriage-property laws stand a living embodiment of justice, as compared with our own, and a constant reproach to our boasted freedom.

Resolved, That we most earnestly urge upon wives and widows, and all women, the importance of forming anti-Probate leagues in every town and city in the Union. "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

MRS. C. FOWLER WELLS, President.
MRS. J. W. STOW, Secretary.

PROBATE CHAFF.
OR,
THE MERRY SIDE OF A DARK PICTURE.
By MRS. J. W. STOW.
SHORT EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE AND REVIEWS.
A bright witty book, with an underlying vein of noble purpose running through all its pages. It is deserving of a rapid sale.—*Boston Transcript.*
A book in which dumb animals are made to say some wise and witty things.—*Woman's Journal.*
Just the book for the seaside.—*Boston Traveller.*
The Introduction is the most scathing condemnation of unjust laws that I ever read. The "Memorial" is eloquent and unanswerable. So much for the Alpha and Omega. As for the middle, it is racy, saucy, spicy, sprightly and satirical, acrid and airy, polished, pungent and pithy. It is rightly named "*Chaff.*" The name alone ought to sell the book.—*Lawyer.*
Price $1.50, Post-paid. The two volumes $3.00, Post-paid. The usual reduced rates to Booksellers. Sold at 304 Stockton Street.

Does not every woman peril her life each time she gives birth to a soldier? Does she not watch over him until he is twenty-one years of age—old enough to into the country's service? How Many nights, during those years does she do picket duty?
—Lucy Stone.

Capersauce.

A WORD ALOFT CARVING.

It is not alone the fact that the amateur carver misses the joints and tries to cut through the largest bones that ills him with regret and his lap full of sage and onions: it is the horrible thought that the entire company is looking at him.

No matter how the perspiration may trickle down between his shoulder-blades, or how the hot flashes may chase the chills up and down his spinal column, or how much his eyes may be dimmed with unshed tears, the rest of the company never allows its interests to flag a moment.

We remember a Christmas when we were called upon to assume the management of a free-for-all carving tournament at the home of dove-eyed dumpling whose kind regard we desired to catch on to as far as possible.

How clearly come back to us the smiling faces of the guests rippling laugh, the bald-headed joke, the thanks-giving conundrum and all as merry as a marriage bell.

We call to mind the girlish laughter of that one whose very existance, as she sat on our left that day seemed cemented and glued to our our own.

As we sharpened the glittering blade on the ringing steel, we felt bouyant, and proud to think how we would slice the white, calm bosom of the deceased hen; proud to think how, in our mind, we had laid out the different pregnable points about the old cackler, and in anticipation of applause, glad and free, when we he accomplished the warfare, and victory and stuffing had perched upon our banner.

We softly jabbed the shimmering fork straddle of the breast bone, tore off a few goose pimples from under the wings of the late lamented, gouged out a few shattered fragments from the neck, and tried to cut a sirloin steak off the back.

An oppressive gloom seemed to pervade the air. The old hen didn't have her joints where we had them laid out in our mind. She was deformed. She seemed to be a freak of nature.

It nettled us and unnerved us.

We gouged widly at the remains: spuirting the gravy right and left, filling the air with fragments of bread crumbs and sage.

By some kind of omission or miscalculation, we made a wild stab at at the back of the late lamented her, and with a frenzy born of repeated defeats and depressing failure, the knife struck the platter with a loud crash, and ceasing not in its untamed fury, glanced aside, and in an instant burried itself, with a sickening thud, in the corset of the hired girl.

With difficulty we drew out the glittering blade, now ensanguined with the gore of a fellow-creature, wiped it on the tablecloth, and fled—out in the cold, unsympathetic world, out into the crash and confusion of struggling humanity, to battle on through life under an assumed name.

That is why we always sign our *nom de plume* to a promissory note. that, too, is why we always travel incog, and without paggage.—*Bill Nye, in Boomarang.*

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

A boy who wanted a drum very much was told by his parents to pray for it, when he went to bed; and this was the way he did the praying: "Our Father, I want a drum, which art in Heaven, I want a drum, hallowed be, I want a drum, Thy name, I want a drum, Thy kingdom, I want a drum, come, I want a drum, Thy will, I want a drum, be done, I want a drum, Amen!" During the prayer his father had put the coveted drum on the foot of the bed, and when the boy opened his eyes he exclaimed "Where the devil bid that drum come from?"

X.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 1. No. 9. San Francisco, California, July, 1882. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

☐ WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

A Monthly Newspaper. published the first day o every Month in San Frandisco. devoted to the interests of Woman—to her emancipation from mental and fysical serfdom, thru self-help, and co-operation.

MRS. J. W. STOW, Editer.

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CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.

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PUBLIC MEETINGS AT THE S. S. S. 1ST AND 3D SATURDAYS OF EACH MONTH AT 2½ P. M.—FREE-EXERCISES; Recitation. Sentiments Offered. Reading and discussing a short paper, and questions pertaningto the legal disabilities of women answered, Music. All WOMEN are coudially invited.

BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—Double scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is embroidered in gold on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is worn on the left brest with a star spangle or a badge pin. Those of the Reception Commitee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, showing an inch below and haf an inch above. Ribbon one and a fourth inch wide.

Star badges, post-paid ,fifty cents apiece.

WOMAN'S REPUBLIC.—Founded by Mrs. J. W. Stow, June 7, 1881, for the purpose of creating an independent center of thought and action for women, where they can meet once, twice, thrice a week, and discuss all questions with a freedom and thoroness heretofore undreamed of; where every subject pertaining to the well-being of the race is fully exposed to the sunlight of truth and investigation. Only filthy and obscene minds can speak of the sacred function of creating and bearing children as "dirty." Every ray of light emanating from the lamp of reason should be focused upon it. To eradicate evil we must begin at the germ.

THE SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE
of the
CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
will be held in SAN FRANCISCO, the 7th and 8th, of September, 1882.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE PREMIUMS.

OFFERED BY MRS. J. W. STOW.

First Premium.—Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Labor: Its Value to Woman." Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Bread: The Staff of Life." Ten Dollars ($10.00) for the best loaf of bread.

Second Premium.—"Probate Confiscation" and "Probate Chaff," for each of the second best of the two essays.

THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSCI'N wil hold its SECOND Annual Conference on Wensday and Thursday the 6th and 7th of September. Al persons, Liberals and Conservatives, and al societies of the new and of the old ar cordially invited to be present, and participate in the oxercises. Co-operation is the watchword of the hour.

FYSICAL CULTURE.—*Free* class in Fysical Culture every Tuesday at 2 P. M., at the S. S. S., for women and girls.

ELOCUTION.—*Free* class in Elocution, for women and girls, every Saturday at 1 P. M., at at the S. S. S., 304 Stockton St., S. F.

COME TO THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

MRS. J. W. STOW,

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE
for
GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.

Everything in this abnormal, wholly masculine State Household has become so littered with party issues, and clogged with the debris of party strife and corrupt practices, that a good housewife is needed at the helm of State, with broom and dust-pan to sweep up and out the accumulated rubish of years.

Mrs Stow is a self-made woman, a farmer's daughter educated at Oberlin, and early trained in an applied school of practical activities. She worked for the widows and orphans of soldiers during the Rebellion, and she has been working for the widows and orphans of the Nation ever since: Therefore, she fearlessly steps to the front, and falls in line with the generals, lawyers, merchants, miners, doctors, priests and politicians, who are seeking to grace the gubernatorial chair of the second (in size) state in the Union—the *Empire* State of the Pacific.

Is it not befitting this Golden State, with her head in the clouds and her feet in the sea, to be the first to have the honor of placing a civic crown—which no woman has ever worn in this great confederate sisterhood of states—upon a woman's brow?

Nothing will unite the warring, trinitarian *isms*—Republicanism, Democratism and Greenbackism, but a *voteless* candidate; one who does not attempt to "control" a primary, "manipulate a club, or "butten-hole" a delegate.

Mrs. Stow is with the people, of the people and for the people; she is in the prime of life, unpickled with whiskey and tobacco and enjoys perfect health. Health and maturity are what is needed in a helmsman, not old age and invalidism. Mrs. Stow is anti-monoply, anti-ring, anti-Chinese: she believes in honesty, not policy; in reason, not speculation; in truth not falsehood. She does not fish, hunt nor play poker. No attractions can lure her from the post of duty.

Reasons why Mrs. Stow should be Govenor of California—

First; She is a scholar, orator and editor; second: Women, from Deborah to Victoria, have proved themselves better rulers than men; Third She is the first woman in the world who has sought such an honor; therefore, by every code of chivalry it should be granted; by every law of justice it should be granted; by every reward of merit, it should be granted.

What Mrs. Stow pledges herself to do as Governor of California—

1st: Give Woman the ballot;
2ond: Retire the Chinese;
3d: Make honesty profitable;
4th: Season law with justice;
5th: Put a snaffle bit in the mouth of Monopoly;
6th: Stamp *Prohibition* upon the escutcheon of the state;
7th; Abolish Probate Courts, and burn the widows.

Does Mrs. Stow expect to be governor of California? Ceriainly she does! While visiting the Concord School of Philosophy, three years ago, Prof. Wasson said to her, "Mrs. Stow I shall expect to hear that you are a United States' senator, in a few years. We need just such women as you in Congress." To be Governer is the stepping-stone to that office and senatorship will be the stepping-stone to the Presidential Chair.

Special attention is called to Miss Austins' valuable article "Woman as a Farmer," 4th page. Miss Austin commenced farming two years before water, for irrigating purposes, was brought into the Colonies. She has had much rough experience, as a pioneer, thar other women will not be likely to have.

WOMAN'S REPUBLIC.—Again and again comes the question: What is a *womans* republic? For what purpose is it created? What good will it accomplish? Answer. It was founded for the purpose of creating a great buro of information respecting women; their work, wages and general industrial status. Also, to get women out of the narrow grove in which custom has held them with a grip of iron; to teach them, to think, act and to do for themselves; to be actuated and controled by their own judgement instead of being in leading strings all their lives. This is the aim of Womans Republic. Headquarters at 304 Stockton street S. F.

CALIFORNIA.—A State of inexaustable resources; a State where women will solve themselves, the problem of labor; and all it means for them in the great relm of out-of-door work.

DEFOMED WOMEN.—Our streets ar filled with with women who ar walking to and fro with waists and feet so misshapen and deformed as to make the angels weep. Do they ever consider who knows the most about human architecture, God or the modern shoemaker? God or the modern dressmaker? Do they ever consider sin they ar committing, and the friteful entail they ar bequeathing to unborn generations? These ar the *weak-minded* sistsrs.

CO-OPERATION will make every man (and woman) his own landlord; learn him to think and act for himself; teach fair deling and honesty to all; bring about a more equitable distrabution of welth; reconcile the difficulties of capital and labor; advance the workman's wages without strikes and lockouts.

To wiseacres in general and wiseacres in particular: The HERALD, is not a church, therefore all women shall have their pent-up say in its pages—without let or hinderance. Reason and Progress stand at the guns (which are shotted to the muzzle) of this fort. Get out of range if you dont want to be hit. The HERALD is nine months old. It has burst iti swaddling-band and is geting *teeth*.

QUARTERLY REPORT of the California Woman's Social Science Association.—Six public meeting have been held at the parlors of the S. S. S., when papers were read and discussed upon the following subjects: Power of the Ballott; Heredity; Woman Suffrage in England; Physical Culture; Social Status of German Women and Sexual Physiology. Free classes have been taught in elocution and physical culture.

The HERALD expresses heart-felt gratitude for the many courtesies and words of commendation extended to it from friends at home and abroad. The pulse of progress which beats strong and steady through all its veins, touches a responsive chord East, West, North and South.

God bless the earnest sympathszers!

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL. the greatist living oritor, will make the opening address at the National Mining Exposition, which is to be held at Denver, Col, in August.

THE TRIPLE S. COSTUME,

Sensible, Scientific, Simple,

Invented and adopted by the California Social Science Sisterhood. A full discription of the costume, with wood-cut, will appear in the October number of WOMYN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

Mrs Stow will appear in the costume, at the annual conference of the California Woman's Social Science Association, on the 7th and 8th of September.

Parties wishing to take lessons in Drawing and Oil Painting should call upon Mrs. J. H. Holt, at her elegant Studio, 331 Phelan Building, where they will find an abundance of *Northern* light—dear to the artist's heart—and a most agreeable and polished teacher.

WM. F. Smith, M. D., the eminent Oculist, occupies the beautiful point suit of apartments in Phelan Building, where he receives patients faom 12 M. to 3 P. M. daily. The Doctor's professional ability is widely known.

SCISSORS.

Things that cant vote: Steam-paddies and women.

Cultivated people close a door with the knob instead of a bang. That's what knobs are made for.

Unbent dignity is always dyspeptic.

It is a harem idea that women must always be handsomely dressed, young and attractive, to be of any importance—in the masculine world.

When the Church opens its welcoming arms to reformed women as it does to reformed men, it will be Christlike—not before.

There are 2,250 women engaged in farming in Indiana, and about 7,000 who own, and have the sole management of farms in the United States.

Habit is a cable. We spin a thread of it each day.

Mrs. Knox-Goodrich of San Jose, Cal., ably edits the woman suffrage department of the San Francisco WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.—*Western Woman's Journal*, Lincoln, Neb.

Knowledge creates freemen; a blind belief, slaves.

A woman in Lake City, Fla., has an orange grove, cork trees, tea plants and black pepper vines, all in full bearing.

Life is too precious to be squanderd in idleness.

If you would be pungent be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—*Saxe.*

More than half the newspapers in the world are printed in the English language.

A young girl, of San Francisco, has just committed suicide because her mother objected to her marrying the man she loved. Dont be so foolish girls. No modern man is worth dying for.

Justice is the queen of all the virtues.—*Cicero.*

Our State Union, Flint, Mich., a temperance organ, ably edited by Miss S. A. Rulison, has unfurled a woman suffrage banner. The standard-bearers are a special committee whose duties will be a thoro' study of the question in and out of the state. Investigation is the root of Reason.

Women who marry for a living are legal prostitutes.

Garfield House, a home for working-girls recently opened in London, contains thirty-nine bedrooms, a dining-room and a library, and each occupant, pays for her accommodation from 65 cents to $1 a week.

Act up to the dictates of your own judgement.

Mrs. Sarah B. Stearns, of Duluth, Minn., President of the State association, and director of the Duluth public schools, is working hard for the advancement of woman suffrage principles.

One grain of truth brings down the scales against a world of error.

A garden party to commemorate the seventieth birth-day of Harriet Beecher Stowe, was given by her puplishers, Houghtom, Mifflin & Co, June 14 at the residence of Ex-Governer and Mrs. Claflin, at Newtonville. Mrs. Stowe's "younger brother," Henry Ward, responded to the address of welcome.

A fashionable instrument of torture: The corset.

Dressed as women are the less exercise they take the better, for health. In fact they are seldom able to stand erect or walk a block, but should be rolled around or carried on a palanquin. Not one woman in 10,000 has room inside her clothes for the rise and fall of her ribs in breathing, and there is not one in 10,000 whose vital organs are not displaced by external pressure. While this is so the less exercise the better.

What women lack is continnity of purpose.

Kate Field, the brilliant scholar and successful co-operator, will sail for Europe in a few days. The very best wishes of a host of friends and admirers go with her.

The worst of criminals: Perpetuators of disease.

Mrs Mark hopkins has presented the California University with Lentz's painting of "Washington at the battle of Monmouth." The picture is 23 feet by 12, and is insured for $20,000. It is one of Lentze's best pictures and has a world-wide reputation.

Agitate, Educate, Organize, Labor. Labor is the elixir of life. To labor is to pray.

Subscribe for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY—$1.

Children's Corner.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT.

The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pun note.
The Owl looked up at the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are—
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"
Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be marri'd, too long we have tarri'd
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in the wood a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose—
His nose
With a ring in the end of his nose.
"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy "I will."
They took it away and were marri'd next day
By the turkey that lives on the hill.
They dined on mice and quince a slice,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Our Young Folks.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Soon they were all ready to start on their seventeen miles journey through the wilderness. They were quickly tumbled into a stout lumber wagon with Puss and Towz, bag and baggage all in a heap—but Mrs. Breese soon brought order out of confusion. Terry sat with the driver, and as the seats were nothing but peices of boards laid across the top of the wagon-box, they arranged the shawls and bundles into an extempore divan on the hay which covered the bottom of the wagon, whereon they disposed themselves as comfortably as the circumstances would admit. Towz was rolled up like a ball at Milly's feet, feigning to be fast asleep. But his wide-awake ears betrayed him, for they stood erect with a slight inclination forward. so that not a sound should escape him. Miss Puss yawned and purred complacently in Etta's lap. She had become accustomed to change, and evidently plumed herself on being a traveled cat.

How beautiful everything looked in the gorgeous wild-wood thru which they were journeying to their forest home. The tall trees making a green canopy so grateful to the eye, while the spicy, balsamic odor of the pines was as grateful to the senses. Innumerable wild-flowers wove their matchless charms thru the waving branches and covered the ground like a royal mantle. The air was laden with perfume and vocal with sweet sounds, for thousands of bright-winged birds were greeting them with their songs of welcome.

"How lovely it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Breeze, with a full heart and moistened eye. "Truly may it be called the 'Beautiful West.' I feel that we shall be very happy here among these primitive sights and sounds. A sense of nearness to the Hand that created this stronghold fills me with unspeakable delight. This untamed republic is teaming with joyous life and radiant beauty. See that pretty grey squirrel sitting so daintily on the branch of that stately maple, making his dinner out of last years nuts. Just above him, in the side of tree, is a hole that leads to his storehouse which, no doubt, is well filled with nuts, for they are provident creatures that make ample provision for the long cold winter. When the snow is very deep they would starve but for the horded supply."

"Hark! Listen!" said Milly, when her mother had done speaking, "The birds are having a concert. I should like to live all my life long in just such a pretty place as this, with the birds and flowers."

"Well," replied her mother, "your wish will be gratified, in a measure, for you will be obliged to make friends with the birds and be content with the wild flowers, this summer, at least, for it is too late in the season now to commence gardening, and there are no little girls where our wild-wood home is to be."

As it was nearly one o'clock Mrs. Breezs called to the driver and requested him to stop at the first fallen tree where they could sit down and eat their lunch, and the children could run around and rest themselves from riding while the horses were feeding.

The travellers soon arrived at a charming spot beside a sparkling little brook of clear cold water. Terry bounded out first and gallantly gave his hand to assist his mother, who found it rather difficult to use the rim and hub of the wagon-wheel in place of steps. But she made the awkward descent safely and was soon sitting on a large flat stone cushioned with moss, on whose ample top the delicious lunch of cold chicken and sandwiches, which the kind steward of the Fashion had provided them, was spread.

After the viands were disposed off, with the relish of sharp abpetites, the young folks and Towz went on a voyage of discovery—having promised not to loose sight of the camp—as they playfully dubbed the luncheon-stone, and to be back by the time the horses had finished their provender. Away they went, pell-mell, helter-skelter, Towz barking at every squirrel or chipmonk that ran chattering and scolding up the trees out of his reach; or, in a paroxism of excitement and frolic, plunging his nose in o some muskrat's front door, clear up to his eyes. Quail and partrdige started up and quickly hid themselves in the bushy undergrowth.

The little girls, hatless and happy, with shouts of laughter vied with each other, in keeping pace with Terry, who led the way with a shout that made the old woods ring again.

But Etta's short legs and fat body soon gave out and calling Towz to keep her company she sat down by the purling brook, and dipped her hands in the cool, bright water, then her handkerchief, and just as she was lying down on the pebbles in order to treat her hot face to the same refreshing process, she heard Terry screaming "Go back, go back and get in the wagon! I saw *something* awful behind a tree back there"

Towz had been sitting on the bank with a rueful countenance. He did not think that Etta's ablutions were as interesting as stretching away, to his own chin-music, through the bushes, and putting all their denizens to flight. Therefore, when he heard Terry's startling cry he sprang to his feet with, a low growl and rumpled back. Terry seized hold of Etra and ran with her to the wagon and tumbled her in so roughly that she cried out in great terror—

"Oh! I's tilled, I's tilled all over, I *is!* Oh, mama! oh! oh! oh!"

FONETIK.

Another great drawback tu the educashun ov the masez ov children in the cuntri, iz our sistem ov speling. If eni clas ov children in this cuntri need the benefit ov a reformed sistem ov speling, it iz sertinli thoze hu obtain their educashun in the cuntri scool-hous; children huz chanses tu obtain an educashion ar limited tu the short term ov from three tu six months in the year, and huz atendans iz not az regular az the teacher cud dezirer. If there iz eni shorter road tu the nolej ov the three R'z than the wun communly traveld, by all meanz let the farmer'z children have the benefit ov it. What gud sens iz ther in compeling our children tu memorize the formz ov colum after colum wurdz when ther iz a shorter way ov noing them by site?—Col. *hntelope.*

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY GERTIE S. SMYTH.

CURRANT JELLY.

Take currants as soon as they are fully ripe; look over, and pick out all the leaves and poor currants; it is not necessary to stem them; fill a large earthen platter, set in a moderate oven, stir occasionally until scalding hot, then pour them into a large earthern wash-bowl, kept for the purpose. Re-fill the platter with currants, and repeat until they are all scalded. Crush with a potato beetle and strain first throsgh a piece of coarse crash, and then thru a flannel bag, previously wrung out of hot water. Do not squeeze the currants too dry, as the the jelly will be sure to be dark and cloudy if you do. Measure the juice and to every pint allow one pound of white sugar. Put the juice over the fire in a porcelain-lined keetle and let it cook fifteen minutes after it boils, taking off the scum as it rises. While the juice is boiling, weigh the sugar, and set it in the oven to heat. When the juice has boiled the required time pour in the hot sugar; stir to dissolve it as quickly as possible, and at the first boiling remove the kettle from the fire and fill the tumblers or bowls. These should stand upon and be wrapped about with towels which have been wrung out of cold water, to prevent their being cracked by the hot jelly. Do not seal it up at once, but leave it uncovered till the next day, then seal with paper, and paste the edges down with the white of egg, or flour paste. Keep in a cool dry place.—G. S. S.

FINE HAIR DRESSING.—12 ounces Bay Rum, 1 ounce Tincture of Catharades, 4 ounces Glycerine, and ½ ounce ammonia.

TO TRAIN FUCHIAS.—When a slip has grown six or eight inches high, nip out the top down to the last set of leaves; it will then throw out branches on each side. Let these grow eight or ten inches, then nip as before; the the top of each branch when grown the same hight as the others, nip out again then procure a stick the size of your finger, eighteen inches in length, take hoopskirt wire, twine back and forth alternately through holes made in the stick equal distance apart; place this firmly in the pot back of the plant, tie the branches to it, and you will have, when in flower, a beautiful and very graceful plant. Having one tarined in that way last season, it was the admiration of all who saw it.

A PERFECT HOME.—The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incence of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a years living for father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with the children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; even the dull and common place man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of the house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rose-bud or clover leaf, which in spite of her hard housework she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife and home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and enlargements of wide culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen.—*Helen Hunt.*

WOMEN AS PROFESSIONAL GARDINERS. Miss Cobb thinks that many owners of handsome gardens would prefer a woman's taste in the laying out and keeping of walks and beds, and that their appearance would be likely to be as much improved under the supvision of a trained woman gardener, as a drawing-room is better where a tatseful lady has dwelt for years, than one, as often seen, brilliant and gaudy but inharmonious—the fresh work of an upholsterer.

Ladies left alone at thirty or forty, with less than a competence, but with some experience in a well managed garden, should invest in a cottage and some ground, near their connections, and to grow, first flowers, and then other plants, for which their friends, or in case of surplus, a notice in a newspaper, will bring them abundant demand. A man now and then to dig, a boy or two to work under her eye, a frame or two for the winter conservation of stock, and she could produce nosegays during nearly the whole year. And why may she not sell these, as well as noblemen sell their farm produce?

Miss Cobb thinks that some of these ladies' gardens might well become schools for other ladies who could board, work, and learn under a capable head with great advantage, for they would be qualified for situations certainly not less pleasant and profitable than that of a schoolmistress, even conceding that some prejudice may be in their way at first.

The editor of the Garden says that we are too far from honoring simple useful work in comparison with ornamental idleness, to concede full respectability to a working woman gardner. But "gardening is certainly charming work for women, if the piano and the starched slavery of dress will ever allow them liberty to pursue it well."—*W. Tyrone.*

ORANGE CULTURE.—Dr, Lancaster, an old citizen of Louisville, who has for years been engaged in making an orenge grove in florida, reports that the busindss of orange culture has been almost revolutionized within a few years. Instead of waiting on the slow growth and yield of seeding trees, the growers bud with the fine imported varieties and shorten the time of obtaining a revenue from their groves by seversl years. These new groves are also of better flavor and more prolific. The Doctor brought up with him from florida some very palatable oranges, which were produced in eighteen months from the time the bud was inserted in the tree.

He says a good paying grove can be made in five years at the outside by the new methods adopted. This help to simplify the problem of making a living by this fascinating branch of horticulture, for those whose means will not allow them to wait for eight or ten years.

EMMA AND MARRILLA BLACK.—for the past four years have had control of a farm of one hundred and sixty acres near Frostburg, Pa. They have plowed, sowed, reaped, built fences. raised hogs and performed the other countless duties incident to a pastoral life. In addition to, their outside duties the care of a widowed and invalid mother has be n a tax on their energies. One of the ladies is a shoemaker, and all work of that kind used by the family is executed by her. The house in which they live is large and roomy, yet these two girls whose ages, by the way, are twenty-two and twenty, have made all the carpet, and made it well, too, painted a number of farm scenes and family portraits in oil, and filled up the otherwise vacant spots with waxwork, etc. Besides, the fact that they never shock your refined ear with ungramatical remarks, is also noteworthy.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME OF
THE RATIONAL DRESS SOCIETY.
London, England.

So many questions are asked as to the divided skirt we recommend, that it seems desirable to issue a short leaflet on the subject. Not because it is the principle reform we advocate, or even an indispensable part of it, but as it is the only new part of it, it excites more attention and without explanation is liable to be misapprehended.

The divided skirt is a skirt divided between the legs so as to clothe each leg separately, the under clothing to be arranged beneath this as most convenient. It should come to about the instep, quite clearing the ground, and be made about a yard round at the ankle. An ordinary dress skirt is worn over this, which may be as much or as little trimmed as the wearer may fancy, although to secure lightness the less the better.

The divided skirt may appear under the top skirt about two or three inches without exciting the least notice.

The divided skirt and the under garments may be fastened to a broad band fitted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any sort round the waist. Or, if preferred, hooks or buttons can be placed on a calico bodice to be attached to corresponding loops on the skirts. The top part of the dress may be any loose body or jacket the wearer may choose, always avoiding bands, ligatures, or pressure of any sort from below the fixed ribs to the top of the hips.

In this costume the weight of clothing may be reduced at least one-half, because as the divided skirts cover the body fully and evenly, fewer layers of clothing are required, and less material in their construction. We have here a style of dress by which no internal organ can be injured, no muscle cramped, no movement of the body impeded, and to which the wearer may add as much grace and beauty as her own good taste may direct.

NOTICE:—The Committee of the "Rational Dress Society," intends to protest against the attempt to introduce any fashion in dress which either deforms the figure, impedes the movements of the body, or injures the health, and earnestly begs members of the society to avoid wearing any article of dress so denounced.

They protest against corsets or tight fitting bodices of any kind, high or narrow heeled boots and shoes, as injurious to health.

Against heavily weighted skirts, as rendering healthy exercise almost impossible, and all tie down cloaks or other garments which impede the movements of the arms.

Against crinolines, or crinolettes of any kind or shape, as deforming, indecent, and vulgar.

Digitated stockings (divided at the toes like glove-fingers) are now being introduced, and ememinent medical medical authority recommend them, as they are likely to promote cleanliness, prevent troublesome soft corns, and abolish foot deformity.

There is but one instrument of torture and deformity more reprehensible than the modern shoe and that is the modern corset.

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Macmillan's Magazine.

RATIONAL DRESS REFORME.

BY LADY HARBERTON.

Bearing in mind the determination of the world, as far as possible, to misunderstand every new idea presented to it, it may be as well to preface the remarks put down here by stating distinctly that I neither wish to wear men's clothes myself, nor to see other women do so. One of the most curious circumstances connected with the subject of reform in dress is this: As soon as any one says some considerable change is advisable, the world at large—either from excess of imaginative power or the want of it—exclaims aloud that, that person wishes women to wear men's clothes. "Bloomerism" still lurks in many a memory. Therefore I begin by saying that I can imagine nothing more unsuitable, ugly, and in every way objectionable, than that the dress of European men should be adopted by women; and, having said this, it is to be hoped that any one reading this article will dismiss men's costume from their thoughts for the present as a subject having nothing to do with the matter in hand.

In order to justify an attempt to change the present style of women's dress, it would not be a difficult task to show that the clothing now in vogue, instead of fulfiling its original purpose and being a useful servant, has become a species of tyrant or idol, subjecting the human form to an inconvenient, unsightly, and tormenting control, and indeed standing almost in the same relation to reason that superstition may be said to do to religion. A curious sort of conventionality is thoughtlessly and blindly followed, and no one seems to think they have the slighest responsibility in the matter, however strange and incongurous the result may be. For instance, let us take the universal practice of going to parties with the upper part of the body uncovered in all weathers, providing it is after six or seven P M. Certainly there are people to be found who say it is done for a defence against the extreme heat of our climate even in winter; but it is questionable whether they would not hesitate greatly before appearing at breakfast with so little clothing on the hottest day in summer. Then, again, no one sees anything objectionable on a leg being shown up to the knee in getting into a carriage or crossing a street, providing it is only covered by a stocking, while any more complete covering is thought most indecent. One reason why we have arrived at this stage is probably because we have ceased to consider what the form is like which we are trying to clothe. When once this is lost sight of a standard of beauty is set up, which, as far as beauty in the abstract goes, may or may not be a true one; but it is not beauty as far as human beings are concerned, since it bears no resemblance to them. The form which poets and artists think of is what we see in art galleries, statues of Venus and others, which indeed we all occasionally go and admire, as a stature or painting of some mythological being with which we have no personal concern. But the form to be clothed is very different. This is to be seen in the shop windows; in shape at the top like an hour-glass, and with a bell stuck on in place of legs; or even like a gigantic wine bottle. Surely to go on perpetuating such a monstrosity till health itself is endangered is to proclaim ourselves beneath contempt. And that health is not only endangered but irreparably injured by such a course, is so unquestionable and true, that it does not seem necessary to go much into the medical and the anatomical view of the subject. Those anxious for information would easily obtain it by asking any doctor a few questions, or reading some of those books which treat on the matter, such as *Fashion in Deformity*, by Professor Flower. Rather let us agree to begin, slowly it may be, and without any too sudden change, which is always difficult, to make our clothing suitable to ourselves and to the lives we lead. Strangely enough the people who are most opposed to any alteration are not, as might be expected, the young and smart-looking women, but those who adopt what is sometimes called the "sensible woman style of dress." This is usually of no particular cut or color; it is chiefly worn by those who take no great pride in their personal appearance, and who, if they are ever spoken to about the need of reform, are apt to say, "I see no necessity for change; my clothes could hurt no one—look how loose they are!" Restrained by politeness one makes no reply; but the thought arises in the mind, "True, and a remarkably ugly object you are!" We do not want a continued fussing over a style of dress which from its perverted shape never to the end of time can or ever will be made at once healthy and—there is no English word for it—*chic*. For this reason it will never attract young women; and by all the laws of nature young women will ever be the guides in dress; so that what people should turn their attention to, and try to bring about, is a new departure in dress. Here and there, for instance, a person will be found who can wear a tight-fitting dress-bodice without stays or (what often produces the same effect) padding. But speaking generally, quite tight-fitting dress-bodices without stays look untidy and like pincushions. If, then, we keep in mind these positive facts, that so far from a small waist being a beauty, if such a thing could exist naturally, it would be a great deformity; and that in proportion to the width of their shoulders, women are larger in the waist than men—thus following an obvious natural law—we shall begin to realize that our clothes are planned upon a mistaken idea. Without a waist, and with a skirt completly hiding the outline of of the legs, the figure becomes one long straight piece from shoulders to feet, a thing in itself too ugly to be long endured. This is clearly why we have adopted the plan of making a waist, and as much variety of shape as possible in the way of humps and excrescences, in the clothing of the upper part of our bodies. In warm climates the skirt is originally either very short or very thin, so that the legs were permitted to be seen; but in colder climates, and with the advance of civilization, this could not be, so we have arrivied at the present plan of concealing all sign of legs, which causes the attention of women to be almost morbidly directed to the body alone. If some form of dress were devised, with a covering or skirt for each leg, and a lightly draped skirt over, reaching to about the knees, or even a little below them, and allowing the legs to appear slightly, we should have a costume which, being in accordance with nature, the rest of the lines of the body would resume their proper proportions, and deformities of the sort to which we now are so accustomed, would at once strike us as hideous and out of drawing.

(To be continued.)

OUR SUFFERAGE EXCHANGE.—We are in constant receipt of Mrs. Gouger's paper, "Our Herald;" "The New Northwest," by Mrs. A. S. Duniway; "Western Woman's Journal" of Lincoln, Neb., and now from far San Francisco comes "Womans Herald of Industry," published by Mrs. J. W. Stow, the indefatigable worker who has fought the probate system so long and so well. Every woman should have her book, "Probate Confiscation," which shows up the bnties of that system. Manistee *Times and Standard*.

For the Herald.

No. I.

THE ART OF DANCING.

BY NAT. T. COULSON.

Physical Culture, which embraces dancing, being a prominent and leading feature in Woman's Republic, a few papers upon this beautiful æsthetic art will not be amiss. Terpsichore, the seventh daughter of Jupiter and Mnemosyne—who presided over musicians and poets—was the most graceful of the nine muses. Hers was rythmical poetry of motion, undulating to the witchery of "musics' soft voluptious swell." Plato laid great stress upon the value of singing, dancing and drill as means of educaction. He considering ease; graceful bearing, self possession and politeness the principal tests and objects of any system of education.

Dancing is, of all the fine arts, that which seems peculiarly adapted to blythsome joy—being the lively expression of those emotions produced by gestures and attitudes. It seems to have nothing but pleasure in view, yet, like music, its sweet accompaniment, tends to refine and harmonize the manners; and to give health, activity and vigor, as well as a graceful ease and elegance to the human form. People are too apt to look on dancing as merely a pleasant recreation, and seldom think of the important end which it conserves. When kept within bounds of moderation, it gives an exhilerating play to the organs of life; every muscle and fibre is in motion; the lungs are expanded; the stomach strengthened and a vigorous circulation throughout the entire system is the happy result.

A few lessons in dancing will suffice for those gifted with a delicate sensibility and quickness of apprehension. There will be found in almost every social assembly, where dancing is inaugerated, a number of wall flowers, who on being invited to participate in the festivity will reply. "I danced years ago, but not now;" or, "I have forgotton how to dance." They seldom acknowledge that they are unacquainted with the recreative art. If the intelligent readers will ask their friends who may have mastered the science, if it is possible for them to sit in a pavilion, ball-room or parlor, for several nights in a year, in the full possession of all their faculties and listen to the soft melodious strains of music and not feel a desire to join with youth, maturity and golden age in the fascinating mazes of the quadrille and lancers, if not in the more intricate waltz and polka.

"Never too old to learn" is a good motto which is being practiced more and more. Julia Ward Howe, the brilliant scholar and linguist, learned Greek after her fiftieth birth-day. Another smart woman masterad the Italian language after she was sixty. The editor in chief of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, at the age of forty-six, has learned to set type, and make up forms and is now teaching apprentices the art, and she never received but *one* hours instruction in type-setting. This demonstrates that the *forties* and *fifties* have no terrors for the ambitious scholar.

"MAN."

Why "MAN," *alone?* A true Liberal League organ should be *Man and Woman*. Away with all that which smacks of "might makes right." A true Liberal League will be officered by half women and half men. A true Liberal League will make its annual membership $1 instead of $6. Liberal Laegures have not been growing rich and strong for six thousand years.

MAN take to yourself *WOMAN!* You are now Adam without Eve—a forlorn creature.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY,

A MONTHLY NEWSPAPER,

Published in San Francisco, Cal.,

Devoted to the interests of WOMAN—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help.

MRS. J. W. STOW, - Editor and Proprietor.

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Large advertisements, special rates.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1882.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Ring of rifle and clash of saber,
Boom of cannon and bugle call,
Are over and done, and remain of all
But the faint, dim dream of a bitter day,
And some graves—ah! some graves—
to mark the way—
The track the turbulent War-God made,
When he swept the land in a burst of flame,
And shook the earth with his terrible thunder
When the sea gleamed red with the flash of blades,
And the ripe grain was trampled his coursers under,
And the cheeks of maiden and mother and wife
Blanched at the sound of his awful name.

Ring of rifle and clash of saber,
Boom of cannon and bugle call,
Are over and done; on the homestead wall
Hang the worn scabbard, the coat of blue,
A loaf of laurel, a sprig of rue,
A faded picture—and this is all.

And is this all? Oh! beyond all things
We reap and gather from year to year,
Groping along in our dim career,
Is to know, when weary on Nature's breast,
With folded hands and pulse at rest,
We slumber—the living may proudly say:
"His was the sword in that dreadful day
Of the nation's trial, the nation's plight,
That foremost gleamed in the deadly fight:
And his the glory and ours the pride,
That for us and for ours a soldier died."

Deep and eternal the lessons solemn
From the mute, sad relics of victories won,
To you who have charged with the cheering column,
To us who have read of the deeds you've done:
For they say, "There's now no stain upon her,
The land we died for, that all might honor,
The freest and best land under the sun!"
With ring of rifle and c ash of saber,
And boom of cannon and bugle call,
We honor our soldiers as here to-day
These buds from the fresh, sweet fields of May,
We tenderly strew on the graves of all.
The air is soft, and the light winds blow
O'er smiling vales, and and drifted snow
On mountain crest, and the sea is still
From the strife of navies; the land is bright
With hope, and promise, and fair increase;
While those who storm'd the deadly height,
Like the nation they died for, rest in peace.

Daniel O'Connell.

Correspondence.

CO-OPERATIVE DRESS ASSOCI'N,
OFFICES, 31 and 33 w. 23d st.
NEW YORK, June 15th. 1882.

MRS, J. W. STOW,

DEAR MADAM:—Thank you exceedingly for the very fine notice that you gave us in your valuable paper. We shall be very glad to receive the Herald, place it on file and if we get subscriptions of course notify you. I am about to sail for Europe and before doing so beg you, in the name of the Association, to accept the enclosed Press ticket which entitles you to five per cent discount on all purchases. It may be that through the Order Bureau we can serve you and your friends.

With best wishes,
Believe me, very truly yours
KATE FIELD.

119, CROMWELL ROAD,
LONDON, S. W., April 30, 1882.

Dear Madan:—I must apologize for not answering your letter sooner; but I have been from home. The National Dress Society have not designed any special, hat or bonnet to be worn with the Divided Skirt. But of course the idea is, that the covering for the head should be in accordance with common sense; and this can hardly be the case when a bonnet is worn, as that necessitates a parasol being carried in the hand to protect the eyes. Allow me to thank you for the two copies of your paper; "THE HERALD OF INDUSTRY." I thoroughly agree with what you say there respecting womens dress, but here we are obliged to be less outspoken, as we are too much slaves of custom to hope to succeed, except by very slow and gradual means. Our Hon. Secretary Mrs. King, is publishing a pamphlet which will be out in a few days now, and copies will be sent to you. I think it will do good. I also wrote a short article in the April number of "Macmillian's Magazine" and I will send you a copy of that. It gives you an idea of how far we venture to go. In the evening I wear a divided skirt with a long trained skirt behind, but allow several inches of the D. Skirt to appear in front. I think it must come in as a morning dress first as after all sitting quietly in a drawingroom an inconvenient style of dress is not much noticed practicaliy.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
F. W. HARBEKTON.

34 CORNWALL ROAD,
BAYSWATER,
LONDON, April 19th, 1882.

Dear Madam:—Lady Harberton has sent me on your letter respecting our "Rational Dress Society's" pattern; and it gives me great pleasure to answer your inquiries. You will see by the slip I send you, that I fully sympathize—not only on the subject of dress—but with your Republican ideas and co-operative principles. Should I come to America, I should like to visit your Sisterhood. I will have a muslin pattern made and sent you. We shall not ask any payment for it, and shall only be too glad to have the co-operation of American women. I enclose our circular and leaflet. I am publishing a pamphlet which will shortly be issued, entitled "Rational Dress, or the dress of Women and Savages;" published by Kejan Paul, & Co. I have written to Miss Susan B. Anthony to ask if any American publisher will take it. If it should come out perhaps you would kindly help it forward by getting any booksellers you know to take, or in any other way you may think of, aid its circulaion.

When you acknowledge the receipt of pattern, if you would give me a little account of your Sisterhood I should be very glad.

I am, Yours faithfully,
S. M. King.

TEMPERANCE.

BY LOIS LIVINGSTON.

CAL. W. C. T. UNION,
"The Women of America v. The Liquor Traffic."
PRESIDENT.
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MISS W. BELL.....San Jose.
" SARAH P. MORRISON..... "
MRS. J. B. HILL.....Alameda.
Secretary—Mrs. Mary E. Congdon, 314 Sutter Street. S. F.
Assistant Secretary—Miss M. J. Havens, Blake House, Oakland.
Treasurer—Mrs. J. G. Wickersham, Petaluma.

O California! beautiful and glorious as thou art: land of sunny skies and purple vintage; land of poetry and song—home of the arts in this proud Republic of nations—thou hast the signet of shame upon thy brow, nevertheless, which is crimsonsd to the rippling waves of gold that shine above it: Yes, the fearful signet *"Licensed Rum."*

When will prayer, speach, anthem, pervail, with our lawmakers? When I look from my window upon the dome of the State House, and see the loyal folds that floated over Sumpter, heart swells with pride, that the boom of the first shot, which hurled it down, did not divide this blood-bought federation; this luminous star of freedom, progress and untold fruition. But, *proh pudor!* it floats above legislators who license *DEATH.*—L. L.

The cigarette kills thousands and thousands of young men and children annually, and those whom it does not destroy physically—it is productive of catarrh, consumption, and numberless diseases—it mentally ruins,

SUBSCRIBE for the HERALD

MINNIE F. AUSTIN,

HEDGE ROW VINYARD,

Fresno, California.

For the Herald.

It is not pleasant to talk of ones self when so little has been accomplished and so much remains to be done but so far as I can help any other struggling woman or prevent her making mistakes I am glad to tell her my experiences and let her profit therefrom. I have many letters from women, desirous of getting out of the old ruts and not knowing what steps to take to get out. Women who have bread and butter to earn, but who are fettered by an unreasonable conventionality and are afraid of Mrs. Grundy.

In the first place, a woman must feel that she has a perfect right in God's world, to do whatever is honorable—and of good repute for her brother to do, if she has *ability* to do it. The limitations of sex must not harrass her. I feel that I owe much to my Quaker ancestry for this inherent belief in the equality of the sexes. From my childhood I saw women "speaking in meeting" as frequentiy as the brethren. I saw women supporting themselves in the same channels of industry as their brothers—and so grew up without a question of their right or ability to do so. I do not know what it is to stop to think about it.

When I concluded to leave teaching and be a farmer, it never seemed to me that it was anything unusual for a woman to do. I felt able to conduct a farm and so I bought one to conduct.

In the second place, the question of ability being settled a woman shonld see that she has capital enough to carry on her business.

Women have been so unused to handling moneys that their judgment is often at a fault. They have been so accustomed to having money handed to them—according to their needs, by father or husband that they do not count the cost from the beginning.

To carry on a farm requires capital. Horrce Greely found it so. Every man finds it so and so will a woman. With me,n *labor* is capital—and a poor man, buying a farm can hire out at good wages each day and so pay for his place but a woman cannot take her team and scraper and plough and sow and harvest crops—therefore she must have an assumed capital before beginning, as worry will hamper her efforts. It is true she can keep poultry and so earn her daily bread but she will not make much head way at farming without something to start upon. Having her few acres paid for or having a good prospect of paying for them, she will still labor under a disadvantage which her brother would not find. *She* must hire her work done. I am speaking of a woman who has not been bred to farm labor. She can not do the rough work and neither is it desirable that she should. Her brain must control and direct the labor, but harder hands and stronger frames must bear the burden. She can do a great deal of outside labor, which will benefit her She must not be a doll for the parlor by any means. She must superintend her work and consequently know about it. She must have a system for herself and her laborers. She can do a great deal of the lighter work. Having to hire labor puts her upon expense from the first and she must count carefully her gains and losses.

Fruit raising is aristocratic farming but still it has its unpoetic side and involves a long account on the debit side of your ledger; and requires much faith and hope.

Trees and vines do not always produce, or produce as largely as the ideal tree of your calculations. A lower price is paid for your fruit than you were led to expect. More tools are required, impliments wear out, horses die and a thousand other unexpected expenses drain the purse.

This I have found to be true. Our farm has cost us a great deal more than I had any right to expect. The returns have not yet equaled our expectations but I have not lost hope. Each day I am learning where I failed yesterday and the Heavens being propitious, I expect yet to have the success which onlookers prophesy. I believe that perseverance, economy and energy will succeed in the end. In the mean time, while waiting for the same success that attends a man's farming, we make for ourselves a pleasant home, have work enough to keep us from the evils of idleness, find health and strength, good appetites and blessed sleep, and perhaps we are making it easier for some other woman in the future.

For one of these colony farms of 20 acres, with a water right we pay one thousand dollars. In this section where irrigation is practiced, the land must be at a water level, which envolves an expense of from 20 to 50 dollors per acre for leveling. Labor is from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per month. Trees cost on an average; twenty-five dollars per hundred; vine cuttings five dollars per thousand. It requires 108 trees to an acre or 680 vines, a barn must built, costing from 100 to 500 dollars, horses bought, all the way from 50 to 200 dollars each, ploughs at 10 dollars, a wagon is necessary, at a cost of $130. A house to shelter the farmer can be erected according to his purse, and then three years must pass without hope of returns from the trees and vines but they must be cared for during all the time or they will produce nothing.

This is a fair estimate. I am tired of seeing people with little or nothing, especially women come to these farms under false impressions, spend their all and then have to sell out and go or stay and suffer, A man without anything but *energy* can get along, but not woman as the world is to day.

M. F. A.

Under the caption of Fruit Farming for Women, Orpha C. Dinsmore, of Omaha, Neb., writes and quotes as follows, in the April number of *Western Woman's Journal:* "Both these ladies sought their present occupation as a rest from the wear and tear of of school life. They find it healthgiving and delightful. When I allow my friend to tell her own story you may judge with what profit to the pocket they tickle Dame Nature She writes:

We have a corporate farm of eighty acres, all devoted to fruit raising, part of it in bearing and part not yet old enough therefore the returns are but partial, while the larger portion is in anticipation. Of these eighty acres, forty are in grapes about fifteen of which are in bearing, five acres of apricots, a small part of which bear now, but as this is a fruit grown only in favored localities, and is in great demand, it is a profitable fruit to raise; five acres of peaches, which grow rapidly, bear early and heavily; in great demand for canning; two acres of nectarines, a very delicious fruit related to the peach; this promises well and is a great favorite; two acres of Bartlett pears, the very perfection of excellence anywhere, but especially so in this climate; six acres of prunes, French variety; these do well. We have also an assorted orchard of apples, plums quinces and cherries for our own use. The small fruits are not well adabted to this climate on account of the heat, but as our trees grow to shade them we expect a good supply of varieties of berries.

I almost forgot to mention two acres of almonds, from which we gathered forty pounds the first year, and four hundred the second year they bore. The original cost of this eighty acres was $4,000. There is now $15,000 invested, including all I have mentioned, also a bored well with windmill and a 10,000 gallon tank; a good barn, small dwelling house, a house for packing raisins, chicken houses, and some rough outbuildings occupied by the man. The farm, you will see, is in its infancy, nothing on it being more than five years old. With age added to our vines and trees, we may anticipate a hand some remmneration. We find a ready market for all our fruit, and our raisins have already won a good reputation. Ten tons is our largest yield yet.

Labor, unskilled, is high in this part of California. We average three men all the time. Miss A. and myself spend the greater part of fruitage time among trees and vines, and the pruning knife has become our badge of honor."

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RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

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Homestead, signifies a tract of land given away by the U. S, Government, as a free gift forever, on the single condition that the person accepting the gift shall live upon and cultivate the land and make it his or her home for for five years. A man or woman at 21 years of age is entitled to a homestead of 160 acres. There are Governemr lands in every county in the State, with two or three exceptions.

There are thousands of acres of fertile lands open for premption and homesteads in California. In the Fresno foothills, a twenty acre farm costs but $400 and the land requrires but little leveling. All kinds of fruits, including oranges, can be grown to perfection upon these fine lands composed of the alluvium washed down from the hills.

There is said to be more timber in Fresno than in any other county in the State. The timber belt extends along the Sierras a distance of 200 miles, and varies from 20 to 40 miles in width.

A tract of land owned by Dr. J. L. Cogswell, E. A. Cabot, and Thos. E. Hughes & Sons near Centirville, yielded 35 to 40 bushels of wheat per acre last year; and 160 acres owned by J. W. Pew near Fresno, is expected to average 30 bushels of wheat per acre next harvest. Neither of these tracts was irrigated. This explodes the absurd theory of many, of our Eastern and Northern cousins; who have an idea that Southern California is unprolific without irrigating facilities.

A St. Helena, Napa Valley, fruit farm of 18 acres, but six years old, exceeded 44½ per cent. profit last year, and will do better and better every year for the next quarter of a century. Had all the land been in vines of eight years' age the total profit would have been $2,600, or 80 per cent. on an investment of $4,500. Equally as good grape land and nearly as handy to the market can be bought for $15 to $50 per acre, but without the plant of vines.

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Agents Wanted.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY MRS. KNOX-GOODRICH.

MEMORIAL DAY IN SAN JOSE.

In the beautiful oration delivered by the Rev. Mr. Newell of the Phil. Sheridan Post, we find many good points, that we think a great many of his hearers, and the *voters* generally would do well to reflect on; and consider, after all the blood so heroically poured out to perpetuate the Liberties of this nation, as a grand and *glorious Republic*, if the men have not been a little like Josh Billing, in their application, so far as liberty goes; he says: Ths first thing a man thinks ov iz himself; the second thing he thinks ov iz himself; and the third thing he thinke ov iz himself. Now they never for a moment seem to consider, in all their suffering, sorrows and struggles for Liberty, in which, it was all that our fathers could do to gain us an existance as a nation, our mothers stood side by side with them, and faithfully and heroically bore their hardships, without complaining. But why should woman be denied an aqual share in the rights and privileges? In private conversation nine out of ten men will admit that in the struggle for Independence during the Revolution, and all through the Rebellion, the women were as loyal as the men, and many of them sacrificed their lives for the perpetuation of the Government, that yet denies them the rights of citizenship. Strange as it may seem, to say nothing of the hundreds and thousands who, of their own accord, without hope or thought of pay went as nurses down into the camp once on the battlefield to nurse wounded and dying soldiers back to life. The records of the war department, at Washington, show that over *five hundred women* fought in the ranks as private soldiers in the Rebellion, for the supremancy of the starry flag, and the lifie of the Country. Which has thus far, refused to give womanhood her rightful representation in in the government. Doubtless hundreds of other women never discovered, fought and died on countless battle fields for the welfare of their beloved Country." This quotation is from the *Woman's Journal* Boston, and they know what they say. Mr. Newell says: "Seven long years our fathers struggled for the privilege of existing as a nation at all." What man for a moment supposes that they even would have gained the victory if our *fore mothers* had not as he says: "Toiled in the field to get bsead for their starving children;" and they did more than that, they toiled in the field, and in their homes—denied themselves even the necessaries of life to help, to feed and clothe the suffering soldiers. They carded, spun and wove the cloth to displace the tattered garment's" of husbands, fathers, sons and brothes and encouraged, in every way possible the spirit to establish the great principle for which our fathers were fighting. Some of the most honored deeds both in the Revolution, and the Rebellion were performed by *woman*, if we are to credit history. "And for what?" Certainly not to put the stamp of inferiority on woman for all time. "Oh! no." Mr. Newell also says: "In the war of the Revolution it was the *principle* that the governed have a right to participate in the government; that those who *obey* the *laws* and *pay* the *taxes* must have a voice in making the laws and levying the taxes." Indeed, and that is what the women thought also, but it seems the brilliant intellects of the present day think that *principle* applicable only to the *male* portion of the human race, regardless of race, color or previous conditions fo servitude, ignorance or drunkenness. Cannot our fathers, husbands, sons and brothers, see what hardships they are imposing on the women of America by demanding of them the surrender of that principle which they claim would be to them perpetual thraldom—which they could not endure; and to maintain that principle they pledge their lives, their property and their sacred honor. "Why then should the women of the country be denied, what to man is the grand seal of freedom, the badge of citizenship and honor: The elective franchise?" For all the hardships he has endured; she has correspondently suffered in securing the prize. Mr. Newell then says: "We do well to remember that our govenment has for its corner stone blood bought principles. Independence was the first corner stone. Our fathers placed that; Liberty was the second. The framers of the Constitution placed that; Union was the third. That was placed by the late war. Is there a foundation for the fourth corner? That is the great question now to be settled by the American people:" Yes! gentlemen there is to be a fourth corner stone, and it is to be placed by the just men of the nation. It will combine the three in one, independence, liberty and union; with justice to cement the whole fabric; and this fourth corner stone will be *Woman Sufferage*, and with it will come the much to be desired, purity in public and private life. The just and good men, and the brave and noble woman of the nation, will complete the work that "Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield had begun;" and proclaimed once more, the right of freedom, and the ballot for all irrespective of sex. President Lincoln once said: "I go for *all* showing the privileges of the government, who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding woman," finally, Mr. N. says: "Till that stone, purity in public and private life is securely placed, the great fabric of our American institutions totters on its foundations, place that corner stone securely, and I know not why this *Republic* may not stand till the end of time." There is just where the trouble comes in. There can be no purity, until there is truth. Men call this a Republic when they will know it is false; it is a government based on the aristocracy of sex. and until the men of this nation can take for their motto: "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you;" and make this Government what it professes to be (a free Republic) granting to the women of the land the same rights, privileges and opportunities in their struggle for existence that you claim for yourselves. Then, and not till then can there be peace in the land: "Then truth, purity and justica will form the fourth corner stone; with equal rights for all."

K-G.

San Jose, June 1882.

In the death of Helen M. Slocum the New York W. S. A. has lost a valned friend, able officer and wise councilor. Her voice always rang clear for justice.

The San Diego Good Templers A. B. Hotchkiss, Pres., have adopted a resolution declaring that the only remedy for the ills under which California labors, having reference to the non-enforcement of the Sunday Law, lies in giving Woman the ballot.

Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio has sent forth a proclamation, thruout the length and breadth of his diocese, excommunicating every Catholic lady who persists in demonstrating her sympathy for Ireland's houseless, starving, downtroden poor, by attending the Ladies' Land Land League meetings. For shame! Bishop Gilmour. You have disgraced the woman who bore you, the Church that mitred you and smirched the name of Christianity.—Mrs. Stow.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D.

The name of Clemence S. Lozier shines with an ever increasing luster among the fixed stars in the galaxy of medical science. She has been a leader of women as Christ was a leader of men. How many anxious husbands have looked into her lovely face for hope, when the spark of life, in their life-companions, went "ebbing too and fro;" how many mothers, weary with watching, have thrilled to the touch of her flower-soft hands—dewed with magnetic healing; how many tired women, whose beauty has faded as doth the leaf (women whose life-elixir has been drained drop by drop from health's chalice, to gratify loving (?) ignorance,), have listened to the low, sweet tones of her voice and been comforted.

Dr Lozier was the founder of the New york Medical College for Women, which has steadily moved foward since the hour of its birth in the large brain of the small woman. Few physcians in the metropolitan city of the Empire State have so large and lucrative a practice as she. *Millionaire* has long been an affix to her name.

She is, also, skilled in surgery and is the recipient of many flattering encomiums, at home and abroad, in recognition of this accomplishment.

In order to judge of her mental grasp, executive ability and beauty of character, one needs to see her in her own luxurious home, surrounded by children and children's children; lecturing in the college she has created; ministering to the sick: consoling the afflicted and inspiring the dying, by her unwavering faith in a painless, deathless, blissful existence, in a relm of love and light beyond the circling spheres,

Dr Lozier has been the honored President of the New York Woman Suffrage association for years, which meets in her spacious parlors once a month; by this means it has become a resistless power in the State and Legislature. At the last brilliant session the Speakers gavel pounded incessently, but could not drown the "Woman Suffrage clamor" Bravo! Clamor. She presides at *protest*ant meetings (of which the intripid suffragists call not a few in wicked Gotham,), with inimitable grace and polished dignity.

Altho in the 69th year of her age her sunny curls show but here and there a thread of silver, and were the fresh face, in telling Time's rosary, to stop at 39 no one would gainsay the statement

The burden of love which this little woman (if my memory serves me she does not weigh a hundred pounds) carries about with her would crush and extinguish an ordinary woman. She cannot divest herself of this burden, which is made up of the love of women—well seasoned with all that is pure and ennobling in the love of men on two continents. No worthy cause for the benefit of Woman is ever turned empty-handed and famishing from her door.

How well, with an intense and rarified mental vision, I see her, as I sit here in my sun-blessed home in San Francisco, and talk to the world of one of its most lovely and gifted daughters. Her good-bye kiss is warm on my lips and her fervent "God bless you!" is enthroned in the inner temple of my heart,

Over the wind-swept wheat, through the purple canyons, up and over the crested Sieras—that divide us—I say to this dear friend, this brilliant gem in the diadem of medical fame: May the skillful hand, the practiced eye, the tender heart of Clemence S. Lozier, through long years to come, *bless* humanity.—Mrs. Stow.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton has gone to Europe to study Communism in France, Socialism in Cermany and Nihilism in Russia.

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I urge every woman, man and child in each city, town and hamlet in the state to obtain subscribers for this paper.—FIFTY per cent. commission is paid, for both subscriptions and advertisements.

Is there one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

Personal likes and dislikes must go to the wall in this contest. As well might we cavil about the *Spirit* of those who prepare physical food, as mental, and starve ourselves to doth.

Away with likes and dislikes, there is neither time for, or sense in such babyish folly.

The HERALD contains more valuable reading matter than any other first-class paper in the United States—for the same price. The information that will be given under Resources of California will, of itself, alone, be worth the price charged for it.

The great necessity of the hour is, new avenues for womanly activities.

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

This is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written law which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand — the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated. —*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherlessa children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter cussedness prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case gainst the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passionate eloquence.—*New York Tribune.*

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News.*

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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It is admirable, sound and alive.—*Clarina I. H. Nichols.*

It looks healthy, and I am of the opinion that its healthy parent will sustain it with good, solid and aggressive food, and that in due time its strength will be great and powerful.—*Clara S. Foltz, Attorney-at-law.*

This excellent journal should reach every intelligent woman on the Pacific Coast.—*Mrs. Roxena G. Steele.*

We are doubly glad to welcome this *industrial* journal, knowing that under Mrs. Stow's management it will do a grand work for women.—*Clara Berwick Colby, Beatrice Express.*

The first number of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY is intensely interesting. It has held me spell-bound all the morning.—*Harriet S. Brooks.*

We like the bold, frank and fearless spirit with which it battles against wrong to women. It does honor to the independent editor, and honor to the association over which she presides with so much ability.—*Col. Warren, California Farmer.*

This paper is one of the best of its class we have ever had the pleasure of looking over, and it should certainly succeed. Its mission is a noble one, and it has the right person at the helm. Mrs. Stow makes a readable, earnest and effective paper, and every women who neglects subscribing for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY does not know how to spend a dollar.—*San Leandro Weekly Sentinel.*

The paper is remarkable for the boldness with which it states facts, and attacks unjust and unequal laws.—*Lucy Stone, Women's Journal.*

The editor is free and outspoken in denouncing what she conceives to be wrong, and vigorously advocates what she believes to be right. She is an excellent writer, as will be seen by a careful perusal of her paper, which we recommend to all our lady readers. Subscribe for it at once. Only one dollar a year.—*Mountain Echo.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is breezy with the spirit of *Liberty*.—*Frances Ellen Burr.*

When reading your paper to-day I was forcibly reminded of Garibaldi's immortal manifesto, that "rang like a silver trumpet round the world," in which he said: "Whoever is in love with hunger, with cold, with death, follow me." Reformers must be fighters. Every footprint of human progress has been wet with tears, and led through tribulation, suffering and strife.—*Wm. H. Robb, M.D.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a paper published monthly by Mrs. J. Stow, a woman of rare ability and fine attainments. It will prove a great educator.—*Medico-Literary Journal*, San Francisco,

This paper fills a niche never yet occupied in the history of journalism, and its mission is one that commends it to every family in the land. It most eloquently proclaims the rights of woman, which she never yet enjoyed in this land of "liberty," and we most heartily endorse its sentiments. May it speak forth in tones of thunder, until the sound thereof reverberates throughout the whole land.—*Leemoor Advertiser.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a *gem*. I am greatly pleased with it. I see thee believes in all true reforms—a true Radical in deeds as well as words—and I am anxious to make friends with thee. I am a full believer in Woman; her mission of purifying the race, exalting love, ennobling work, and all that elevates and makes us better.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

I like its bold, affirmative position. But few women, unless they have been subject to martyrdom, as you have been, can realize what is due from womanhoood to the progress of civilization and the building of humanity.—*Lucinda B. Chandler.*

This beautiful publication is edited with marked ability, and is "devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help." We hope and prophecy a successful career for this new enterprise. *Western Woman's Journal.*

I am delighted with the courage and executive ability displayed in the HERALD.—*Clemence S. Lozier, M.D.*

The opening number gives promise of a most readable, able, spicy and very useful journal.—*The Rescue.*

WOMAN'S HERALD is wide-awake and aggressive, and bids fair to reach a large circle of readers.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. These folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Mollie P. Krekel, Mirror of Progress.*

Have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

A bright, readable paper. Mr. Parker joins me in wishing you every success.—*Julia E. Smith.*

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Duniway, New Northwest.*

I have just finished reading the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and thank you for one of the *three* happy days of my life.—*Virginia A. Bells.*

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IN FUTURE.

It seems to me the bud of expectation
Has not yet swolen to the perfect flower,
That with its wondrous fragrant exhalations
The world will surely dower,

The lamps we light are but the stars of promis,
Tht faintest reflex of a distant sun
That wakes an eager salutation from us
'Till nobler heights are won.

The past is but the preface of the story
In which the romance of our lives is wrought;
The deeds that win imperishable glory
Live scarcely in our thought.

What'er we do falls short of our intending:
The structure lacks the beauty we design;
And tortured angels to their home ascending,
Depart and leave no sign.

By all the doubts and trials that so vex us,
By all the falls and failures that annoy,
By all the strange delusion that perplex us,
Which yield no fruits of joy,

We know that unto mortals is not given
The strength of knowledge that is yet in store
For us, ere yet we walk the streets of heaven,
And dream of heaven no more,

The heart of earth hath secrets yet withholden
That wait the dawning of some future day,
When angel-hands from sepulchers so golden
Shall roll the stone away.

Man hath not touched the zenith of creation;
The godlike tho't that fill'd Jehovah's mind
Has had in him but feble revalation,
Uncertain, undefined.

The days wherein Time reaches its fruition,
With moments weighted with no vain regret'
Fair days of which the soul has clear vision,
Draw nigh, but are not yet.

JOSEPHENE POLLARD,

THE PERFECT WOMAN.

Let us impress upon the young mind how much better and how much more to be emulated was the son who staid home helped abeyed his father than the one who ran off and spent in debauchery the earnings of others, not to make a hero of the latter. Don't let us guild misdeeds in this way. We must not sactify crime by such teaching as: "There is more rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just and righteous men:" Poor encouagement for the 99 just and righteous!

Such teaching is false, hurtful to society, and makes criminals. Dr. Wills opinion last week on the Perfect Woman agreed with that of Solomon, who, gave such a picture in the Bible as had yet been surpassed. He did not state if it was taken from one out of the many hundred wives and concubines of this old libertine, or if it was contained in the amorous song of his, which without the handle "inspired" would not be tolerated at this new generation. We are liberalized beyonnd such trash. It is true: The early church fathers in compiling the Bible, (which was done by vote) put false headings to these "Songs" trying to convey the idea of the Church being the subject. But common sense refutes it taking the life of this lecherous old villian in consideration. It is an insult to intelligent women of to-day to point to Solomon's idea of a perfect woman. A man classing hundreds of women wives and concubines, as his property like cattle is no authority for the present. Tho' we are still gravely told by these falsifiers and misleaders of the masses, that he was the wisest of all men! But Solomon's and Dr. Wills' idea of the perfect woman agree well. She is a perfect cook housekeeper etc. one who does not aspire beyond the fire side, one who will never educate herself beyond the idolatry of the pompous class who pretend to do the Lord's business and even boast as I have heard in the pulpit, of the wid ows mite! Able-bodied men too. He praised the noble band of temperance women (who had chosen him to rep them in temperance) and the noble work they were doing which was more than the schools and churches were accomplishing. What an unjust remark about the school basis of society! He must have felt this for a few days after, in his lecture to young men he stated he considered the school-teacher the *most* important member of society. Women might not have voice in public affairs or thrill the senate, he said, but that did not show inequality of only a *different* sphere. Every reform and sufferage paper combats this selfish idea now adays. He was willing woman should have a superficial education decorate the walls with pictures etc. also she ought to make herself as beautiful as possible, but she was to toil and spin and keep the pot boiling. Thonght Christianity would die out in public places but never by the fireside. No, not as long as you priests have the right to enter and prey upon womans'a credulity. You will not lose your griip till you must, you will not work till you are forced to. It makes me sad to see women forging their own chains. Why don't they drop this load of Christianity instead of trying to drag it along the road of progress; his trying to reconcile its old myths and fables with the present, only retards the movement and wastes valuable time.

Science is the savior of men and women: Dr. Wills is really more of a consistant Christian, however, than Christian Sufferage Women: because he sticks right to it while they want to advance beyond it and in a vague way believe it to be right after all. I would like to see women free from this mental slavery that so warps the mind. They would be still leaders in every good work of reform and would then be able to accomplish much more, because on a scientific foundation. "Educate, educate!" Not the superficial education Mr. Wills advocates, just enough to beautify home and make it pleasant for the lord and master. Broad education divested of superstition proper training and sonnd principals would make men and women "perfect".

This shining Gospel light had his stale jokes and advice to women written out like a school-boy. So the reading fell like tinkling cymbals on the ears of his audience. Like all of his class he construes facts to suit his calling. In the last lecture he contrasted Luther and Voltaire, describing the latter as immoral and vicious, Luther, Godly, etc. I wish those church people would read history for themselves, not swallow these falsifying words for truth. Voltaire, just and good, and a lover of humanity, benefited mankind and accomplished more for progress than any other man of his century. Luther also did good by protesting, but was narrow, bigoted and a fanatic.—A. E.

AS OTHERS SEE IT.

Whenever a visator to this Coast, of a reflecting turn of mind, views our China-town with all its squalor, filth and nastiness, he is certain to come away even more disgusted than is the average Californian. He is pretty sure to be cured of any preconceived nonsense he may have entertained as to the nature of the Mongolian as a citizen of this free Republic. He at once realizes that the sentimentalism about "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" is humbug, a delusion and a snare. If he conciencionsly asks himself how the working-men of his own State would feel in the presence of such a curse, he is constrained to admit that they would not tolerate it for a single hour. Instead of blaming our people for being restive under such a blighting degadation, he is moved to wonder at the patience with which they submit to it as well as they do. He thanks God that the monstrous iniquity does not come home nearer to his own hearth, and thenceforward his views are those of the Pacific Coast. An instance in point is just at hand. Hon. J. P. Irish, editor of the Iowa *State Press*, writes to his journal from San Francisco a most graphic description of the Chines quarter. He has grasped the whole situation exactly as it is. A more thorough and concise statement of the facts we do not remember to have met with. He says:

I thought "Chinatown" in Frisco was a low-lying tract covered with thatched shanties, but it is one of the finest quarters of this city, which was solidly built with business houses and sheltered thousands of white laborers. When the cancer was small in the days when they were hailed as a desirable addition to the laboring population, they rented here. Others came and rented. Soon it became more pleasant for their white neighbors to rent to them and move than to stay in range of their noisome habits. So, step by step, paying at first high rates on short leases, they covered many blocks As the leases expired, no white man could take the property, and the owners were compelled to rent to Chinese at their own rates, or lose all income- By this process the district was conquested. Now it is extending around its borders: property across the street is undesirable for whites, and the Mongols take it. Nearly forty thousand of them are in this district. It is to all intents and purposes a Chinese city; here are their stores, their factories, their temples and their nauch houses. Now remember that this population of 40,000 souls has in it not a dozen wives, not a dozen families! Forty thousand white laborers would represent 160,000 population. Here every woman is unclean; she has no children; she is a passion slave, sold at birth to infamy, and trained from her lisp to vice, as white men train their daughters to virtue! These men cook their food tend their own foul lodgings and live on $20 a year. We make a travesty on "Chinese cheap labor." Here is a tragedy. Alongside of this wifeless childless, Christless labor, the white toiler with his wife and weens, competes in vain. My readers may have heard of the hoodlum of San Francisco. He is a victim of the cancer. He is a son of a white laborer who was guttered in the unequal contest, his sons missed their schooling, and at working age had to compete with Chinese labor. The competition was impossible. They fell into vice. The white laborer's daughters have not a thing to which they can turn to honestly earn a living. The young men who in the natural course would wife them and make them homes, are in the jails, the penitentiaries, the gutter, the gambling house. So the girls' feet take hold on perdition, and they carry their bodies to market to meet the Chinese woman, and compete with her in the footrace to hell. So the white laboring class is festering out, lived with the leprosy of this Chinese curse, rotting with the cancer which grows and thrives as they decays. This is a sketch of the effects of Mongolian labor on this Coast. Another time I will traverse the details and reveal the steps by which such conclusions follow. I have underdrawn the picture. It is not colored.

That, it must be abmitted, is a forcible picture; yet it is by no means overdrawn. Indeed, it is not in the power of the readiest writer to exaggerate the far-reaching effects of the evil resulting from the presence of the Chinese in this city. If they could be understood as we understand and feel them, our brethren of the East would certainly not wonder at the passionate appeals for relief that have so long emanated from the Pacific Coast. It may well be doubted if any people anywhere suffer from so many-sided and so substantial a grievance.

S. F. *Examiner.*

SILK CULTURE.

KEEPING THE EGGS.—In Louisiana, with its variable climate, it is difficult to keep silk-worm eggs in a proper condition. On warm moist days some eggs will hatch, these should not be lost, as every one knows the first eggs hatched produce the finest young, as they are generally stonger. If eggs hatch when there is no food and the worm is lost. The eggs must be kept dry; they should be kept below or about 55 degrees, and the temperature must be equal.

The most certain mode of keeping the eggs, according to Mr. Rochi, is to send them to some reliable party in the North where they can be kept in dry cellars. A box containing millions of eggs can be sent by express for twenty-five cents to New York or Boston or any other place of the same temperature.

We can easily raise three and four crops of annuals in one season in Louisiana. Beginning the first of March, and ending by the middle of June.—X.

The St Louis Typographical Union has spoken and the HERALD advises it to sit down, or, what is better, follow the example of Judas, Henceforth it is a "misdemeanor" for a professed Union-man to employ or obtain situations for a Miss or Mrs. Brother Typos you have "miss"ed your mark in a "meanor" manner than Judas did.

Typesetting belongs to WOMAN.

CASTRATION FOR CRIMINALS AND PAUPERS.

Crime and Pauperism is increasing so rapidly that only the sergeon's purifying knife will mitigate the evil.

Three years ago Pres. Anderson, of Rochister, N. Y., University, said to me, "Something has got to be done to prevent the pauper-class from propagating. The old pauper always comes back to his cradle. The Empire State is swarming and festering with paupers and criminals of all classes. In Herkimer Co. one single vagrant woman has grown a crop of paupers and criminals that can never be exterminated. We must seperate the men from the women and thus prevent their continuing to breed a social pestilence."

"That is not my remidy," I replied. "The sergeons knife is the only sure cure for this cancer."

A prfessed Christian ,who gave his name as James Steel, mutilated the person of Lillie Johnson, a child but six years old, in such a shocking manner that she could not stand upon her feet for days.

Is there any punishment for that monster, in human shape, so efficacious as castration? Unbridled lust has grown to such hideous proportions by what it feeds upon, that no unprotected woman or child is safe. Let every mother and every father study so much of surgery, as to be able to handle the knife, and when a child is attrociously assaulted, as Lillie Jhonson was at Atlantic City, let them take the law (without its red-tape delays) into their own hands—and deal out swift justice to the ravisher.

In England, a few years ago, says Dr. Sanger, in his History of Prostitution, large numbers of factory-girls were legally put under the sergeon's all-potent knife to prevent the demoralizing and death-dealing practice of self-polution. This was done to women, who had outraged no one but themselves, in Christian England, while the ravishers of school girls and babes went scot free.

Castration is in no way injurious to either the mental or physical faculties of human animals. The moment a pauper or criminal gives birth to a child it snould be castrated. The operation is no more painful or dangerous than circumcision. What the world needs today is a physical purification, which castration, *alone*, will secure. This, *alone*, will put a check on crime. Capital Punishmant will be as thistle-down beside it.

MRS. STOW.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FUTURE.—We shall not have more news. The world is ransacked for it now. Earth, sea and air carry it to us from every capital, from every people, from every continent and from every island. We shall not have bigger newspapers; they are bigger now than a busy people can read. We shall have better newspapers; the story better told; better brains employed in the telling; briefer qapers; papers dealing with the more important of current matters in such style and with such fascination that they will command the widest interest. There will be more care and ability in selecting, out of the myriad of things you might tell, the things that the people want to be told or ought to be told. There will be a greater skill in putting these things before them in the most convenient and attractive shape. Judgement in selecting the news, genius in telling it—that is the goal for the highest journalistic effort of the future. In making a newspaper the heaviest item of expense used to be white paper. Now it is the news. By and by, let us hope, it will be brains.

Philagelphia Price List.

Today Labor fights as much for its right to be heard and consulted as it fights for better pay.—*Labor World.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

There is no paper that comes to our table that is read with more delight and appreciation of woman's will to do, than the *Woma's Herald of industry.* Now we imagine some of our brothers are crying, Look! the Boonville NEWS is coming out for female suffrage. We would answer, we are not quite so far prepared, but while we have sons to train, we will try to teach them that their sisters are their equal in mind and privileges, and they must be willing to accord them their dues. The time may come when mothers and sisters will understand politics well enough to control their sons, brothers or husbands vote, for woman wields a power that man is loth to admit, and we regret that we had not made politics a subject of thought and study years ago, that we might now be enabled to know how and where to strike with the most telling effect. None of us know what position we may be called upon to fill, and perhaps be thrust upon the world with a living to make for a lot of little, helpless ones, as has been the case with us. So we would advise our sisters to read, think and prepare themselves for any emergency, that they may not feel their helplessness as we have done. Send for the *Woman's Herald of Industry.* San Francisco, Cal. It will not harm you, but will give you wholesale food for thought.

—*Boonville News.*

Business Notices.

HORN'S Electro-Magnetic Belt is conceded to be the very best on the Coast. It cures without medicine many of the most aggravated forms of disease. If you do not believe that electricity is life, call at 702 Market street and be convinced.

BUY your paper of Bonestell, Allen & Co., 415 Sansome street; your hardware of Osborn & Alexander, 628 Market street; your fruit-dryers and Blymyer bells of Linforth, Rice & Co., 325 Market street, your artists' materials, paints, oils, glass, varnishes, of Bass & Co., 27 Dupont street; pure groceries of Hawley & Co., 217 Sutter street; dry goods at The White House; cloaks at Sullivan's; and crayon portraits at Kalenmyer's, 724½ Market: Union Flanels of Mrs. Ober, 326 Sutter; Gents Furnishing Goods of Nicoll the Tailor, 818 Market: Standard Soap at 637 Market: Wire Rope of Hallidie, 6 California St.; Printing Materials of Marder, Luse & Co, 528 Sactamento St.; Gas Fixtures of Mc Nally & Hawkins 607 Market; Seeds, bulbs and Plants of Trumbull & Co., 421 Sansomo; Hair Jewelry of Mrs. A. O. Cook, 126 Kearney and Pianos of Antisell & Co., Market and Powell.

Take your bullion to Prof. Price, 524 Sacramento St.; your lawsuits to Clara S Foltz, 26 Montgomery Block; Co-operative Dressmaking to Mrs. L. W. Briggs, 422 Powell; Voice Culture to Prof. Ross St. Anns Bldg; Ornimental Painting to Hopps & Sons: Go to Healds, 24 Post, for a Commercial Education; Colemans', 203 California St., for Shipping information and to Douglass, 120 Sutter, for Wstchmaking.

Gentlemen in search of the latest style in Gents Furnishing Goods will find exactly what they want, breakfast suits,, business suits, hunting suits, wedding suits and price to suit at NICOLL THF TAILOR'S, 818 Market Street. S. F.

Buy the Dietz DUST-PAN—an invalnagem, invented by a woman—that no good housekeeper shoulb be without it for a day. The S. S. S. use, and recommend it.

Hickory Valley, Union Co., Tenn., has two remarkable women: Sarah Lett, who weighs 257 pounds, and her Lucinda, who weighs 207 pounds. These women are remarkably strong and healthy. They perform all kinds of out-door labor, swing the ax and use the mattox and hoe as skillfully as stout men. These sisters, last year, raised 700 bushels of corn be sides large crops of wheat, oats and hay.

Take your stand by the altar of truth, and be not led or driven thence by sophistry or ridicule.

Subscribe for
Womans Herald of Industry,

Capersauce.

A CASE OF IMMERSION.

I heard yesterday from unquestionabe authority a good story of the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, which is quite too good for private circulation. When he first went to Elmira, a good many years ago, he was somewhat free and easy in his theology, holding, as he still holds, that the life was more than the creed, and the deportment more the dogma. One day a woman called and said she wanted to join his church.

"Very well," he said, "come in; glad to see you."

"But," she said, "I must be immersed."

"I can't duck you all over," he explained; "no dish big enough."

"Well," she repeated, in a troubled frame of mind, "I must be immersed all over; I have been reading the Bible, and I am sure the teaching is that we must be entirely immersed."

"Then go and join Brother Hodson's church," he suggested, "they have a baptistry up there, and there isn't any vital difference between us and the Baptists."

"No," said she, "my friends are here in your church; I want to be with them."

He pondered over it awhile, and then said: "See here, suppose you go up and see Brother Hodgson, and tell him to immerse you so that you can come and join us."

So she went and spoke after that manner.

"Did Mr. Beecher tell you to come up here for that?" asked the irate Hodgson in a loud voice.

She affirmed that such was his suggestion.

"Very well!" exclaimed the affronted Baptist, getting warmer and warmer as he thought of the highly audacious proposition; "very well! very well! You go back and tell Beecher that he's mistaken if he thinks I'm going to do his dirty work."

The lady fled in terror. That evening her husband called on the Rev. Hodgson to demand satisfaction. "No, sir! I wont sit down! he answered as he came into the minister's presence; "did you speak of the immersion of my wife as dirty work? that is what I want to know!" and he slammed on the table and doubled up the, two fingers of his right hand as if about to wring the clerical nose with them. Mr. Hodgson backed to the other corner of the room, near the open door, and explained that he ment no offence; he merely ment, etc.; etc., he did intend, etc., etc.; in a Pickwickian sense, and for the dignity of his denomination, etc., etc.; but he would be most happy etc., etc.

"No! I'll be d—hanged if you do!" exclaimed the wrath-striken visitor, jamming the door with his fist. You'll never put a teaspoonful of water on any of my family. And you indulge in any more sideway remarks and I'll 'dirty work' you! And he slammed his hat down over his eyes, uttered a growl of unsatisfied anguish, went home and carried all his folks over to Beecher's church, "dip or no dip," as he expressed it.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A prize poem written by a blue jacket on a war-ship, which he recited once before a lady who came on board to admire the sailor poet, ran in this fashion: "There was a bloody sparrow, lived in a bloody spout, down came the bloody rain, and washed the bloody sparrow out. Then came the bloody sunshine, and dried up the bloody rain, and then the bloody sparrow got into the bloody spout again."

Parents have no more right to take their babies to public entertainments than they have to take their pigs there and twist their tails to make them squeal.—X

Laughter is better than physic.

W. B. Douglass,

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 1. No. 9. San Francisco, California, August, 1882. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

A Monthly Newspaper, published the first day o every Month in San Frandisco, devoted to the interests of Woman—to her emancipation from mental and fysical serfdom, thru self-help, and co-operation.

MRS. J. W. STOW, Editer.

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CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.

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PUBLIC MEETINGS AT THE S. S. S. 1ST AND 3D SATURDAYS OF EACH MONTH AT 2½ P. M.—FREE EXERCISES; Recitation. Sentiments Offered. Reading and discussing a short paper, and questions pertaningto the legal disabilities of women answered, Music. All WOMEN are coudially invited.

BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—Double scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is embroidered in gold on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is worn on the left brest with a star spangle or a badge pin. Those of the Reception Commitee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, showing an inch below and half an inch above. Ribbon one and a fourth inch wide.

Star badges, post-paid, fifty cents apiece.

WOMAN'S REPUBLIC.—Founded by Mrs. J. W. Stow, June 7, 1881, for the purpose of creating an independent center of thought and action for women, where they can meet once, twice, thrice a week, and discuss all questions with a freedom and thoroness heretofore undreamed of; where every subject pertaining to the well-being of the race is fully exposed to the sunlight of truth and investigation. Only filthy and obscene minds can speak of the sacred function of creating and bearing children as "dirty." Every ray of light emanating from the lamp of reason should be focused upon it. To eradicate evil we must begin at the germ.

THE SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE
of the
CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
will be held in SAN FRANCISCO, the 7th and 8th, of September, 1882.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE PREMIUMS.

OFFERED BY MRS. J. W. STOW.

First Premium.—Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Labor: Its Value to Woman." Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Bread: The Staff of Life." Ten Dollars ($10.00) for the best loaf of bread.

Second Premium.—"Probate Confiscation" and "Probate Chaff," for each of the second best of the two essays.

THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSCI'N wil hold its SECOND Annual Conference on Wensday and Thursday the 6th and 7th of September. Al persons, Liberals and Conservatives, and al societies of the new and of the old ar cordially invited to be present, and participate in the oxercises. Co-operation is the watchword of the hour.

Special attention is called to Miss Austins' valuable article "Woman as a Farmer," 4th page. Miss Austin commenced farming two years before water, for irrigating purposes, was brought into the Colonies. She has had much rough experience, as a pioneer, thar other women will not be likely to have.

GRAND

PROCLAMATION!!!

MRS. J. W. STOW,

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE
for
GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.

Everything in this abnormal, wholly masculine State Household has become so littered with party issues, and clogged with the debris of party strife and corrupt practices, that a good housewife is needed at the helm of State, with broom and dust-pan to sweep up and out the accumulated rubbish of years.

Mrs Stow is a self-made woman, a farmer's daughter educated at Oberlin, and early trained in an applied school of practical activities. She worked for the widows and orphans of soldiers during the Rebellion, and she has been working for the widows and orphans of the Nation ever since: Therefore, she fearlessly steps to the front, and falls in line with the generals, lawyers, merchants, miners, doctors, priests and politicians, who are seeking to grace the gubernatorial chair of the second (in size) state in the Union—the *Empire* State of the Pacific.

Is it not befitting this Golden State, with her head in the clouds and her feet in the sea, to be the first to have the honor of placing a civic crown—which no woman has ever worn in this great confederate sisterhood of states—upon a women's brow?

Nothing will unite the warring, trinitarian *isms*—Republicanism, Democratism and Greenbackism, but a *voteless* candidate; one who does not attempt to "control" a primary, "manipulate a club, or "butten-hole" a delegate.

Mrs. Stow is with the people, of the people and for the people; she is in the prime of life, unpickled with whiskey and tobacco and enjoys perfect health. Health and maturity are what is needed in a helmsman, not old age and invalidism. Mrs. Stow is anti-monoply, anti-ring, anti-Chinese: she believes in honesty, not policy; in reason, not speculation; in truth not falsehood. She does not fish, hunt nor play poker. No attractions can lure her from the post of duty.

Reasons why Mrs. Stow should be Govenor of California—

First; She is a scholar, orator and editor; second: Women, from Deborah to Victoria, have proved themselves better rulers than men; Third She is the first woman in the world who has sought such an honor; therefore, by every code of chivalry it should be granted; by every law of justice it should be granted; by every reward of merit, it shonld be granted.

What Mrs. Stow pledges herself to do as Governor of California—

1st: Give Woman the ballot;
2ond: Retire the Chinese;
3d: Make honesty profitable;
4th: Season law with justice;
5th; Put a snaffle bit in the mouth of Monopoly;
6th: Stamp *Prohibition* upon the escutcheon of the state;
7th; Abolish Probate Courts, and burn the widows.

Does Mrs. Stow expect to be governor of California? Ceriainly she does! While visiting the Concord School of Philosophy, three years ago, Prof. Wasson said to her, "Mrs. Stow I shall expect to hear that you are a United States' senator, in a few years. We need just such women as you in Congress." To be Governor is the stepping-stone to that office and senatorship will be the stepping-stone to the Presidential Chair.

SUBSCRIBERS who do not receive the HERALD *promptly, should notify the* OFFICE *at once.*

S. S. S.

COLLEGE OF INDUSTRY,
—for—
WOMEN AND GIRLS,
—at—
304 Stockton St., San Francisco, California.

LEADING BRANCHES TAUGHT,
TYPE SETTING.....
PHYSICAL CULTURE.....
DRESS REFORM.....

ANONYMOUS and *nonymous*, kind and malicious letters fall about the HERALD'S desk, as thick and many hued as leaves in Ambrosia, all sounding the same raven-note of alarm: all saying: Dont uncover any pits for fear of smells. We dont want to hear, see nor smell this subject. Better that we give a few of our daughters, in their virgin purity, to swell the ranks of prostitution than to speak one word; better that our sons, in the strength of their manhood, should sow their wild oates in blissful ignorance than to speak one word: better continue peopling this fair earth with paupers and criminals than to speak one word: better die of pestilence, rotting by slow torture, than to uncover the cesspools of pollution and look at them and smell of them, for fear our eyes, nose and ears would council together and devise ways and means for purification.

Is this 19th century wisdom? Is this 19th century Christianity? Is this 19th century decency? If a festering carcass is thrown on your door-sill dont you look at it and smell it and then have it burnt, or burried out of sight so *deep* that it cannot cause a pestilence? If you have an ulcer in applying the lance does not the surgeon see, and smell it too?

Civilization has got an ulcer that the *clean* minds of the world dare look at and smell of, and then council together, by voice and pen, and all the powers of hypocracy, prudery and concervatism is as thistledown to put it down.

If to discuss the Social Evil question, in all it bearings, and a speedy and safe remedial agency for one of the most atrocious crimes, is "nasty talk from a filthy brain," then does Josephine Butlar, Caroline B. Winslow, M. D., and scores of other noble and fearless women talk and write "nasty" all the time through the columes of the *Alpha*, Moral Educational Societies, and Boston Institute of Heredity. While Mrs. Stow "talks nasty" in such good company her work will not be injured by a fusilade of paper bullets or a covert brawl of slymy tongues.

When she was East, two years ago, she read papers, by invitation from Drs. Winslow and Lassen, before the Moral Education Societies of Washington, D. C., and Brooklyn, N. Y.

Does "A Lady" know that a Congress of Nations was held at Geneva, Swtzerlund, in 1877, to discuss the "nasty" Social Evil question?—that Julia Ward Howe, Caroline B. Winslow and William Lloyd Garrison were U. S. delegates to that convention? Probably not. She was too much absorbed in the study of "a Paul de Cock and a Boccaccio." Whilst "A Lady" and husband were reading "Paul de Cock and Boccaccio," Mrs. Stow and her husband were reading "The History of Prostitution."

What of this "nasty" subject, sisters and brothers? Let us hear from you on the subject.

PETITION TO THE STOW BILL.—Every woman and man who loves justice is asked to cut out this Petition and get as many names signed to it before the first of January as pssslble, then send it to Mrs. Stow, who will personally look after her Bill while occupying the gubernatorial mansion.

Subscribe for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY—$1.

SCISSORS.

"Tired"? Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on flowery beds of ease?
Fanned by the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! Work, while 'tis glorious day!
Coward, arise! Go forth without delay!
Behold the untried track!—Life's grand highway.

Castration is the only safe and sure cure for rape.

Mrs. California Hitchcock, widow of W. H. Hitchcock, has assumed the duties of her late husband's deputyship in the County Recorder's office.

Prostitution is the cancer of civilization.

Hindo widows are going to petition Queen Victoria to prevent their cast ostracization on re-marriage.

American mothers are going to petition Queen Grundy to prevent their daughter's cast ostracism when they become professional prostitutes.

Does a cancer improve the health of a christian civilization?

If as much care were taken to perpetuate a race of fine men and women as is done to prevent the mixture of ignoble blood in horses and dogs, the genealogy of every one woule be written on the face and displayed in the manners.

Read the "History of Prostitution" all ye mothers who are educating your daughters for the profession.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a most readable journal. It is edited and published by Mrs. J. W. Stow, of San Francisco. The articles show unusual strength and originality. Some of them point, most significantly, to practicable remedies for existing causes of crime and vagrancy. Mrs. Stow is an independent candidate for Governor of California.
—*Democrat Standard*, Eureka, Cal.

Let the "History of Prostitution" take the place of the Bible til the world is purged of its sin.

Clara S. Foltz, the brilliant young lawyer of San Francisco, visited the United States court at Portland, Oregon, recently, and was (to the surprise of a number bf the leading lawyers, who had dropped in to hear Judge Deady deliver an opinion in an important case) politely invited to a seat with His Honor upon the Bench. This was a neat compliment to the lady, and one which her many friends of the California Bar will appreciate.—*New Northwest*. The light of a good Dead(y) shines a long way.—W. H. of I.

Let us make the *necessary* resorts of our fathers and grandfathers, husbands and sons, lovers and gentlemen friends respectable, by all means. Respectability and *chic* are watchwords of the hour.

Go to the birds of the air and the beasts of the fields for purity. They have no abnormal necessities.

State Democratic Convention, San Jose,—Mrs. Knox-Goodrich (and about a dozen other ladies) was present at the organization to-day. She was interviewed by several newspaper men, and was never at a loss for an answer to the many queries which they freely propounded. Laura de Force Gordon, a lawyer of San Francisco, represented the Lodi *Sentinel*. She offered (by mosculine paoxy) this resolution: That we favor the enfranchisement of the women citizens of California, as a protection against the further encroachment of competing Chinese laborers. It was "refered" and lost. *Murcury*.

Let every mother make choice of the firstlings of her flock for living sacrifices on the altar of necessity.

Beautiful Probate.—Administrator's sale: A lot on Elizabeth street $14: A lot on Caroline street $11. Of the proceeds, $20 was spent in advertising leaving a residue of $5 to be divided up among the heirs and asigns. Probate science is a beautiful science.

Doomsday—for the corset and petticoat.

The San Francisco Society of Decorative Art offers $345 in ten prizes for designs for embroidery: Scenes portiere, drawing outline work on silk or linen, panel work, lambrequins, and for the best designs of California wild flowers suitable for decorative purposes. This is practical, encouraging to home talent, and evinces a praiseworthy spirit to advance art tasts.

Every child has a right to be well born.

The Magi, fire worshipers, purified both mind and body when they desired to emulate God and become creators; and during the period of gestation, and virgin purity, the women were surrounded with all beautiful things, and taken up to the sacred mountain to enjoy the lovely scenery and listen to nature's minstrelsy.

Children's Corner.

NELLIE'S KITTEN.

The naughtiest ketten that ever you saw,
Not content with plump little mice;
So sleek, and so fat, and so fleet of foot.
—And in flavor so very nice—
The mice.

And birds, she wants the beautiful birds,
She wants to eat poor Nellie's canary,
Whose song is the pride and joy of her heart;
The dear little trilling, warbling, merry,
Canary.

Oh! she wants to eat all the feathers, too,
And the soft down under his wings,
His little pink feet and twinkling eyes,
His bill and bones, as he gaily sings—
And swings.

And butterflies, too, in fields of clover,
She wants them all in Nell's red mitten,
Then to toss them out on the chimney rug
And frolic all day with those not bitten,
Kitten.

O fie naughty kit! when kittenhood's done
And you grow so soon to a sober cat,
You'll wish you had never eaten a fly,
Nor made a bed of Nell's "love of a hat,"
Or sat—

With your little sharp claws, all ready to spring
Up thru the curtains of gossamer lace,
As soon as Nellie has opened the shutters;
Then chasing the sunbeams in every place—
A race;

Winning or loosing it matters not which,
But some day you'll mind what I tell you
Keeping your whiskers out of the cream-jug,
While teaching *your* kits to say pur-mew,
Adieu.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

When the driver saw their blanched faces, he swooped up the things which had been removed from the wagon, and tossed them back, all in a heap, saying—

"Jump in all on ye in a jiffy! fur hturs Injuns in these yer woods, an sumtimes they's meddlesum, ef they'r hungry."

The words were hardly spoken ere whiz! went something close to their heads, and stuck in the bark of a tree near them. It proved to be a feathered arrow, shot from the bow of some recreant savage, probably more to frighten them to do personal harm, for they saw and heard no more of him.

The mother, with an involantary shudder, begged the man to drive on as fast as possible, while she screened her darlings, by placing herself between them and danger. He gave the lines into Terry's hands, after the horses were fairly started, and reaching down unearthed a rifle and carefully examined the lock, to see that it was in prime condition, saying, as he laid it down conveniently beside him:

"Let 'im show a hed 'an I'll giv'm a taste ov old Chargers mettle—the *pizen* red skins!"

But they went forward without further molestation and soon came to a clearing, where cattle were grazing and a man plowing—breaking up the virgin soil with two yokes of stout oxen.

"Who-a!" he shouted as the wagon came in view; and leaving the plow in the half-finished furrow he came forward, looking lean and yellow, with a general down-at-the-heel expression from the toes of his slipshod shoes to the crown of his semi-brimless hat, which was weather-stained, ill favord and musty.

'How d'y diew! goin ter settle eny whar bout these digins? Cum in," he continued, without stopping to take breath or waiting for an answer, "an' my ole 'oman she'll git yer a snappin cup o' tea that'll chirk yer up sum I gess, fur yer luck tired enymost ter deth—clean tuckerd eaout."

"No, thank you!", replied Mrs. B. (who longed for, and felt the need of a good cup of tea to quiet her nerves, but could not wait for it to be drawn), "we have many long miles before us, and shall hardly reach the end of our journey before night-fall, if we keep steadily on."

"Gess yer a yarker!" queried the man, with a comical smile lighting up his sunburnt face ,and a tracery of tobacco juce upon his chin, while his tattered hat sat on the back of his head like an inverted saucepan.

"Yes, I am," she replied. "We're going to make a home for ourselves and little ones, some distance beyond this clearing. My husband has been there several weeks, getting ready for our coming."

"Waal I hope yer wont hev coz fur sorrer," said the Settler, with a doleful expression. "Yer see'ts kinder lunsum an' summut *agerish* in these parts. My ole 'oman's frum Yark state, tew, an' she'll be drefful tickuld ter see ye fur she's the humsickedest critter, perked up in the house all alone, that iver married fur luv. But she's had the shakes ny onter all the time—more'n tew yer, I gess."

"I should think that enough to sicken the stoutest heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Breeze, with a premonitory shiver—wondering if that subtle foe of frontier life, so dificult to cast out, was lying in wait for herself and the jewels of her household. Bidding the woodsman "Good day!" with a friendly admonition to keep his courage up, they drove rapidly foward, over exposed roots and through deep mud holes. The road, from the clearing, was entirely unimproved, save the blazing of the trees and the removal of the underbrush, it was in a state of nature.

Blazing the trees means chipping of a piece of the bark and wood, on one side of the wagon or bridle-path. This prevented travelers from getting lost when the snow had not been trodden, and woe betide them if they lost sight of those friendly way-marks.

As the shadows began to lengthen Mrs. Breeze enquired of the driver how much further they had to go.

"Waal not more'n five or six mile at the uttermost," he replied with an assuring nod.

"Why, that is a very long distance for tired horses, a bad road and the sun almost down," she exclaimed, as a pained anxious look came over her face. Terry's quick ear detecting the change in his mother's voice, he slipt down from his perch and begged her to lean against him, while he took Etta, who had fallen asleep with her head in her mother's lap, in his arms. His request having been gratefully complied with, Milly cuddled up close on the other side of him saying, as she drew her shawl over her shoulders—for it was growing cool:

"It's too bad pap's sick, aint it Tay? But he'll get well fast when he sees us," she continued without waiting a reply. I've got him a nice present, and that'll make him all right, I guess.

"Why what is it puss?" chimed in her brother, "you're a sly little mouse. I never thought of such a thing. Of course it will kill or cure pap—but tell a feller what it is, that's a good girlie. Come now!"

"O it's a secret!" said Milly pursing up her mouth and looking very consequential, "and big boys should n't be inquisitive, you know!"

"Ho, hum! I smell the blood of an Inglishmun," exclaimed Terry with a prolonged whistle, which woke all the echoes in the sleepy old forest. Taking the sly cut with good grace, he continued—

"It's very tantalizing to the private feelings of a young gentleman, to be groping in the darkness, though, consumed with curiosity and dying to be told all about it—the color of it's hair the clothes it shall wear, the day it is married to me. Come, tell! If you will the minuit dame Nature makes the feathers fly, I'll fly you over the snow, on Reindeer's back, faster'n ever Cris Cringle's ponies' could."

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY GERTIE S. SMYTH.

BAKED APPLES.

Buy a small tin apple-corer; core with it as many apples as you want, *without peeling them*; place them on a dish, fill the vacancies left by covering with sugar; set in a hot oven and bake till they are well done. There is no better recipe than this for cooking apples.

POTATOES.—What an amount of time is wasted in peeling them, to say nothing of the valuable nutriment which goes with that part of them which is right under the outer skin. Bake your potatoes with their jackets on, or boil them with their jackets on, else a large part of their best qualities is dissolved and thrown away in the boiling water.

BEEF.—The best way to cook beef is to boil or roast it. In both cases it should be subjected at once to a heat intense enough to form a protective crust which shall retain the juices at its centre. Corned beef contains very little of the original nutriment, this having dissolved out in the brine, so that we get not much but chips. They may have an agreeable taste, due to the brine, but it is best to partake spraingly of anything which simply pleases the palate, but which offers no compensation to the digestive organs for the labor they must bestow upon it.

Meat which is to be boiled or roasted should never be seasoned until after it has been cooked; salting before cooking will make any kind of of meat or poultry tough. If meat is to be boiled, it should be put at once into boiling water for the same that it should be put in a hot oven to roast, so as to assist it to retain as much as possible of its own juices.

G. S. S.

The introduction of the mungoose into the island of Jamacia has, by the destruction of a certain species of rat, increased the yield of sugar on certain plantations by twenty-five tons, besides dispensing with the annual cost of many dollars for the services of rat-catchers.

SALT AS A FERTILIZER.—The Massachusetts Agricultural Society is said to have arrived at the following conclusions in regard to the manural value of salt: "That salt has the property of hastening the maturing of all grain crops; that wheat on salted land will ripen six or ten days earlier than on unsalted land, all other conditions being equal; that it increases the yield from 25 to 50 per cent, that it stiffens the straw and prevents rust and smut; that it checks, if it does not entirely prevent, the ravages of the chinch bug.

Air as expired by phthisical animals when inspired by others through carbolized cotton did not cause consumption in them, while, as M. Giboux's experiments go to show, the breath of the phthisically afflicted "introduced twice a day for 150 days into a wooden case containtng two rabbits, the grated apertures of the case being closed for two hours, tubercules appeared in the rabbit's langs." Too great caution can hardly be exercised in dealing with consumptives.

EAT ONIONS.—I venture to suggest a new but simple remedy for want of sleep, says a man who has had experience. Opiates, in any form, even the *liquor opii seda* and cholorform will leave traces of their influence next morning. I, therefore, prescribe for myself—and have frequently done so for others—onions; simply onions, raw, but Spanish onions stewed will do. All know the taste of onions; this is due to a peculiar essential oil contained in this most valuable and healthy root. The oil has, I am sure, highly soporific powers. In my own case they never fail. If I am much pressed with work and feel that I shall not sleep, I eat two or three small onions, and the effect is magical. Onions are always excellent things to eat when much exposed to intenose cold. Finally, if a person cannot sleep, it is because the blood is in the brain, and not in the stomach. The remedy, therefore, is obvious. Call the blood down from the brain to the stomach. This isto be done by eating a biscuit, a hard-boiled egg, a bit of bread and cheese, or something. Follow this up with a glass of milk, or even water, and you will fall asleep, and will, I trust, bless the name of the writer.

MILK AS A MEDICINE.—General Robert C. Schenck, ex-Minister to England, instead of being very decrepid, as has been represented in newspapers, appears to be in good physical condition. He stated to a correspondent that he had been given up some months ago as incurable with Bright's disease of the kidneys, when his physician told him to use skimmed milk as his only diet. He says: "I tackled the skimmed milk, stuck to it, and here I am almost a new man, I believe the skimmed milk is a specific for Bright's disease." As to the use of milk plain or unskimmed, in the treatment of typhoid fever and other fevers and of the milk treatment of typhoid with buttermilk, successfully, the writer had heard before. Surgeon-General Barnes, about three years ago, heard of an old allopathic physician in Virginia, who, it was alleged, never failed to cure typhoid fever. As there were many patients in the United States Army dying with that disease, General Barnes concluded to visit the ancient Virginia doctor and learn how he treated his typhoid patients. When he met the old gentleman, General Barnes inquired: "What is the mode of treatment by which you succeed?" "Why," replied the venerable physcian, "it's the simplest thing in the world; all you've got to do is to get the patient's stomach in good order, and then fill them up with buttermilk, and keep their stomachs filled with that alone. That's all. I never lose a patient if he isn't already in a collapsed condition when I get to him." Surgeon-General Barnes tells your informant that he adopted the buttermilk treatment among the soldiers in the army, and has found it most efficacious. It appears that some ten years ago the medical scientists of France and Russia compared notes as to the use of plain sweet milk in the treatment of their hospital typhoid patients, and concurred in the statement that milk not only is of wonderful efficacy in typhoidal cases, but in the treatment of fevers generally.

If one wishes to grow fleshy, a pint of milk taken on retiring at night will soon cover the scrawniest bones;

FLIES:—Take an ounce of the oil of lavender and pour it into a pint bottle of cold water and shake up. The mixture is a medicinal one only. If dissolved in alchohol it will be a perfect solution, but this makes it more expensive. Scatter the water and lavender around the room and the flies will go away. Three or four doses will rid the house of the pests.

Dietz Patent Crum Receiver.—Our sister city across the bay ought to be very proud—as no doubt she is—of her home talent, feminine talent. The Misses Dietz have not only invented and patented a dustless dust-pan, but also a Crum Receiver which is destined to supplant all the clumsy, cloth-smearing contrivenaes invented by men. Now that women have taken to inventing we shall some sensible things in the house, as well as out of doors. Buy the Receiver!

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME OF
THE RATIONAL DRESS SOCIETY.
London, England.

So many questions are asked as to the divided skirt we recommend, that it seems desirable to issue a short leaflet on the subject. Not because it is the principle reform we advocate, or even an indispensable part of it, but as it is the only new part of it, it excites more attention and without explanation is liable to be misapprehended.

The divided skirt is a skirt divided between the legs so as to clothe each leg separately, the under clothing to be arranged beneath this as most convenient. It should come to about the instep, quite clearing the ground, and be made about a yard round at the ankle. An ordinary dress skirt is worn over this, which may be as much or as little trimmed as the wearer may fancy, although to secure lightness the less the better.

The divided skirt may appear under the top skirt about two or three inches without exciting the least notice.

The divided skirt and the under garments may be fastened to a broad band fitted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any sort round the waist. Or, if preferred, hooks or buttons can be placed on a calico bodice to be attached to corresponding loops on the skirts. The top part of the dress may be any loose body or jacket the wearer may choose, always avoiding bands, ligatures, or pressure of any sort from below the fixed ribs to the top of the hips.

In this costume the weight of clothing may be reduced at least one-half, because as the divided skirts cover the body fully and evenly, fewer layers of clothing are required, and less material in their construction. We have here a style of dress by which no internal organ can be injured, no muscle cramped, no movement of the body impeded, and to which the wearer may add as much grace and beauty as her own good taste may direct.

NOTICE:—The Committee of the "Rational Dress Society," intends to protest against the attempt to introduce any fashion in dress which either deforms the figure, impedes the movements of the body, or injures the health, and earnestly begs members of the society to avoid wearing any article of dress so denounced.

They protest against corsets or tight fitting bodices of any kind, high or narrow heeled boots and shoes, as injurious to health.

Against heavily weighted skirts, as rendering healthy exercise almost impossible, and all tie down cloaks or other garments which impede the movements of the arms.

Against crinolines, or crinolettes of any kind or shape, as deforming, indecent, and vulgar.

THE WOMAN'S PROTECTIVE LEAGUE, of San Francisco, has effected a permanent, incorporate, organization, wito the following officers: President Mrs. C. M. Tompsoif; V-H., Mrs. L. C. Marvin: Sec.,Mrs. M. J. Stephens; Treas., Mrs. C. Cognaise. The object of the society, to substitute white for Chinese labor, is a noble one and is worthy of an abundant support.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

The moving spirit of this journal is so practical that I make all haste to express my symphathy and co-operation. I shall commend its aim and bespeak its patronage, because it places industry, utility and independence for women, before the silly strife for artificial beauty; the languishing pretence for æsthetics, is truly refreshing, and promises worthy rewards in mending sickly, sensual opinions. Experience led me into reform, and fortunately began with dress, the preparation for all branches. Am sure I do not lay over stress upon it, for bad styles vitiate the best food after it is taken, and disease every organ of the body. I assure Woman's Journal and E. F. Edwards "petticoats will be put to rout;" they are not adapted to exercise, and only to invalids who do not walk. These statements made, and lifes great purpose felt, 'tis not so very hard to face fashion shams and old time bigotry. Rights and wrongs are being elucidated; your brave Herald is both leading and backing laborers on to the goal of power; they are weak indeed who falter now. I had not heard of rebellion to usage, had no journal or staying hand behind me, in my lone start, but merely high use before. Readers may thank me for a brief outline. Just forty years ago I was dying of DRESS, as most women die. Convinced that in nought else I had violated health, I changed styles that some consciousness of innocence might soothe my last hours, for a sense of suicidal sin haunted me. Corsets gave place to soft, loose waists on which were buttoned good, ample drawers, supplanting petticoats. Over dress was widened in body, narrowed in skirt, and shortened to eight inches from the floor. You see it was similar to the English Rational, but better, than leaving flounces on the feet, binding drapery on the limbs. Think Lady Harberton will soon see her change insufficient, that it mocks the aim, that it is demerit to hide the effort at relief by so much retained obstruction. Each woman should be encouraged to curtail the burden of all she is grown to approve for self. We should not heed opposition intended to scare by such terms at "loud and vulgar" hurled at the primative effort.

When my light suit began to energise my body, instead of my happiness in laying it off, I knew fashion would never more sway me. Amid spread flounces and hoops I was called "bean-pole," but life had become too grand to heed folly. The people, wise and foolish, confessed true dress cared me, and false garb would have killed me. I wore it nine years, then the great dress movement offered a better style, and caused me to wonder that I had not devised and adopt d it alone.

The amount of labor both motor and mental that I have since performed could not be believed, if I could relate. Suitably draped, woman can do any kind of work with more ease than now they do trifles. I have proven this in making my home and grounds in this village—tho' done by disregarding ostracism, and in spite of most men, the ability and merit are generally conceded. So, from experience I can say to woman act from your own council the good will commend, the bad will be compelled to. With right culture girls can make homes if they need them, and defer marriage till made from pure principle, even if they walk alone till they roam spirit relms. I emphasize dress because of its first need, under existing ills, in empowering weak and misdirected functions; and its indispensable aid in the great questions now before the nations, more liberty. Europe has been looking to America for lead in this reform, has made some efforts, and now is moving again. German women have made a radical start at Berlin; I am anxious to learn of their prospects. Wish they would give an account to me personally, or to the American reform journals. Also the English effort—a line of sympathy between would facilitate all. An appropriate name for the reform, to suit all nations, has exercised my mind. It must not assume a fashion, that is arbitary, but should be a system based in physical science, but recognising individual freedom. It is difficult to give the full idea in a brief phraise. Scientific system, or Rational System of Dress, is correct in idea, and do not differ escentially. Perhaps thro' the W. H. OF I. we can commune across the waters and fix on a universal appellation.

Vineland, N. J.

A CHRISTIAN ANSWER.

Richard Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland—Sir:—In answer to your official of last week, and in the face of your terrible threats, I stand forth, in the name of the women of the Parnell Branch of the Land League, and say we will not deviate or falter in the reghteous cause we have undertaken. This is no trifling affair, no light task. We have chosen it as a work, as a duty. There can be no grander or holier one—the redemption of our native land. No petty malice shall turn us back. Our path, though beset with obstacles, lies ahead; our standard bears the motto of truth and right. We stand beneath its folds and tell our foes there is no surrender. The work of years, the opposition so seriously, so persistently carried on against Irish societies of this city, has at least culminated in your ungallant, unmanly and bitter attack hurled upon the heads of the women of the Land League. We resent such interference. We understand the motives that actuate you in this last move. Finding our ranks unbroken, that we remained firm after your first censure, you bring the whole force of the church, and with fierce and furious denounciations seek to crush us. I have yet to learn how one bishop, without authority from the fountain head of the church, can excommuniate any individual or society engaged in seeking the freedom of their native land. There is no law, no rule laid down within the church; there is nothing that can be brought to bear upon us in asserting our rights in standing forth in our country's defence. Hath not God said, "The earth, He hath given to the children of men"? The stigma of immodesty, indelicacy and political brawling you try to cast upon us. I fling it back. Our conduct and pure, high motives would be worthy of imitation by anybody outside the Parnell Ladies' Land League.

Here in this free land of America, where freedom of speech is uncontrolled, where the grand old flag waves proudly to the breeze and bids defiance to the world; here where the blood of our brothers has bedewed the sod, hand in hand fighting with their American brothers in the cause of right and justice, we take our stand and, fronting our enemies, pursue the path we have marked out. If for this we are un-Catholic, then we are proud to be called heretics. Heretics we are in the good fight; heretics, we hate Christian England. No opposition shall make us swerve, no personal malice turn us back. The God of Justice is on our side, and though to-day our country lies low beneath the yoke of England, fallen amongst the nations of the earth, we shall not desert, but stand firmer to her trust.

MARY T. ROWLAND,
President Ladies' Branch
Parnell Land League.

Mrs. Ina B. Camphausen, of San Francisco, is a U. S. mail contractor: The only woman who fills the position.

For the Herald.

No. 2.

THE ART OF DANCING.

BY NAT. T. COULSON.

THE QUADRILLE.—This artistic dance is of all dances, the simplest and most social. The old, young, robust and slender—may all participate in its various figures and pleasant evolutions with equal satisfaction. It admits a general conversation and has frequent change of partners. Some fastidious persons, however, appear to depreciate the benefits of even this fascinating dance, which is the most universally approved of all the fashionable dances, and exhibit extremely bad taste in meeting their most intimate friends and acquaintances with averted faces, and assuming pompous airs, which seem to say: "I reluctantly condescend to dance at all." It is hoped, *nay more*, it is believed that the number of this class who attend frequent social gatherings, may eventually be found in the minority. Yet, there are too many, who are not satisfied unless spinning around the room in a polka or gallop, to the annoyance of all assembled. People of this class are sometimes under the impression, that they possess some superior outward attraction, or an abundance of accomplishments, and therefore, demand great attention. The best dancers always dance in a gentle, easy style, avoiding all show or effectation; while those who are violent in their motions, are either exceedingly poor dancers, or persons somewhat destitute of refinement.

The prominent characteristic in a QUADRILLE, is the simplicity and gracefullness, in which, the participants should glide through the different figures. It requires a correct ear and strict attention to the music, and it would be very unbecoming for either lady or gentleman to carelessly perform, the evolutions of any square dance, regardless of time and equally indifferent as to the impression to be made on others. There is certainly a great difference of opinion in dancing the modern *quadrille*; as will be observed by any person, who may visit various dancing academies; almost every proffessor, or instructor having a peculiar method of his own. While some cultivated people are willing to conform to the proper mode in which the figures should be performed, there are others less fastidious; and from an excessive fondness for *waltzing*, convert all the figures of the balance, into those of a *waltz*, and not unfrequently destroying the harmony that should exist, between the participants of a quadrille.

"In our next number, we will give some advice to WALTZERS."

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

Cato, at eighty years of age, began to study the Greek language Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to to play on musical instruments. Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, began to learn Latin. Doctor Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteon years, wrote the memoirs of his own times. Ogilby, the translater of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty. Franklin did not commence his philosophial studies till he had reached his fiftieth year. Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year commenced the translation of the æneid, his most pleasing production. Boccaccio was thirty when he commenced his studies in light literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialect. Dante and Petrarch being the other two. Many similar cases might be cited.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1882.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

ENDEAVOR.

A moaning cry, as the world rolls by.
Through gloom of cloud and glory of sky,
Rings in my ears forever,
And I know not what it profits a man
To plow and sow, to study and plan.
And reap the harvest never,
"Abide in truth, abide,"
Spake a low voice at my side,
"Abide thou, and endeavor."

And even though, after care and toil,
I should see my hopes from a kindly soil,
Though late, yet blooming ever;
Perchance the prize were not worth the pain,
Perchance this fretting and wasting of brain
Wins its true guerdon never,
"Abide in love, abide,"
The tender voice replied'
"Abide thou, and endeavor."

Strive, endeavor: It profits more
To fight and fail, than on Time's dull shore
To sit and idler ever;
For to him who bares his arm in strife,
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth never.
"Therefore in faith abide,"
The ernest voice still cried,
"Abide thou and endeavor."

Correspondence.

Postal card.

Napa City, Cal.

Mrs. Stow: Donot, send your paper again to me. To corrupt for my home.

yours Respfilly,
Mrs J. H. Dunn

Mrs Stow.
Madam,

A few friends being assembled at my house some days ago one of the company brought with her your paper entited the "Herald of Industry," thinking that probably some of us would wish to join your Society. The lady had not yet raad your paper but requested I should do so for the benefit of my friends. I came to an essay entitled "Castration for criminals and paupers" and signed with your name. Some of the company inquired what the word ment (married ladies too) and I assure you it was a very delicate task to inform them. You must not imagine that they were either ignorant or uneducated for two thirdz of them had, with me, received their education in the finest institutions of England and France I, myself did not know the meaning of the word until informed by my husband.

We had been led to beleive, Madam, that your object in grounding this society was the elevation and enobling of women's minds yet you lead their thougts to dwell on the lowest and filthiest of subjects.

It is only fit for the foul pen of a Boccaccio or a Paul de Cock, yet I doubt if even these writers would have expressed themselves in so coarse a manner. I ask also if you consider a "History of Prostitution" fit subject for perusal by any *woman* I will not say lady for the title is evidentty a misnomer in connection with you. My husband, who is nothing of a prude, pronounced it the worst thing he had ever seen in print, and my lady friends with one voice declaired it the emanation of a coarse, nasty brain—I mean your essay.

You have evidently mistaken your vocation Madam; you had better retire to Oberlin and exercise your surgical skill on your father's farm, since you know so well how to wield the knife.

Your nasty essay will never be appreciated by

A Lady.

P; S. Mrs Stow seems to ignore the fact that the rich commit as many crimes as the poor, but their money procures them immunity from punishment in many cases.

Kings and Queens in the past have committed more atrocities than any pauper ever had it in his power to do.

Should circumstances in the future reduce Mrs Stow to poverty how then would she read her essay?

The "nasty essay."

CASTRATION FOR CRIMINALS AND PAUPERS.

Crime and Pauperism is increasing so rapidly that only the sergeon's purifying knife will mitigate the evil.

Three years ago Pres. Anderson, of Rochister, N. Y., University, said to me, "Something has got to be done to prevent the pauper-class from propagating. The old pauper always comes back to his cradle. The Empire State is swarming and festering with paupers and criminals of all classes. In Herkimer Co. one single vagrant woman has grown a crop of paupers and criminals that can never be exterminated. We must separate the men from the women and thus prevent their continuing to breed a social pestilence."

"That is not my remedy," I replied. "The surgeons knife is the only sure cure for this cancer."

A professed Christian ,who gave his name as James Steel, mutilated the person of Lillie Johnson, a child but six years old, in such a shocking manner that she could not stand upon her feet for days.

Is there any punishment for that monster, in human shape, so efficacious as castration? Unbridled lust has grown to such hideous proportions by what it feeds upon, that no unprotected woman or child is safe. Let every mother and every father study so much of surgery, as to be able to handle the knife, and when a child is attrociously assaulted, as Lillie Jhonson was at Atlantic City, let them take the law (without its red-tape delays) into their own hands—and deal out swift justice to the ravisher.

In England, a few years ago, says Dr. Sanger, in his History of Prostitution, large numbers of factory-girls were legally put under the surgeon's all-potent knife to prevent the demoralizing and death-dealing practice of self-pollution. This was done to women, who had outraged no one but themselves, in Christian England, while the ravishers of school girls and babes went scot free.

Castration is in no way injurious to either the mental or physical faculties of human animals. The moment a pauper or criminal gives birth to a child it should be castrated. The operation is no more painful or dangerous than circumcision. What the world needs today is a physical purification, which castration, *alone*, will secure. This, *alone*, will put a check on crime. Capital Punishmant will be as thistle-down beside it.

MRS. STOW.

Honi soit qui mal y pense. If "A Lady" had obtained her education in "the finest institutions" of her native land she would not be quite so familliar with the writings of "a Paul de Cock or a Boccaccio"—they are not text-books at Oberlin—and she would be better acquainted with the contents of her Bidle. Will, or can "A Lady" and "A Lady"'s un"prude"y husband turn over the pages of the Sacred Book and peruse the following:—verses: Job, C. 21,V. 10: Genesis C. 38: Leviticus, C. 15—16, 17, 18, and on: Nnmbers, C. 5, v 12 and on: Deut. C. 23: Sam., 52—25 and on; Kings, C. 18, v 17 and on; Isaiah, C. 36: I Kings, C. 1: Ezekiel, 23. What of the inspired "brain" that pened this divine dirt? What of the "brain" of parents who nourish the "brain" of their childdren with such "nasty"ness? When will the clean "brain" of the world give us a clean Bible?

The only thing that prevents my quoting the indexed scripture, so as to compare pictures, is: That George Francis Train rotted in the N. Y. Tombs a year for daring to print and cirulate Bible obscenity outside of the bound Book, whidh is put into the hands of every innocent child.

What marvel that Society is cancered at the core?

I am not a Biblical student. I have not soiled my brain nor curdled my blood by reading any portion of the Old Testament, since I was twelve years old, until, now, and I claim the "nasty essay" is as much cleaner, purer and more humane than the divine smut and diabolical cruelty of the Bible as sunlight is brighter and more healthful than midnight darkness.

Whoever openly or covertly says the HERALD OF INDUSMRY is a "corrupt" or "nasty" publication dishonors his or her word, for it advocates perfect chastity (continence) in and out of wedlock, and it will continue to do so until Prostitution is driven to Hades, or until the avocation is made respectable. Evety *necessary* institution of a *Cdristian* people should be respectable—if it is not there is something rotten in Denmark.

If "A Lady" had boon educated at home she would not be guilty of so many typographical errors in so brief an epistle. No "Lady" stoops so low as to write anonymous letters. Was *paterfamilias* performing the double function of door-mat and dictionary—that made him so handy? Is "castration any "nastier" than circumcision with all its pomp and circumstance of Church and State?

MRS. STOW.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SCIENCE IN STORY, by Dr E. B. Foote, is attractive reading for children, and adults who have not had careful training in physical culture. Black Sammy, and Sponsie, his monkey companion, are as wise as enterning in speach and antics. For sale by Lucy L. Churchill, West Richfield, Summit Co., Ohio.

THE RELATIONS OF THE SEXES, by Mrs. E. B. Duffey.

No book of recent publication is of more vital importance to women—and men—than this chaste volume of 316 pages. It discusses a great moral question in strong fearless language. It probes deep the gangrene ulcer of civilization, painting cause and effect in vived colors. The subjects are: Sexual Physiology; Social Institutions of the World: Prostitution; Free Love; Chastity; Marriage and its Abuses; Marriage and its Uses; Limitation of Offspring; Enlightened Parentage. Here is a cogent morsel from the Free Love chapter:

Free love, in its accepted interpretation, results in derseted women, sensual or heartbroken men forsaken homes, unprocteced and unloved offspring, unchecked licentiousness, ruined health, misery, jealousy and murder.

The following is from the chapter on Prostitution:

The prostitutes of our great cities are counted by tens of thousands. They throng the streets and flaunt their gaudy trappings in the faces of modesty and decency. They seduce our young men with their guiles, and debauch our young women by the glare of their tinsel, and their specious words. They rule over our country's destinies, by holding court in the lobbies of our national capital, and lay, too often, a successful siege to the passions of the legislators of our nation. Washington is a city so marked out above all others for their rendezvous, that it behoves all loving wives of virtuous husbands to think long and well before they consent to render up these husbands to the wiles of such sirens, for the sake of political power and social prestige. I think it might almost be safe to say that were it possible to banish this class of women from Washington, our Congressmen would not stand in so great a need of increased salaries and "back pay." Courtezans are expensive luxuries—far more so than wives and families.

But the effects of prostitution are not confined to cities alone. This huge social octopus stretches out its long arms in every direction wherever there are youth and innocence, and with its cruel tentacles grasps its victims in its merciless embrace, and sucks them into its capacious maw, to eject them only when it has drawn from them all that makes humanity beautiful or loveable. Though it is ever feeding, its hunger is never appeased. It is truly the devil-fish of society, and possesses a grasp stronger, and a diabolical purpose more tenacious, than any other evil which afflicts the world.

It is claimed, by high authority. that a necessary, and therefore legitimate, calling.' Then let us treat it as such as they do in Japan. There prostitutes are a class recognized and supported by law, and traind up to their calling. They are considered in no wise degraded, and occupy socially much the same position as that of the hetairiæ of ancient Greece, though the Japan wives are held in far higher esteem than their Grecian prototypes, They are educated and accomplished, receive visits not only from the most men of the country, but also from their wives, who come to enjoy, and profit by their brilliant conversation It is considered no disgrace for a man to marry a woman of this class. They are required to follow the calling for a certain period, unless married before its expiration, being taken care of by, and giving their profits to, the State; after which they can abandon it at their option. I call this plan a consistent one, because, in recognizing the *necessity* (?) for such a class, it does not degrade it, and treat its members harshly and unjustly. Surely if the demands for such a class are imperative, then no disgrace should attach to the supply.

Let every wise mother in the land send $1,50 to Lucy Churchill for this valuable book. "The quality of mercy is not strained."

LOVE AND TRANSITION, by Mary E. Tillotson, of Vineland, N. J., a poem of 200 pages evoking love on the plain of *Reason*. The following is a specimen of the strength of its rhythm: Page 119.

Man, learning he was monarch of all love,
Believed, of cource, his will in love supreme,
Especially in property. his wife
Could never council him upon the theme.
Thus passion ruled, blind passion was call'd love;
Thro' history's long ages, that is clear.
Not understood, how could the precious dove
Of peac be cherish'd and made grandly dear?

It is a little gem of a book, beautifully made, that should be found on every center-table. The lesson it teaches is as pure as it is healthful.

Also received from the same gifted author: Woman's Way Out; Progress *vs* Fashion, valuable tracts, 10 cts each, upon the subject of the present ruinous mode of clothing the female form.

Dress Reform is one of the great questions of the hour. Send to Mrs. Tillotson for these priceless tracts.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Fowler & Wells N. Y. Among our large number of magazine exchanges none is more welcome or more carefully read than this. It is in its 74th volume and its stirling mottn,"Know Thy Self," is *par excellence*. It teaches the lesson of purity and brain development; that every energy of the body should be conserved to build that grand temple—the brain of man and woman. It is not filled with dwarfing fiction, but with enobling facts and lofty aspirations after the real in life, Its varied teachings, alone, would educate families and communities, at the nominal sum of $2 a year. Liberal premiums for clubs.

"UNAUTHORIZED."

A generous deed is often "unauthorized." It matters not how little it may be appreciated—it in no way lessens the nobility of the act. Pearls cast before swine are pearls still.

The Temperance Department is unavoidably crouded out of this issue.

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RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

OUR GRAPES.

The HERALD directs its numerous readers attention to the excellent prospects of our vine-growers for '82 The produce of the large vineyards at San Jose was sold in advance for $30 per ton; and allowing an average from eight to ten tons of grapes per acre; this is certainly a nice revenue from a vineyard of 20 acres. The immense yield of grapes reported everywhere, in spite of heavier pruning than usual, is far in excess of preceding years, and with this must be noted the large acreage of virgin soil wedded to grape vines within the last five years, and particularly within the last twelve months. Not in our day, perhaps, but still in the near future, America will witness the wines of California sparkling in every part of globe. Her raisins supplying the whole Eastern and Western hemisphere and her delicious fruits distributed in every mart of the Union. *Then* every nation in the most obscure parts of the Universe will re-echo: "God has indeed, Blessed CALIFORNIA!"

SHEEP.—Thirty years ago Cal. imported her mutton on foot from New Mexico. Sheep-breeding as a business dates from 1855. It did not amount to much till 1860. This is now the very foremost sheep-breeding State in the Union. The census statistics for 1880 show a grand total of 42,381,389 sheep in all ths States and Territories, California's share being 4,152,348, or nearly one tenth. The Pacific States and Territories are credited with a tolal of 6,512,380 sheep. The cash value of 6,500,000 fleeces of wool per annum will average, one year with another $10,000,000.

There is an apricot tree in Fresno county, California that measures sixty inches around the trunk three foot from the ground. It is thought there is not less than a ton of fruit on the tree.

MISS MINNIE F. AUSTIN, Fresno, Cal. writes: "How I would like to show you my orchards bending with their weight of fruit, and my forty acres, of emerald vineyard; my green pastures of alfalfa, cut five times per year for hay and yielding two tons per acre; my cows of Jersey lineage and their rich milk, with my fat horses and mules, up to their knees in rich pasture. We have just had an excursion party of San Francisco people to see the lands of Fresno county, and they all desired to see the farm managed by a woman. The diffierent manifestitctions of pleasure, surprise, curiosity, and ill-disguised incredulity were very amusing."

[Laws of Life.

THE DIETZ PATENT DUST-PAN.

Invented and patented July 12th ,1881, by Emma L. and Mary A. Dietz of Oakland, Cal. supplies a long felt need, and is conceded by all who have used it to be the best invention ever introduced by which carpets may be thoroughly swept without injury, or the annoyance of dust rising. Being simple in construction, it cannot get out of order. It is well made and with care will last for years. Price within reach of all, ranging from $1,00 to $1,50 according to size and quality. Samples will be forwarded on application, with price, to trade. Territory will be sold and the Right to manufacture on Royalty given. This is just the work for earnest women to engage in. Orders addressed to Miss E. L. and M. A.Dietz, Oakland, Cala. will receive prompt attention.

Agents Wanted.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY MRS. KNOX-GOODRICH.

NO SHOW FOR THE WOMEN.

The late Democratic Convention held in this city was attended regularly by the ladies, some of them no doubt hoping, that in drawing up their platform, the men would be magnanimous enough to put in a small plank for the women of this broad land to stand upon, where they could be recognized as a part of the people.

Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon drew up a resolution which was introduced by Dr. Grattan of San Joaquin asking, "That we favor the enfranchisement of the women citizens of California as a protection against the further encroachment of competing Chinese laborers," Oh, no! it was not even allowed a hearing, but was refused to the Committee on platform and resolutions, and was never heard of afterwards. We do not know whether they even gave it *respectful consideration* or not, as our Republican friends did once upon a time in their platform saying: "The honest demands of *this class* of Citizens for additional rights, pledges and immunities should be treated with respectful consideration," and then seemed to forget all about it, though we are still waiting and hoping for something more. We are not unmindful however, of the fact, that some things have been done towards the advancement of women; for instance public schools have been established, where girls have enjoyed equal privileges with their brothers, so far as getting an education goes; but in regard to salaries and positions as teachers, school trustees and so on, they have not had equal opportunities, and in many instances lady teachers have had to accept a secondary position for no other reason, than that of belonging to a disfranchised class. We sincerely hope when the Republican Convention meets, they will be no more magnanimous than the Democrats were, and we refer them (the Republicans) to the *third* plank in their platform adopted at the Cincinnati Convention. Which reads: "The complete protection of citizens in the full enjoyment of all their rights or duties to which the Republican party stand sacredly pledged:"

"Forever our times are changing,
And the battle fought to day
Must be a bloodless battle,
And its heroes all of clay."

The Woman's Journal of Boston says: "Proffessor Rich of Grand Falls, N. H. in his address on Decoration day paid a glowing tribute to woman's work, sufferage, and never failing coopperation during the long years of our Civil War; turning to the veterans he said: "There yet remains a work for the veterans to do—that of giving women full suffrage and equality of rights," and urged the comrades to remember this when electing their Legislators. We too wish the claims of the women for rights and justice might be remembered, when the Legislators are elected, so that we may not be in the condition of Lazerus—begging for the crumbs that drop from the rich men's tables.

"Where now are the noble heroes
Who for justice and for right,
Are to stand in the front of battle
And gird them for the fight."

If women are citizens—and they always are when it comes to crimes and taxes; and are never exempt from the full penalty of the law, and the exaction of the last dollar. We claim that the intuitive sense of justice would seem to demand that women should be permitted to exercise the elective franchise. There is no good reason why men should vote, which does not apply with equal force to women. What utter selfishness is displayed in holding that which adds nothing to the sum of liberty to be enjoyed by the the rulers. Indeed we would rather believe with the Greek Philosopher: "That keeping back the freedom of any individual injuriously affects all," many may light their candle at mine, I have none the less light for the giving.

"Then man, wise man, don't clog up the way;
You cannot tell, I presume to say,
How different a "you" would have come to view,
How much better a being we now should be seeing
If, in the race for wisdom and the race for wit,
Your mother had never been forced to sit,
Wishing not willing, but given her mind
To leave old errors far, far behind."

K-G.

San Jose, July 14-1882.

PUNCH-PICTURES: Two young ladies handsomely mounted on tricycles, with the motto—"How this drawing would have astonished our readers twenty years ago!" How indeed, considering that was the period of the bell crinoline. Another cut represents a pair of small children—a tiny mite of a boy on the top of a step calls out, in a lordly manner, to his little sister, "Come here ,EFLE, I want you;" while the tinier dot of a girl, in a Greenaway bonnet and coat, toddles composedly in another direction, replying, "Thanks! I want myself-" By the time Effie grows up women will discouver that they "want themselves" and men will find that they are far better worth having for the discouvery,

Women's Suffrage Journal, Eng.

VOTE IT OUT.

There is an evil in the land,
Rank with age and foul with crime,
Strong with many a legal band,
Money, fashion, use and time;
'Tis the question of the hour,
How shall we the wrong o'erpower?
Vote it out!
This will put the thing to rout,
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote it out!

We have begged the traffic long,
Begged it both with smiles and tears,
To abate the flood of wrong,
But it answered us with sneers;
We are wearied with the scourge—
Vote it out!
Loyal people raise the shout,
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote it out!

'Tis the battle of the hour;
Freemen show your strength again;
In the ballot is your power,
This will bring the foe to pain:
We have preached against the wrong,
We have plead with words of song;
Vote it out!
Vote and pray with heart devout.
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote it out!

Never shall the promise fail,
God is with us for the right;
Truth is mighty to prevail,
Faith shall end in joyous sight;
We shall see the hosts of Rum
Palsied with afright, and dumb;
Vote it out!
Thus we'll put the fiend to rout.
Vote it out!
Let us raise and put him out!

Dwight Williams.

The mothers of the race. Looking back through the vista of years and down the long generations of a Christian era, I saw no colleges for them, no universities of learning, no wells of knowledge In the past from whence to draw inspiration of the future, no joyous invitation to partake of the rich fruits of wisdom, but the paralizing dogmas that veiled the mind and crushed the thought, and even in richly-dowered New England bar the doors of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, with "brains all pre-empted by the Adamites and the right of way foreclosed."

Phebe Cozzins.

Laugh as we may, put it aside as a jest if we will, keep it out of Congress or political compaigns, still the "Woman Question" is rising in our horizon larger than the size of a man's hand, and some solution, ere long, that question must find.—[Garfield.

AGITATE, EDUCATE, ORGANIZE.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

OUR ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

MRS. KNOX-GOODRICH.

The subject of this bit of talk is a woman of fine presence and rare executive grasp. She managed her large estate, during her widowhood, as well as a man could have managed it—under the same legal disabilities which hedge round a woman at every point. She pays her illegal taxes always with a written protest, which is kept on file for the wonder of a coming *civilization* when law will be neuter instead of masculine.

Mrs. Knox-Goodrich has a lovely home in San Jose, "The Beautiful," 50 miles south of San Francisco. In this charming home, and charming city of 20,000 souls, our Associate is studying the Science of Government and the political complexion of the country; entertaining friends and attending to her large correspondence on two continents. She is widely known for her fearless mental and material sympathy in all good works that will advance the cause of woman. During my seven years "Probate Pilgrimage," up and down the land every *prominent* person I met said: "Do you know Mrs. Knox-Goodrich?" Such women as she stand out clear and distinct on the battlements of Progress. Would that we had more of them in California!

GERTIE S. SMYTH

is the wife of a prosperous lawyer of San Francisco. Her rose-embowered home is on San Pablo avenue, in the beautiful city of Oaks across the Bay, a home of culture and refinement. Both she and her husband have a liberal education, obtained at Oberlin and the Jesuit College Montreal, Canada. Both are students still—and authors. Mr. Smyth has written several valuable legal works and she has written a cook book. No woman on the Pacific Coast understands the art of Cookery any better than Mrs. J. H. Smyth. *She* thinks it an æsthetic accomplishment and puts her knowlege in daily practice by doing her own cooking—and she has two *pianos* in her house, and is a graduate of Music Vale Seminary. She is a fine horticulturalist, too, and grooms and harness her dear fleet footed Dick, that knows as much as any man—when the gardner is too busy to do it. Mrs. Smyth has more than a hundred varieties of the Rose. Her two acre plat of mother earth is a huge bouquet of variegated loveliness the year round. Weddings, festivals and funerals are made beautiful with these free-gift offerings.

Mrs. Smyth's exhaustive paper upon "Silk Culture" read before the Caliornia Women's Social Science Associates, August 21st. 1880, is the corner stone of the California Silk Culture Association, which had its birth and three months nursing in the above prolific society.

LOIS LIVINGSTON

resides at Sacramento, the Capital of the State. Hers is a quiet home filled with sad memories and the ghosts of dead hopes. Into her cup of life has fallen many poisoned arrows. Two companions have gone down, in the morning and mid-day of their manhood, victims of life's fell destroyer—*Rum*. How she hates the fiend with a deathless hatred; how she loaths it with all the strength of her intense nature. In days gone by I have sat with her in the gloaming, and listened to the sad story of her blighted life; of her fair New England home, with its summer apple-drifts of snow, and its long winter evenings, with bells and furs and prancing steeds. In those halcyon days no foot was lighter in the dance than hers:—

"Ah! then she used to pause before
The mirror on the stair,
And shake her long bright ringlets out,
And fancy she was fair!"

MRS. STOW.

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Probate Chaff gives the merry side of a dark picture. It is illustrated with 200 cuts. These valuable books will be forwarded, post-paid, to any one, who will send $10 and twenty names, subscribers to the HERALD.

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Why people should take the HERALD OF INDUSTRY. It is the only paper in California owned and made entirely by women in the interest of women. Every true woman who takes an interest and pride in the "woman-movement" will subscribe for its organ in in her own state. The price is so small it comes within the reach of all.

I urge every woman, man and child in each city, town and hamlet in the state to obtain subscribers for this paper.—FIFTY per cent. commission is paid, for both subscriptions and advertisements.

Is there one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

Personal likes and dislikes must go to the wall in this contest. As well might we cavil about the *Spirit* of those who prepare physical food, as mental, and starve ourselves to deth.

Away with likes and dislikes, there is neither time for, or sense in such babyish folly.

The HERALD contains more valuable reading matter than any other first-class paper in the United States—for the same price. The information that will be given under Resources of California will, of itself, alone, be worth the price charged for it.

The great necessity of the hour is, new avenues for womanly activities.

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated. —*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherless children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter carelessness prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

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After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

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The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

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The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

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We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. These folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Mattie P. Krekel, Mirror of Progress.*

Have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

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Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Duniway, New Northwest.*

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RATIONAL DRESS REFORME.

BY LADY HARBERTON.

There is not space here to go into the theory maintained by some that clinging skirts, such as are depicted on bas-reliefs and Christmas cards, are the most truly lovely. Of course they are Greek, and that to some minds is an argument which admits of no reply. But we are not Greek. We are English. They had their climates and habits, and we have *our* climate and habits, than which nothing could be more dissimilar; and as may be expected, without modifications which rob them of all meaning and beauty, Greek fashions are perfectly unfit for England or English ways. Such skirts are very dirty for walking, as the heel must rub against them at every step; they are distinctly injurious to health from the waste of nerve power caused by the constant friction round the ankles; and, as must always be the case where only skirts are worn, if the wearer attempts to do more than walk quietly along a road, they appear not only ludicrous but almost idecent. The harm this does to our young girls seems to have escaped public attention; yet now that our daughters are being properly educated, and much on the same lines as our sons, it is likely to have a very serious effect on their health if they cannot also have the counteracting influence of really stirring interesting games. In their present clothes this is neither possible nor desirable. That there is something wrong in the physical education of girls is obvious, else why should they suffer from colds, headaches, and chilblains to an extent unheard of among boys? Neither among animals, nor the young of savage tribes, do we see any such difference between the sexes in point of health, and it seems rather a disgrace to us women not to exert ourselves more heartily to put this matter right.

Most people must have remarked in reading the accounts of fires in theatres that one of the first things recorded as happening is that "that several women fainted," as soon as the crowd began to rush. Did they faint? One rather doubts it. What seems much more probable is that some one behind trod on their dress, and that then, pushed on by those beside them, they fell into a manner exactly like a faint. Almost straight, but rather backwards, they would go down where they stood, without bieng able to help themselves, and others falling over them, would make the matter at once hopeless; for dressed as they are women do not give themselves much chance of escape when any sudden danger arises, since they have reduced all physical movement to a minimum with at the same time the maximum of fatigue, and are thus notable examples of "how not to do it."

One of the customs of the present day is to take it for granted that women's dress is beautiful and men's hideous. Without laying down a dogmatic opinion, this axiom would appear hardly proved. The majority take it to mean simply that petticoats ara pretty, and trousers ugly. If this be true, it follows that the dress of a charwoman, is more pleasing than that of a working man; but if this is felt to be doubtful; then may it not be that the thing which is really pleasing is not the cut of the clothes so much as the charm of rich and suitable materials with varied and well assorted colours? So far from this being necessarily lost in a different kind of dress it may be materially heightened, as instead of "good taste misplaced," we should have good taste crowning a costume where, with no muscle cramped, and no horrible deformity slowly but surely undermining the health, the true curves of the human form, which are no less admirable and harmonious than those of other created beings, might be seen with advantage. A very pertinent question has been lately asked more than once in connection with this idea, to the effect why it should be supposed that the male form came perfect from the hands of the Creator, while that of the female needs constant tinkering and screwing into shape to make it presentable? Exactly so; but the form women choose to call theirs never came from the hands of any Creator. Nature repudiates it, and true art denounces it, no wonder it requires propping up.

Some ladies say that unless they wear stays they could not wear enough clothes to keep the legs warm from the drag and pressure round the waist. This is only because they have their clothes made in one loose piece. With a seperate skirt for each leg they would be as warm with one undergarment as with four or five on the old principle. Of course they may object to a costume recently introduced on this plan on the score of beauty, but they must remember it is in their own power to remedy this. A form of dress which in deference to a mistaken public opinion has to simulate a perfectly different one, is at a great disadvantage. If generally acknowledge and adopted, there would be no difficulty in making it as pretty as any dress can be.

A great deal might be said on the subject of head gear, but it seems almost vain. Many people must have wondered why every woman from seventeen to seventy thinks it advisable to go about with her head adorned with imitations of flowers? Why has an out-of-doors head-dress been selected, which though varying a good deal in shape, is carefnl never to cover or protect the head nor to shade the eyes? and why may a young woman wear a hat, while one past middle age who wishes for more protection to the eyes than is afforded by a spotted veil, is thought extremely odd? It is also worthy of notice that the chimney-pot hat denounced by men as injurious and uncomfortable is the one and only article of male attire thought fit and suitable to be adopted by women in its pristine and unmodified form. It is however a mere waste of time to inveigh against bits of dress, such as boots, stays, bonnets and so on. The foot for example was meant to appear joined to an ankle and leg; and seen so, it looks a shapely and perfect thing in its way; but on our system of ignoring all idea of legs the feet are apparently attatched to nothing particular, and may as well be one shape as another. We therefore soon begin to try if we cannot contrive something more fanciful, and in all conscience we have succeeded fairly well in this matter, though at what amount of suffering and injury to health one may leave the medical world to declare, since here at least they give forth no uncertain sound. Now that women are being gradually allowed to take their place in Society as rational beings, and are no longer looked upon as mere toys and slaves; and now that their livelihood is becoming more and more to be considered their own affair, the question of dress assumes proportions which it did not use to have. Physically rather weaker than men we undoubtedly are, but why exaggerate this weakness by literally so tying ourselves up in clothing that the muscles in some parts of the body dwindle till they become useless? When the brain deteriorates from want of oxygen in the blood—brought about by the reduced breathing power inseparable from clothing so tight that tqe walls of the chest being unable to expand—the lungs cannot properly do their work of aerating the blood. This makes the work of those who have to labour with their hands fourfold more exhausting than it need otherwise be; and at the same time from the unready and unfit appearance, such unsuitable clothing cannot fail to present, positively prevents, them from obtaining much easier and lighter work than that which they actually have to do. And that this is no fancy, a very little observation of those employed in active work will prove to most. Observe simply the extra fatigue which is ensured to every woman, in merely carrying a tray up stairs, from the skirt of the dress. Ask young women who are studying to pass examinations whether they do not find loose clothes a *sine qua non* while poring over their books, and then realize the harm we are doing ourselves and the race by habitnally lowering our powers of life and energy in such a manner. As a matter of fact it is doutful whether any persons have ever been found who would say that their stays were at all tight; and indeed by a muscular contraction, they can apparently prove that they are not so by moving them about on themselves, and thus probably believe what they say. That they are in error all the same, they can easily assure themselves by first measuring around the waist outside the stays; then, taking them off, let them measure while they take a deep breath, with the tape merely laid on the body as if measuring for the quantity of braid to go round a dress, and mark the result. The injury done by stays is so entirely internal that it is not strange that the maladies caused by wearing them should be attributed to every reason under the sun except the true one, which is, briefly,—that all the internal organs being by them displaced, are doing their work imperfectly, and under the least advantageous conditions; and are therefore exactly in the state most favourable to the development of disease, whether hereditary or otherwise.

The well-worn saying that ornament preceded dress is doubtless true, and many people at present draw the inference that because women's dress appears designed for ornament rather than convenience. woman must be immeasurably lower in the intellectual scale than men whose dress has not this fault. There perhaps they judge hastily. For one thing; it affords to many men quite as keen a delight to see their wives and daughters decked out in absurd costumes, trailing yards of material on the floor after them about a room (and possibly a mat or two accidentally caught up on the way), or tottering feebly along a street on high heels, as it ever afforded any woman to wear such things. Hence it is that we do not have the help from men in the matter of dress reform which reason would lead us to expect; and then the question arises whether they are after all so much in advance as at first appears. Possibly they are not aware of the daily and hourly discomfort inflicted by the garments they admire so much, as even women often say they consider their dresses quite comfortable for walking! However, as it is well known that those born blind know little about the charm of colour, so those who have never tried the divided skirt, or freedom of lung power, may not be aware of the drag they are subject to, and may believe the fatigue they feel to be inseperable from the act of walking, which is a very comprehensible error. On this subject, as has been said before, we have one sure guide only—and that is to keep steadily before our mind the creature for which we are devising clothes. Once lose sight of this and we open the door for every kind of comical deformity possible—for one is as good and no worse than another. We have no anchor to hold us back, no object to attain, not even any actual standard of beauty, so we stray about helplessly among shapes and materials put forward from time to time as some dressmaker or manufacturer happens to rise temporarily above the rest. Commerce is injured, health destroyed, happiness of children sensibly curtailed, morality certainly not improved, and one finally asks, "For whose good?" This question must be left to others to answer. Some of those optimists who see good in everything may possibly see some evenhere; but there are many who can see nothing but a useless martyrdom to an intellectual apathy which refuses to see, or hear, or put ont a little finger to help itself.

If ever any anything is to be done to raise us out of this quagmire of mistakes and folly it will certainly not be by the majority looking—not at what in their heart of hearts they honestly wish and believe but—at the difficulties in the way, saying: People will never do this, that, or the other; or even uttering the more terrible watchward, "The men won't like it." In the first place, "people," as a noun of multitude, think very much alike; and in the second place those who believe that the aims of the "Rational Dress Society" are likly in their most extended sense to benefit the community, should join the Society openly, whether, they choose to actually be among the first to change their dress or not, and they will be surprised to find how many there are to go with them when once they see that they have not to go alone. And as for men not liking it! Where is our common sense? Where is our self-respect? Why, men have admired the queer and scanty garments of the beginning of this century, they have admired the huge and outrageous crinolines of twenty years ago, and the ludicrus tied-in dresses of later days. No doubt even the Turk thinks there is nothing so admirable as the clothes of his woman-kind; and whatever woman wear it is very certain men will go on admiring it still. Unconscious as to their admiration may be, it is none the less real, for it is the women they admire, and the clothes for their sakes, but never the women for the sake of the clothes. No one ever saw men in rows in front of shop windows admiring the dresses on stands, but every one sees beautiful women gazed at with admiration and delight wherever they go; and so far from such changes as are here advocated taking beauty out of the world, it would, as far as men are concerned, be doing them good service by giving them something worthy of admiration in a graceful natural walk and carriage; in the general harmony of appearance that accompanies health and strength, and in the true beauty of nature which makes a real flower so incomparably more beautiful than an artificial one.

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Buy the Dietz DUST-PAN—an invaluagem, invented by a woman—that no good housekeeper should be without for a day. Also the Dietz Patent Crum Receiver., a marvel of neatness and convience.

The S. S. S. use, and recommend them.

Mary T. Lincoln, widow of our martyred President, and mother of the Secratary of War, died in Springfield, Ill., of apoletic paralysis. Poor, tired, heartbroken sister *requiescat in pace.*

Capersauce.

ÆSTHETIC HOUSEKEEPING.

Detroit Post.

She was a graduate of Vassar, and, when she married Julius Agustus, was very much like another young lady who has been embalmed in song:

Miss Pallas Andora von Blurky,
Who didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

However, she told Julius Agustus that she was a good housekeeper because her mother and grandmother were, and that it ran in the family. So on the strength of this he went to housekeeping. She bought a sweet little morroco-covered note-book and an embroidered market-basket, and carried a gold pencil, wore an æsthetic morning-costume, and appeared like a vision of delight before the magnates of the cleaver at the Central Market.

"Oh, the dear, sweet, cunning pigs," she exclaimed, stopping at an aldermanic stand where several roasters were on exhibition. "I'll take a couple of these; how much are they a pair?"

"Five dollars for two," was the realistic answer.

"Isn't that rather high? I guess I'll take a yard of beefsteak and a pound of chewing gum instead, and some—O yes! some sweet-bread. Julius said he wanted some; nice fresh ones, with plenty of raisins in it."

"Then she sailed over to a poultry stall:

"Have yon any chickings?" she asked of the woman in attendance.

"Heaps of 'em," was the reply.

"How much do they cost a heap?" she asked in a rather faint voice.

"Have a dollar-a-piece, mem."

"Well, send up a piece to my residence," and she turned to the next stall, and picked up some little packages that looked very nice. "What is this that smells so lovely?" she asked of a red-headed boy behind the table.

"Limburger, Miss, and it's just splendid; tastes ever so much better than it smells—have one?"

She took one, and then she asked the boy where they sold their quail on toast.

"Ain't any in the market," answered the young reprobate. "Mother's gone after a load, though, and we'll send you some as soon as they're are in."

"What are these lovely navy-blue berries?" she inquired. "They will just match my china. You may send me a bushel.,,

Finally she decided to try a quart, which she carried herself in the artistic basket.

"Have you any hen-fruit?" she asked sweetly of an old fellow in a white apron.

He scratched his ear with a pencil for a moment.

'Mebbe you mean h'eggs," he volunteered.

These she also took charge of, as she wanted to make an omelet for Julius Augustus.

But she never did, or, rather, when she got home the omelet was made with a liberal admixture of blueberries, and the front of her æsthetic dress was ruined. Added to it was an odor that sent Julius into spasms, and frightened the cat to death; the limburger had melted.

The Vassar girl did justice to high Spanish and Greek in the explanation that ensued, and the next day they burned the morrocco note-book and went to boarding.

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Is conceded by every one who has seen it, and especially by every lady who has used it, to be the most convenient, and in all respects the most desirable article of the kind that has yet been placed upon the market. The peculiar felting finish upon both sides, effectually prevents the slipping of the work from the board, also the slipping of the board from the lap, thus entirely overcoming two great objections to wooden or other boards with a smooth surface. It is manufactured from a material specially adapted to this purpose. It will neither warp nor crack, and with proper care will last a life-time. The graduated scale entirely does away with the need of a yard-stick or tape-measure. C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Grocers, 215 and 217 Sutter St., San Francisco, Sole Agents for Pacific Coast, will forward samples to dealers on application, with particulars and price to the Trade.

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Assets, Jan. 1, 1881	639,147
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AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 1. No. 11. San Francisco, California, September, 1882. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

A Monthly Newspaper. published the first day o every Month in San Frandisco. devoted to the interests of Woman—to her emancipation from mental and fysical serfdom, thru self-help, and co-operation.

MRS. J. W. STOW, Editer.

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CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.

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One dollar per annum; Twenty-five dollars, Life Membership.

PUBLIC MEETINGS AT THE S. S. S. 1ST AND 3D SATURDAYS OF EACH MONTH AT 2½ P. M.—FREE-EXERCISES; Recitation. Sentiments Offered. Reading and discussing a short paper, and questions pertaningto the legal disabilities of women answered. Music. All WOMEN are coudially invited.

BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—Double scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is embroidered in gold on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is worn on the left brest with a star spangle or a badge pin. Those of the Reception Commitee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, showing an inch below and haf an inch above. Ribbon one and a fourth inch wide.

Star badges, post-paid ,fifty cents apiece.

WOMAN'S REPUBLIC.—Founded by Mrs. J. W. Stow, June 7, 1881, for the purpose of creating an independent center of thought and action for women, where they can meet once, twice, thrice a week, and discuss all questions with a freedom and thoroness heretofore undreamed of; where every subject pertaining to the well-being of the race is fully exposed to the sunlight of truth and investigation. Only filthy and obscene minds can speak of the sacred function of creating and bearing children as "dirty." Every ray of light emanating from the lamp of reason should be focused upon it. To eradicate evil we must begin at the germ.

THE SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE
of the
CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
will be held in SAN FRANCISCO, the 6th and 7th, of September, 1882.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE PREMIUMS.

OFFERED BY MRS. J. W. STOW.

First Premium.—Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Labor: Its Value to Woman." Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) for the best article on "Bread: The Staff of Life." Ten Dollars ($10.00) for the best loaf of bread.

Second Premium.—"Probate Confiscation" and "Probate Chaff," for each of the second best of the two essays.

S. S. S.

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PROCLAMATION!!!

MRS. J. W. STOW,

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE
for
GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.

Everything in this abnormal, wholly masculine State Household has become so littered with party issues, and clogged with the debris of party strife and corrupt practices, that a good housewife is needed at the helm of State, with broom and dust-pan to sweep up and out the accumulated rubbish of years.

Mrs Stow is a self-made woman, a farmer's daughter educated at Oberlin. and early trained in an applied school of practical activities. She worked for the widows and orphans of soldiers during the Rebellion, and she has been working for the widows and orphans of the Nation ever since: Therefore, she fearlessly steps to the front, and falls in line with the generals, lawyers, merchants, miners, doctors, priests and politicians, who are seeking to grace the gubernatorial chair of the second (in size) state in the Union—the *Empire* State of the Pacific.

Is it not befitting this Golden State, with her head in the clouds and her feet in the sea, to be the first to have the honor of placing a civic crown—which no woman has ever worn in this great confederate sisterhood of states—upon a woman's brow?

Nothing will unite the warring, trinitarian *isms*—Republicanism, Democratism and Greenbackism, but a *voteless* candidate; one who does not attempt to "control" a primary, "manipulate a club, or "butten-hole" a delegate.

Mrs. Stow is with the people, of the people and for the people; she is in the prime of life, unpickled with whiskey and tobacco and enjoys perfect health. Health and maturity are what is needed in a helmsman, not old age and invalidism. Mrs. Stow is anti-monoply, anti-ring, anti-Chinese: she believes in honesty, not policy; in reason, not speculation; in truth not falsehood. She does not fish, hunt nor play poker. No attractions can lure her from the post of duty.

Reasons why Mrs. Stow should be Govenor of California—

First; She is a scholar, orator and editor; second: Women, from Deborah to Victoria, have proved themselves better rulers than men; Third She is the first woman in the world who has sought such an honor; therefore, by every code of chivalry it should be granted; by every law of justice it should be granted; by every reward of merit, it should be granted.

What Mrs. Stow pledges herself to do as Governor of California—

1st: Give Woman the ballot;

2ond: Retire the Chinese;

3d: Make honesty profitable;

4th: Season law with justice;

5th: Put a snaffle bit in the mouth of Monopoly;

6th: Stamp *Prohibition* upon the escutcheon of the state;

7th: Abolish Probate Courts, and burn the widows.

Does Mrs. Stow expect to be governor of California!' Ceriainly she does! While visiting the Concord School of Philosophy, three years ago, Prof. Wasson said to her, "Mrs. Stow I shall expect to hear that you are a United States' senator, in a few years. We need just such women as you in Congress." To be Governer is the stepping-stone to that office and senatorship will be the stepping-stone to the Presidential Chair.

SUBSCRIBERS who do not receive the HERALD *promptly, should notify the* OFFICE *at once.*

SECOND

Annual Conference

of the
CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIA'N,
to be held in SAN FRANCISCO,
WEDNESDAY the 6th and THURSDAY the 7th of
SEPTEMBER, 1882, at

DASHAWAY HALL.

Opening exercises Wednesday at 2 p. m.

SPEAKERS INVITED.

Clergymen: Horatio Stebbins, C. D. Barrows, Clarence Fowler.

The President, Regents and Professors of the California University.

Lawyers.—Clara S. Foltz, Laura de Force Gordon, Marian Todd.

Public Educators.—Kate Rennedy, Kate W. Smith, C. H. Willson.

Temperance.—Emily Pitts Stevens, Judge Thompson Capt Wood.

Also; All Social Scientists, Liberals and conservatives, and all Societies are requested to send delegates. Also: All Publishers and Editors and proprietors of newspapers are cordially invited to be present and take part in the exercises.

Every Railroad Company whose roads lead into San Francisco, are invited to reduce the fare—*as is customary on great public occasions.* All hotels, boarding houses and lodging houses are requested to do the same.

A cordial invitation is extended to all residents of interior towns. Come to the Bay during the Conference and kill a trinity of birds with one missel: Visit the Fair attend the Conference and subscribe for the WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

PROGRAMME.

Tuesday, 6th, at 2 p. m. the President's Address, followed by the reading of the prize essay, BREAD; also the presentation of the $10 prize for the best loaf of home-made bread.

Seven Judges, four women and three men. will be chosen from the audience to settle the bread question. All those who compete for the prize must send their bread to 304 stockton St. before 12 m. Tuesday.

Tuesday evening at eight o'clock:

Mrs. J. W. Stow,

Independent Candidate for Governor of California, will give her great

LECTURE

PETTICOAT SLAVERY,

ILLUSTRATED

with the ancient Girl of the Period

DAPHNE,

and the modern Girl of the Period

FLORA.

Thursday, 7th, at 2 p. m. the Secretary's Report and reading the prize essay upon LABOR.

The Presidsnt, Mrs. Stow, will wear (first appearance) "The Tripple S. Costume," no petticoats, at each session.

HAIR JEWELRY.—You will find the most artistic designs and finest asortment of Hair Jewelry in San Francisco at Mrs. O. A Cook's beautiful parlors, 45 Thurlow Block, Kearney street, and you will also find a *lady* in attendance. Mrs. C. also preserves Narural Flowers in such a perfect state that they have every apparence of having been just gathered. Take the Elevator.

DRESS REFORM. Mrs. M. H. Ober, 326 Sutter St. has the largest and most comfortable asortment of ladies and childrens wear in the city. Boneless Corsets, Union Flannels, Children's Corded Waists, Shoulder Braces and Stocking Supporters, are among the many useful and sensible things to be found in her handsome establishment.

SCISSORS.

Always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved·

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Srow for Governor.

May both wings of the American eagle be soon unpinioned, that it may soar aloft and declare all humanity aqual before the law.—*Helen M. Gougar*

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor.

Costa Reca has honored itself and set a noble example to more pretencious peoples, by sending a woman—Madam Beatrice—as her Envoy Extraordinary at Washington.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor.

Texas to the front.—Every person who sells the *Police Gazette, Poliece News* and similar illustrated journals, are taxed $500 per an., in the Lone Star State, Mothers of boys should go South.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor.

Nelie Grant-Sartoris partakes of her husband's love of yachting and hunting. During the week at Idlewild she was second on the list of fish-catchers; and added to her prowess that of an excellent rifle and pistol shot.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor.

There is a young woman shoemaker in Atalanta. She has a little shop of her own, in which she hammers and stitches as deftly as any man in the trade.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor.

Mrs. KNOX-GOODRICH.—In the brief sketch, which appeared in the last issue of the HERALD, of this lady's activities in behalf of Woman, the writer failed to mention the quiet but efficient *Suffrage* work that she has done and is still doing. No one in California has devoted more time, attention and money to the dominent question than she.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor.

The Ebell Society, of Oaklane, in placing Mrs. J. H. Smyth upon their Finance Committee have secured an efficient officer and splendid financier.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor.

At last Dr. Foote's Health Monthly is allowed to be distributed by Post. Surely the dawn of Millennium is upon us when the Laws of Life are of as much importance, in the eyes of the Post Office Officials, to the well-being of society as the *Police Gazette* and the *Police News.*—[Mrs. Stow.

Vote for Mrs J. W. Stow for Governor.

Take away the idea of eternal torment and you take away half the problems that prevent man's progress, and you throw light on God's justice. [H. W. Beecher. Yes, Henry, but emasculate Christianity by taking away its hell, and you've got what the late Isaac O. Barnes said "a hotel without a bar."

Marlborough Times.

Vote for Mrs J. W. Stow for Governor.

Mrs. Briggs, "Olivia," has been elected president of the Woman's Press Association of Wash. D, C.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor.

Oh, fashion! how thou art dwarfing the intellect and eating the heart out of our people.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor.

Great Britain is winning from America the crown of liberty, which she has worn for a hundred years, Women have more civil power in England and Scotland than they possess in our Republic.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor.

CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D., Dean of the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women, is soliciting funds to enlarge its usefulness. She says, "The students are all women, who are trained by direct clinical instruction to diagnose and observe the different stages of disease and result of treatment, both surgical and medical. The hygiene of the sick room and skillful nursing of the sick, prepares nurses for their outside duties among the sick. The educational advantages of this institution can hardly be estimated. It has given women doctors an established reputation and public confidence which they could have gained only after long years of struggle withovt it." Dr. Lozier has done such splendid work for humanity, that she should not have to ask twice for the funds to accomplish her noble aims.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor of California.

Children's Corner.

For the Herald.

LITTLE GYP.

There are no little girls or boys in the house,
But the cunningest little Gyp—
No Gypsey-queen, with a fortune to make,
From a marvelous tale on her lip—
Could ever foretell the wonderful things
Our Gyp will do in a day:
He has balls and rings, to roll and toss,
When he wants to frolic and play.

He's a tub that would shame Diogoneses,'
Aflame with blue and gold,
All cushioned and padded, fit for a king,
To sleep in out of the cold.
He thinks he is human, like girls and boys,
And will manage to climb on the shelf,
And help himself to sugar and candy,
The dear mischievous elf.

He'll stand on his toes as meek as a mouse,
And beg for a morsel of meat,
Or sit up stra t, like a judge on the bench,
For a lump of sugar to eat.
O Gyp is a tiptop, rolliking, happy dog
When he hears the milkman coming,
Such a big bow-wow from his tiny throat.
Such hopping, skipping and running.

He scratches the door where Maggy sleeps,
To waken her every morning,
Then scampers away, with a cry of joy,
To give me, too, a warning
That the sun is up, and why not I?
When he, like a bouncing ball,
Is here, and there and everywhere,
Kitchen, parlor and hall.

He says as plainly as doggie can say,
', I'm tired, so tired of waiting;
And master, too, in his slippers, there,
Has every appearance of fainting.
The toast is made and the tea will spoil
If you're not ready for breakfast.
O fie! Mistress fie! I'm begining to cry
That you should be the last.

And I, and I, oh! I, poor kit and I,
We're dreadfully hungry now,
She said she was a minute ago,
With the faintest little per-mew—
Come little Lizzie, come one, come all!
And see this awful hungry doggie
Come! the tea is colder than my nose,
And the cakes are growing soggy.

Halloo! halloo! bow-wow! bow-wow—wow!
She's deafer than an adder,
Lizzie, Lizzie! What shall I do?
I'll climb up on a ladder,
And jump down thru the transome,
And nip your nose and pull your hair,
And tear your Sundy bunnit,
Just see if I dont do it"

L. B.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

"Come, please!" said he coaxingly, "I tell you all my secrets."

"Yes I know you do," said Milly demurely, "but a boy never has any *nice* secrets." Quite ignoring the dry cut—Terry broke out, in a new vein, and in a lofty manner, peculiar to elder brothers, by saying—

"Now little sis-is-ter why in the name of little Bo Peep who lost the sheep that had no tails behind them, cant you tell us? Why dont you begin? Procrastination is the thief of time; it has stolen your tongue."

"It haint neither, and I'm going to tell you all about it, but you must learn to culrivate patience as well as wisdom," said little seven-year-old, archly, for she had an old head on her small shoulders, which had treasured up sundry bits of her brother's advice that had lain heavy on her stomach to make cipital out of when the time came.

Terry bit his lips but said no more on the subject. Milly turned uneasily and glanced up into her brother's face, fearing she had offended him, but he stooped down and kissed her with such a hearty smack that it routed all her fears, and they went trooping away thru the darkness.

The next half hour was passed in silence. Mrs. Breeze was thinking of the trials that were lying in wait for her in the coming hardships and dangers of her wilderness-home, and the loved faces that looked wistfully out of the gathering twilight—faces that she never expected to see again until she crossed the river, and journeyed to the land where partings are unknown.

The rose-collored morning had faded into the weary night. Terry was trying to fix in his mind which he would rather do, kill a deer or a black bear first—for he had long since determined to be the veriest Nimrod of the forest—cunning with a gun and champion of the hook.

Milly was stroking Puss and wondering if the pretty China-cup, papa's present, with the gold band around it and the rose-entwined motto, which said "To Papa" was large enough to hold sufficient lather for him ro shave with. The stewardess of the Fashion, Fillis, had given it to her. Phillis, whose happy heart shone in her face, laughed in her eyes and bubbled over her lips io liquid melody of song and speach. Everybody loved Phillis, because she was kind and good. Her shining, ebony face, was a blessing to the sick, strength to the weary, and deep down in her capacious pockets were stored things dear to the hearts of the little folk.

One day she had said to Milly, who always lent a helping hand at "clarin up" time, "now honey I's gwoin ter guv yo sunthin nice. D'y see this y'r leetle, teanty, taunty cup?" and she held up a small yellow mug, with a blue handle;

"O, yes" answered Milly," what a pretty ring it has round the edge. It'll be nice for pap to shave in."

"Wal yo ges keep it to 'member Flis by, case I likes yo heaps. Yo see howt missus guv me this yer cup, long time ago, when I's jes sich a wisp of a gal as you be now. I lived down in ole Tuck, den, an' dis yer Missus she guv me fur my father cuz he wuz sick an' down in the mouf, kinder."

"Where are they now, Phillis?" questioned Milly.

"They's ded, father and Missus an' I's free, now. I wuz a slave den," and wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, she commenced shaking out the blankets and knocking up the pillows in right good earnest.

Milly thought of Phillis in connection with the yellow cup; of the scarlet turban which she wore over her crisp curls; of her father's sickness and death and wondered which she would rather be a slave or a Mistress or a stewardess on the Fashion. Then she tried to concoct a little presentation speach worthy of the occasion—puzzling her small brain with long and short words, and marvelous sentenses, until, failing to satisfy herself she gave it up in disgust.

Etta was revelling in dreamland—living over again the happy days with Piggy and Towz among the clovertops.

Gradually the shadows deepened aroud them. The black mantle of darkness was gathering its subtle folds above their heads. The horses shied and snorted, in fear of danger. Then the driver said, "ef he did'nt git eout and stretch his laigs a bit, by wa'kio', he wud'nt be able ter stir fur a month o' Sundays fur the cramps."

At that, he tied the lines to one of the wagon-stakes that held the box in place, jumpt out, and took the horses by the bits, thus quelling their fears and encouraging them forward by kind words and his cheering presence.

It was very still now, save the cry of the crickets and the hoot of the owl, which kept up its dismal "Too hoo! too, hoo! like a wicked spirit boding evil to the benighted travellers.

Presently Etta wakened with a start crying—O, ma! mama where is 'ou? I's faid in the dark!"

"Here I am darling! close beside you, we shall soon be there, dont cry," said her mother soothingly.

"Is dis de 'Hio?" continued Etta sitting up and rubbing her eyes in a vain endeavor to see something.

"Yes" broke in Terry, "this *is* the 'hio. How do you like it?

"Den I's doin stait back," said Etta petulantly, "I dont 'ike darks, an' I dont ike such widdly 'Hio's."

It was hi-o and heave-o, in real earnest, for as one wheel vainly endeavored to climb a tree, its fellow

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY GERTIE S. SMYTH.

SUNLIGHT AND HEALTH.

"Let each and all in joyous strain,
Sing loudest notes of praise,
And worship Health—be this our aim,
In whatsoever place:
In deepest cave, or mountain high,
In science or in art,
This godess bright, let none deery,
But cherish in the heart."

Light is one of the most active agencies in enlivening and beautifying a home. We all know the value of sunlight as a health—giving agent to the physical constitution; and it is not less so to our moral and spiritual natures. We are more active under its influence—can think better and act more vigorously; but many people seem to have an idea that it is their greatest enemy. They carefully exclude its beams from their rooms, close the blinds and curtain the windows; it fades their carpets and stuffed furniture. Sunlight tans the face and hands, and it is a great misfortune to suffer that, for it is fashionable to be pale and delicate; but weak minded ignorant mothers will go on persistently excluding the sunshine from their homes, and rearing pale and sickly children. This exclusion of light is also a protection against the flies, as they will not remain in a darkened room, but seize the first opportunity to escape, thus showing the superiority of their instinct over the deluded reason of human beings.

Let us take the airiest, choicest and sunniest room in the house for our living room—the workshop where brain and body are built up and renewed; let us throw open the blinds and windows for the free entrance of the good twin angels of nature, sunlight and fresh air. Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, which is chilling to energy and vigor. A person of sensitive physique may be nursed into settled hypochondria by living in close dark rooms where the sweet fresh air is determinedly shut out and the foul air determinedly shut in. Pure air is a prime necessity. Bad air—air deprived of its proper proportion of oxygen and surcharged with carbonic acid and other poisonous gases, has killed thousands of strong men.

The true sanitary home will have no living rooms nor sleeping rooms on its north side, but will reserve that for storerooms. We want sunny dinning rooms, and not one of these rooms should have a carpet or any furniture which is too good for the sun to shine upon. Let the warm sun stream freely in, to bring health to our bodies and joy to our souls.

Fruits,—in their season, should have a far more prominent place on our "bills of fare" than is now generally awarded to them. Apples, pears, peaches, figs, grapes, strawberries, and melons are food fit for gods. They should be perfectly ripe and free from decay, and should form a part of our regular meals. They can ot be improved by cooking. I never nee an apple-pie without thinking of the sad waste of time and labor of which it is the outcome. "As iron is rated among metals, so the apple ranks among fruits; its immense endowment of phosphorus, in which it is richer than anything else in the vegetable kingdom, stimulates the life and activity of the brain." Phosphorus is not only brain supporting; it is *light bringing* and health restoring.

G. S. S.

It was Mrs. Stow's intention to have made copious extracts from the masculine press comments, but space space forbids.

COME TO THE CONFERENCE.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

WOWAN'S WORK

On the plane of active labor a woman must ask no favor, must know no sex, if she would work side by side, or achieve the same results as men. She must also accept the conditions as she finds them, and be prepared to work with them until she can herself improve them, and not expect they will be made over or planed smooth for her benefit.

Saying that women can do this, that or the other is not the question the point is, what they do—what the conditions are into which they are born, and against which they have to contend in the effort to compete in the labor field with men. What we have discovered so far is this, that the natural obstacles in the case are greater than those that would be likely to be put in the way by men in fields common to both men and women, and that sentiment is not to be relied upon to offset this inequality. Sentiment is opposed to business, business to sentiment, and the attempt to graft one upon the other only renders women objects of ridicule.

The first thing therefore for women to do, who wish to be accepted upon an equal footing and do equal work with men, is to get rid of their impediments in the way of a constantly changing and burdensome dress, a style of living that encroaches upon their time and strength and "notions" which as actually stand in the way of achievement as if they were material forces. Work is inexorable. It has no regard for weather, for nerves, for headaches, for rumpled ruffles, for backaches, for torn tie-backs, for tight shoes, for corns, for feathers, for callers, for "company" that just "dropped in" for anything that stands in the way of its accomplishment at the proper place. When we start off on a journey, when we take a street-car or an omnibus, we expect to find all the machinery connected with the means of transfer in working order. We expect to find stores open, goods in plenty, clerks in place and ready to obey the slightest intimation of our wishes. We see daily, hourly, without break, apparently without cessation, the whole world of activity constantly in motion. How is it kept so? By sleepless vigilance, by never-ending care, by the eternal action of forces, which once started can not be stopped without deranging the entire social economy with which they are connected. It is true that the whole is not independent upon one individual act or will; but it is dependent on numbers moving in concert, and each one at the specified moment; a break, and there is difficulty if not disaster.—

HAMILTON CHURCH.

I say, openly, to the head and officers of Hamilton Church: You make a mistake in naming it after any man. No one man, living or dead, is of sufficent importance to have a church saddled with his name. Independent or Unitarian is a much more prosperous name. Also, if you want to succeed make it a *normal* Society, officered by an equal number of women and men. The women of that church have been its head, front and bulwark for years, and those who do the work should assist, at least, in having a *voice* in the government. A word to the wise is sufficient.—Mrs. Stow.

ART.

Mrs. Holt's classes Tuesdays and Thursdays. One should study the beautiful amidst artistic surroundings These they will find at Mrs Holt's elegant studio and parlors, Phelan's Building, Market St, S. F.

Specimens of Mrs. Holt's graceful pencil and brush can be seen in the Art Gallery at the Fair, which every one should visit—not *once* but many times during the Exibition.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME OF
THE RATIONAL DRESS SOCIETY.
London, England.

So many questions are asked as to the divided skirt we recommend, that it seems desirable to issue a short leaflet on the subject. Not because it is the principle reform we advocate, or even an indispensable part of it, but as it is the only new part of it, it excites more attention and without explanation is liable to be misapprehended.

The divided skirt is a skirt divided between the legs so as to clothe each leg separately, the under clothing to be arranged beneath this as most convenient. It should come to about the instep, quite clearing the ground, and be made about a yard round at the ankle. An ordinary dress skirt is worn over this, which may be as much or as little trimmed as the wearer may fancy, although to secure lightness the less the better.

The divided skirt may appear under the top skirt about two or three inches without exciting the least notice.

The divided skirt and the under garments may be fastened to a broad band fitted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any sort round the waist. Or, if preferred, hooks or buttons can be placed on a calico bodice to be attached to corresponding loops on the skirts. The top part of the dress may be any loose body or jacket the wearer may choose, always avoiding bands, ligatures, or pressure of any sort from below the fixed ribs to the top of the hips.

In this costume the weight of clothing may be reduced at least one-half, because as the divided skirts cover the body fully and evenly, fewer layers of clothing are required, and less material in their construction. We have here a style of dress by which no internal organ can be injured, no muscle cramped, no movement of the body impeded, and to which the wearer may add as much grace and beauty as her own good taste may direct.

Notice:——The Committee of the "Rational Dress Society," intends to protest against the attempt to introduce any fashion in dress which either deforms the figure, impedes the movements of the body, or injures the health, and earnestly begs members of the society to avoid wearing any article of dress so denounced.

They protest against corsets or tight fitting bodices of any kind, high or narrow heeled boots and shoes, as injurious to health.

Against heavily weighted skirts, as rendering healthy exercise almost impossible, and all tie down cloaks or other garments which impede the movements of the arms.

Against crinolines, or crinolettes of any kind or shape, as deforming, indecent, and vulgar.

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For the Herald.

No. 3.

THE ART OF DANCING.

BY NAT. T. COULSON.

THE WALTZ.—To be master of this æsthetic dance requires considerable practice, especially on the part of the gentleman, who is expected to pilot his partner through all the confusion which usually attends any of the round dances in a crowded assembly. Ladies who imagine that a few attempts made under the private supervision of friends or parents, will enable them to appear with success in society, greatly deceive themselves.

It is not our intention, by any means, to go through the rudiments and point out the preliminary steps in any of the dances; for space is too small and time too precious to waste, but, however, it may not be amiss to describe the exact position that all parties should assume, in order to dance with ease and to appear to advantage while participating in the modern round dance. The lady should at all times allow herself to be guided entirely by the discretion of the gentleman, who should guide her with his right arm gently encircled around the waist, the fingers of his right hand lightly touching her dress; and with his left hand take hold of the ladies right keeping it in line with the waist, and the lady gracefully resting her left gloved hand on the gentleman's right shoulder. The gentleman should face the ladies right shoulder, having the body bent slightly forward. The lady keeping her head opposite to her left hand; she must hold her head in its natural position, and most emphatically avoid turning it to the right or left. The gentleman should hold the lady neither too close to nor too far distant from him. It it extremely difficult to eradicate a bad habit, and a single false attitude will sometimes irretievably spoil the dance—and the person remain stiff, formal and ungraceful for the want of proper direction at the commencement.

THE POLKA.

The origion of this dance is unknown, but it is generally believed to be an ancient Scythian dance, and from time immemorable has been practiced in Russia, Servia, Bohemia, Germany, and Hungary. Among warlike tribes it is danced with spurs on the heels and hatchets in the right hands of the men in a sort of a disorderly melee, resembling a charge in battle, while a furious beating of time with the feet, at intervals takes place, as if to represent the tramping of horses or the din of war.

In the year 1843 this dance made the tour of Europe in a few months. So great was the excitement which it created that its introduction into fashionable society may be regarded as the commencement of a new era in the art of dancing. The young, old, and middle aged, were aroused by its attractions into a state that bordered on enthusiasm. Judges, senators, lawyers, and physicians unable to resist the soft persuasion, renewed their youth, and again received lessons in dancing.

There is only one POLKA recognised in the fashionable world, but the style of dancing it varies considerably. The best dancers dance it in a quiet, easy style, and those who dance with violence possess little refinement or taste.

THE SCHOTTISCH.

Of all the dances introduced there is none that appears to be better appreciated than this dance. It is one of great antiquity, with a tradition from the olden times like the *polka*. It is absolutely necessary to be acquainted with the steps of the *waltz* and *polka* before attempting this favorite dance. It requires less practice than any of the other dances, for the simple reason it is the steps of other dances combined, and when properly performed is very elegant and pleasing. It requires a strict attentive hear for the music, the step is very easy and without the gentlgeman is well acquainted with the art of dancing, it becomes very difficult for him to safely guide his partner through the SCHOTTISCH without encountering many mishaps, such as treading upon dresses etc—to which unskilful dancers are constantly subject.

We shall give an essay on: THE DEPORTMENT IN THE BALL-ROOM in our next number.

FIVE RULES FOR NEW SPELLING.

1. Omit *a* in words like hed, helth, brest, plesure, etc.
2. Omit silent *e* in words like hav, liv, giv, definit, etc.
3. Write *f* for *ph* in words like fantom, filosofy, alfabet, camfor, telegraf, etc.
4. Omit the last of the double consonant in words like shal, clif, ad, eg, etc.
5. Change *ed* final into *t* in words capt, chopt, prest, fixt, etc.

The above five rules for new spellings were proposed and adopted by the American Spelling Reform Assocation in 1878. They have lately been adopted also by the English Spelling Association, so that these two organizations have now a common basis upon which to work.

The adoption of these rules does not change the appearance of a printed page to any considerable extent, yet that change is sufficiently markt to cal attention to the fact of the new spelling. The following article is spelt in accordance with the five rules, and has only about a dozen words changed from the ordinary spelling. All these changes are in the interest of economy, silent letters only being ommitted:

A CREMATION SOCIETY.

So largely, within the past few years, has the subject of cremation been discusst, and so great is the interest that is felt in every new instance of incineration, that it is not surprising to hear that a society establisht, named "The New York Cremation Society." The association exists along with a business company, the two being entirely distinct from each other. The duties of the society are understood to be altogether "educational." That is to say, it is intended to educate the people up to the point of cremation, so that generations yet unborn wil gladly giv their bodies to be burned rather than hav them moulder by slow corruption amid the miasms of the charnel house. The object is to "disseminate sound and enlightened views regarding incineretion as preferable to burial, and to advance the public good by affording facilities for cremation."

To those who take an inteaest in this subject it wil be interesting to lern that the expense of being a member of this association is small. Any person may become a member on payment of three dollars initiation fee and three dollars annual dues. The distinction of being a life member of a burial association may be questioned in some quarters, but it is to be enjoyed in this case for an amount so insignificiant as not to be worth mentioning. Quite a large number of crematable ladies and gentlemen are already interested in establishing the society upon a firm basis.

After all the pros and cons that hav urged, little apparently remains to be said. The traditional undertaker cannot be expected to take a livly interest in any mode of disposing of the dead which thretens to injure his living. Fashionadle undertakers bury their victims, twice, first in flowers and then in primal dust. One of the chief virtues of cremation is that it reduces one to impalpability in the shortest possible time. In fact, the filosofy of incineratian has made such an advance upon popular prejuices, that it no longer seems fantastic to imagin the time when, possibly, its adoption shal hav become universal.

But even then a funeral may be fashionable, and dust and ashes continue to be proud.

Burnz & Co

VETOED BILLS.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE justly censures Gov. Cornell for declining to sign the bills providing for matrons to take charge of the female departments in the city police stations, and giving pensions to women school teachers, after the best of their lives have been passed in the public service. Mrs Blake reminds the Governor that there are 20,000 female teachers in the State; that if they were voters he would not dare withhold his approval of either of these measures; that in Brooklyn, through the efforts of the temperance women, a few stations are provided with police matrons. Their appointments have demonstrated that they can be of great help in looking after the unfortunate of their own sex, who are so often hustled about and maltreated by the sleuth-hounds of justice. But these matrons have no official existence (of course not under exclusive pantaloon-power), they are paid by the temperance women. Out of the enormous sums illegally wrung, by taxation, from women, not a penny is expended for the protection of the degraded woman, by one of her own sex; not a dollar is paid for salaries to a non-voting class, Many women have all the rights they want, Christian women, too, in the presence of this foul injustice, which cries to heaven for redress.

Of course Cornell vetoed the bills. In them he sighted a petticoat, as big as a man's hand, in the masculine horizon of his ambition.

PROBATE CHAFF.

OR,

THE MERRY SIDE OF A DARK PICTURE.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

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A book in which dumb animals are made to say some wise and witty things.—*Woman's Journal.*

Just the book for the seaside.—*Boston Traveller.*

The Introduction is the most scathing condemnation of unjust laws that I ever read. The "Memorial" is eloquent and unanswerable. So much for the Alpha and Omega. As for the middle, it is racy, saucy, spicy, sprightly and satirical, acrid and airy, polished, pungent and pithy. It is rightly named "*Chaff.*" The name alone ought to sell the book.—*Lawyer.*

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1882.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

A STERLING POEM.

Who shall judge man from his manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes—
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feelings—
Satin vests can do more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
Ever flowing out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overthrown.
God, who counts by soul, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanest kinds are men—
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men of thoughts and men of fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In man's ennobling name.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Tilted laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same,
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right.
God, whose worldwide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Links oppression with its titles
But as pebbles in the sea.

Correspondence.

New York, July 7th.

My Dear Mrs Stow:

Enclosed please find $12 Postal Order, for the books Probate Confiscation. I am so glad that *one* brave, just, capable woman still lives to do such telling work for her sisters, who are so intimidated and weak from long years of oppression, that they cannot muster courage enough to know what to do for themselves; who do not even see that their own degradation causes this sin and demoralizes the whole human race? „A stream can never rise higher than its source."

Slave-mothers cannot beget pure, strong, just and brave offspring. Enlightened motherhood is the great need of the hour. Every permanent reform must have its source at the fountain head.

Do you see the *Alpha*? If not I will send it to you.

Yours ever—most lovingly
Clemence S. Lozier.

Anaheim, Cal.

My Dear Mrs. Stow, prospective Governor of California: I herein congratulate you upon the step you have taken and the excellence of your wide awake paper. I read Lady Harberton's splendid article upon Dress Reform with the greatest interest.

"Strongminded!" Indeed! we have so many *weakminded* sisters who stand on such high heels that they loose their balance. Success attend the Herald of Industry! Long may it live to bless humanity.—K. P.

Tunbridge, Vt.

Dear Mrs. Stow:

I have just received N. 1 and 4 of your paper, sent by a friend in Texas. Am greatly interested in it and the cause it advances. Please mail me extra copies and I will try to get you some subscribers. Many hearts beat in unison with yours here in the East. Be of good cheer. Work on gloriously. The truly good will help you everywoere.

Truly yours for Progress.
Mrs L.

Atalenta, Texas.

Dear Herald:

Enclosed find P. O. O. for $2 for a copy of Probate Confiscation.

I, also, am in favor of the knife: not only to be used upon paupers and criminals, and upon all those who would produce more offspring than they can support and educate.

Yours for justice,
Mrs. E.

Oakland, Cal. July 25—82.

Mrs. J. W. Stow—

Dear Madan; I was interested in your letter of July 11th and also in a copy of your newspaper which I received. I am much interested in whatever promotes character, practical ability and health of women; and shall be at the session of your Asociation in September if my duties here allow.

Woman's cause is man's and *vice versa*. Whatever makes her abler to forward civilization benefits them both together. To increase her public power harmoniously is what is to be done.

There are many questions I have to deal with; wide and varied interests I have to serve. I hope to deal justly with them all while I in a sense represent only myself. I am to utilize the talent of a very large body of people for the building of a great church in Oakland; and in another sense represent the various sides of public questions. Hamilton Church, as the people in their business meeting decided to call it—is to succeed, so we unanimously determine.

Your sister, Mrs. J. H. Smyth, a sterling woman whom I honor and esteem is a great help to us. She is *one* note—others are of their own distinctive sound—as it takes many *different* notes to make good time, we trust to summon skill to blend them in an inspiring harmony.

I intend to be catholic and energetic on all sides of the varied questions of the day, upon which you in your honest and ardent conviction are engaged, but upon which others equally sincere do not take just the same position as yourself.

While my trumpet has no uncertain sound, while I allow no one to hamper me in the least, while I am by no means cool in my advocacies, I mean to "avoid the falsehood of extremes" which large justice is essential to the established ideas.

Yours truly,
CLARENCE FOWLER.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

MRS. STOW'S CANDIDACY.

Mrs. J. W. Stow, of the San Francisco *Woman's Herald of Industry*, has announced herself as an independent candidate for Governor of California. Much as we regret that there should be occasion for us to criticise the action of an editor of a paper devoted to the interests of women, we cannot conscientiously pass by such an instance when it arises, and candor compels us to state our conviction that Mrs. Stow has done a very unwise thing. We do not question her reght to be a candidate for Governor, nor do we doubt that she would fill the office satisfactorily as the man who will be elected; but we see in her candidacy and in her pledges abundant chance for ridicule at the hands of those who are ever ready to sneer at women, deride their abilities and misrepresent their cause. The leaders of the woman movement should exercise great caution in all their acts and utterances, for they are really under severe examination by a captious public, and much depends on their deportment. Mrs. Stow evidently prepared her announcement hurriedly and carelessly, and seemingly with veins of sarcasm and humor running through what in the main appears to be a serious document. Her qualifications, so far as enumerated, are good, but as given are rather meager.

Some of her "reasons why she should be Governor" are not so good. The principle laid down that "by every rule of chivalry she should be elected, because she is the first woman in the world who has sought such an honor," is altogether novel. Under it any woman could claim any position for which she should be the first to express a fancy, no matter what her qualifications might be. Mrs. Stow also makes a rather vogue remark when she says that "by every reward of merit, it (the honor) should be granted." It is true that she is "a scholar, orator and editor," and that "women, from Deborah to Victoria, have proved themselves better rulers than men."

Few papers which we have seen have treated Mrs. Stow's candidacy courteously. None of them commend her for running for the gubernatorial office, and some make her announcement an excuse for slurs at women in general and suffragists in particular. Of course, she is entitled to fairness, but she will hardly get other than ridicule when she promises so much.

The Salem *Statesman* has an article which is one of the fairest toward Mrs. Stow that we have read, yet it is not devoid of remarks to which she may take exception. It states that "there is a possibility of defeating a much desired object by injudicious advocacy." and that "indiscreet and over-zealous abvocates often do more harm to a good cause than open enemies;" concedes her right to seek the office, the "question of eligiblity" being a matter for consideration after election; says she "recites in glittering terms her fitness for the office," and then "subscribes to pledges which indicate her unfitness, for she promises impossibilities." It then adds:

We say that she formulates seven pledges, no one of which she as Governor of the State of California or any other State could make good. Had Mrs. Stow said that she would pledge herself to labor to the best of her ability for the accomplishment of each of the seven propositions, there would be some propriety in making the pledges. The third and fourth are absurdities so far as her proposed application implies. Both have been true abstractedly ever since the moral law has had its germ among the children of men.

Again we must say that Mrs. Stow's announcement is unwise, and can be of no benefit to the Woman Suffrage cause, while it may do positive harm. She must know what everybody else knows, that her prospect of election is hardly as good as her chance of being struck by lightning, and she cannot hope that papers edited by men will recognise her candidacy as due to anything but eccentricity, though suffragists may see in it a desire to induce women to take interest in the campaign and go through the formality of voting.

New Northwest.

TEMPERANCE.

BY LOIS LIVINGSTON.

W. C. T. U.,

CO-OPERATION.

All forms seems to be linked together, at first invisibly, but with ties that grow more and more apparent. Every reform seems to be throwing out tendrils to clasp other reforms. As in the vision of Ezekiel, bone is coming to bone and flesh to sinew, and presently a cleansed, complete, and glorified humanity shall rise upon this earth. The great woman question especially seems so complex and comprehensive as to touch humanity at every point. There is not an ill, not a corruption, nor a cruelty upon the earth that is not in some way rooted in with the false relation and condition of women.

Perhaps no two are more intimately connected than the drink evil and the lust evil—the two most cruel oppressors of women. They mutually produce and nourish each other Both of them will be felled by the sword which cuts the bondage of womanhood. So we of the temperance army stretch most cordial hands to you who are fighting the monster of carnality. Indeed you have fought our foe, and we find yours is a power behind the throne. All believers in social purity will be glad to know that the workers of the Women's Christian Temperance Unions are turning their attention to the study of "Hereditary Tendencies." A superintendent has been appointed for the National Union, and similar offices for each State are being put in as fast as they can be found. While the "Home Protection" are striving to lay hold of the sure, strong axe which shall fell this deadly tree, we in this department are digging down to the roots of the foul thing.

This extract from a letter written by a superintendent of hygiene, in one of the State Unions, shows how this matter reaching down to the details of life, and how it is bound up with other corruptions.

"I think that our forces antagonistic to lust must be directed towards the evil things that inflame passiosn in men, and even in women. Alcohol is but one department of evil. Tobacco is as bad as alcohol. I know from experience, too well, all I say. Large meat eating is another department that pours its freightage into lust's storehouses. Exclusive fine flour is another. Mineral condiments, as cream of tarter, soda, etc., belong there too. Strong tea and coffee also. When people are convinced that a simple fare of the unbolted grains—but little meat, or salt, or condiments, gives general health and soundness; when the fashions of dress are healthful, modest and becoming, leaving out present direct incentives to passions, then we may hope for a beginning of government over men's passions. As it is now, both men and women together are hurrying to untimely graves. We need sound physical education through schools, churches and homes.

"I think woman's attention should be called to its vital matter, and they might do much through cookery to cleanse their husband's systems from those blood evils that seem to find their only releif in sexual gratifications. I do not think most men mean to be cruel to their wives; they think they love them in their indulgence, and do not understand the eal cause or cure. I really pity a man who wants to be good and kind, whose passions are inflamed by his mistaken wife's luxurious cake, pies. or meat dishes, gravies, etc., and I do not blame women for present styles of dress; if women would only see and understand the effects of rich cooking and tempting styles of dress, they would do themselves great good, and relieve men of a large share of temptation, indulgence, and final corruption."

Replenishing the world should be the end of sexulity, not intoxication of habitual indulgence, until every faculty of the mind yields obedience to this overwhelming passion. "To him that overcometh will I give a crown of life," saith the Lord Jesus Christ. Shall we help to sink or save?

Mary L. Griffith, in *The Alpha.*

The victory in Iowa, the temperance banner-state of the great West, is the harbinger of what is to be, throughout the length and bredth of our fair land.—L. L.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Premiums offered.

Probate Confiscation and Probate Chaff. The first book is in its fourth edition, has over 400 pages, is printed on fine tinted paper and butifully bound in best English cloth. It gives the legal rites of married women, wid ows, orfans and probate courts. It shows how sacredly the property of widows and fatherless children is gar-ded by our wise lawmakers. Few books have had more extended notices and reviews. It is worse than folly it is a *crime* to be ignorant of the laws affec ting home and loved ones.

Probate Chaff gives the merry side of a dark picture. It is illustrated with 200 cuts. These valuable books will be forwarded, post-paid, to any one, who will send $10 and twenty names, subscribers to the HERALD.

PROBATE CONFISCATION $2

PROBATE CHAFF.....$1.50.

Send in your orders to 304 Stock-ton street, San Francisco.

Why people should take the HERALD OF INDUSTRY. It is the only paper in California owned and made entire-ly by women in the interest of women. Every true woman who takes an in-terest and pride in the "woman-move-ment" will subscribe for its organ in in her own state. The price is so small it comes within the reach of all.

I urge every woman, man and child in each city, town and hamlet in the state to obtain subscribers for this pa-per.—FIFTY per cent. commission is paid, for both subscriptions and ad-vertisements.

Is there one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

Personal likes and dislikes must go to the wall in this contest. As well might we cavil about the *Spirit* of those who prepare physical food, as mental, and starve ourselves to deth.

Away with likes and dislikes, there is neither time for, or sense in such babyish folly.

The HERALD contains more valuable reading matter than any other first-class paper in the United States—for the same price. The information that will be given under Resources of Cal-ifornia will, of itself, alone, be worth the price charged for it.

The great necessity of the hour is, new avenues for womanly activities.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY MRS. KNOX-GOODRICH.

San Jose, Cal. Aug., 15—82.

Dear Mrs. Stow,

I mail you, in place of an original article, an appeal from Nebraska. I have sent $20 and intend to give more. If we, I say *we* because it is a *national* issue, can carry this State in November what a victory will be ours, for, when *one* State unfurls the flag of justice every other State will begin to grow un-easy. I am trying to get contributions to sustain the army in the field. All money sent to me will be acknowledged through the HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

MRS. KNOX-GOODRICH.

Let every woman and every man in love with justice send to Mrs. Knox—Goodrich, San Jose, one dollar, or five, or ten, or twenty-five. O that I had a million to send her. Heap up your gold Californians!—MRS. STOW.

Osceola, Neb., July 22—82.

MRS. KNOX-GOODRICH,

Dear Madam:—To secure the adoption of the Suffrage Amendment in Nebraska this fall, two things must be accomplished:

First, the general dissemination of suf-frage literature.

Second, securing the names of a ma-jority of the women of the State to the petition adopted by the Nebraska Wo-man Suffrage Association, a copy of which I enclose, the latter to meet the assertion invariably made by our opponents when all other objections to woman's voting have been unanswerably met, that "The women don't want to vote."

We hope to secure the signitures of a majority of Nebrasks women to the peti-tion, keeping the names of each county seperate, the names to be published in the respective counties to which they be-long, with a statement of the general re-sult, just before election, showing con-clusively that a majority of the women of the electors' own county, and of the en-tire State, do wish to exercise the right of suffrage, thereby giving no one this ex-cuse to vote against the proposed amend-ment.

To effect the above, it has been decided to publish and circulate through the me-dium of the State Press seventy-five thou-sand "Supplements," to contain plan of work to be carried out, adopted by the State Association; an indorsement of Wo-man Sufferage in Wyoming by Gov. Hoyt; sentiments of eminent men; three tersely written, able articles, covering the ques-tion, and a plea to the women of the State to join us in the demand, and to send in name authorizing use as suggested.

The expense will be $500, to defray which I am making an appeal to friends of the cause in the east, who stand ready to assist us, to forward the Association $10 each.

I take the liberty to address you, be-lieving you will heartily respond, and thereby help to greatly advance the movement, the result of which I trust and believe will be our success in No-vember.

Cordially yours in the cause of justice.

MRS. ADA M. BITTENBENDER,

Pres. Neb. W. S. A.

WHEREAS, We the women of Ne-braska, are disfranchised by the Con-stitution soley on account of sex; and WHEREAS, We do respectfully demand the right of Suffrage—a right which involves all other rights of citizen-ship—which can not justly be with-held as the following admitted prin-ciples of government show:

FIRST, "All men are created equal."

SECOND, "Government derives its just powers from the consent of the gov-erned."

THIRD, "Taxation and representation are inseperable."

THEREFORE, We, the undersigned women of Nebraska, earnestly petition the qualified electors of the State, at the general election to be held in November, 1882, to vote in favor of the proposed amendment to the Con-stitution striking out the word "male."

The "tramp, tramp, *tramp*." of that Suffrage army (a hundred thousand strong) and its stirring bugle-call are heard and echoed in every heart that beats for liberty in the civilized world.

MRS. STOW.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MARRIAGE AND PARENTAGE: In their Sanitary and Physiological Relations, and in their Bearing on the procuring of Children of Finer Health and Greater Ability, by M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., 13 Laight St. New York. Price, by Mail, $1.

Dr. Holbrook is doing the world grand service in pointing out the way to improve the *higher* order of animals

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

The Christian Union says: "It is a contribution to the good of humanity, made in a thoroughly unselfish way, and deserves a wide hospitality."

Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston, writes: "I have read all of your works, and feel I must study this one. Your con-tributions to sanitary and social sci-ence have all been imbued with the spirit of sound conservatism and ear-nest conscientiousness, all too rare among reformers. Whoever goes over this book will find himself on sacred ground. It is the most valuable of your many books."

URN BURIAL; A tract published by the New York Cremation Society shows up the absurdity of the "pomp and circumstance of death" and the unhealthful and uncleanly mode of disposing of our dead. Clean ashes in a healthful urn are far more chris-tion than a festering heap in a rose-wood casket. Mrs. J. W. Stow will give her body to science and her heart to purifying flame. She has willed that her bones be preserved in a skeleton for the use of the S. S. S. and that her heart's ashes be preserved in a transparent urn. No darkness of the tomb for her.

QUEEN BEE:—Sister Churchill's An-telope was not sufficiently fleet of foot to satisfy her ambition, there-fore, she has given her sparkling or-gan wings to make honey—and comb—every week. With the former she will sweeten the cup of life for all women and with the latter she will clear out some of the snarles in the unkempt locks of her opponents.

The HERALD likes the *Bee* and *be-speaks* for it a long *busy* and *sunshiny* life. The ungallant Denver-quill-men had best beware of its sting.

MISS HELEN F. CLARK edits the So-ciety and personal department of the *Denver Mercury*, a brilliant new week-ly published every Saturday by Dil-lenback and Dove. That "Dove" has been outside the masculine ark, for the olive branch, Woman, has a place in the editorial sanctum, which smacks of old wine in new bottles. Here is our editorial hand, (without the frost of the Sierras), brothers and sister! May your shadows never grow less!

Bright people those Denverites!

Mechanics Fair.

the

SEVENTEENTH INDUSTRIAL

EXHIBITION,

in the permanent and very substan-tial Pavilion Cor. Lankin and Hyde Sts., San Francisco. The floors are all double planked for dancing, and when the 50,000 gas jets are all light-ed and the art gallery 300 feet long and 50 feet wide is thrown open to terpsichorean pleasures, the scene is a fairy one. The Horticultral gar-den is 300 feet long by 50 wide and is gay with tropical plants and blossoms. A fairy grotto, fountain, minature mountains, and a lake filled with gold and silver fish, make the place very attractive to littie folk and ye cooing lover. A ten inch artesian well, 180 feet deep furnishes an abundance of water for all the various uses of the building. The centre is an unbroken arch 77 feet high from the floor. Al-though the building is 412½ feet long and 200 wide, the space is only about two-thirds equal to the demand. The present Exhibition is the finest ever held on the Pacific Coast, and reflects great credit upon the able and effi-cient Board of Managers.

Chicago Times Oct. 4th '79.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

Members of the Womans Social Sci-ence Association Heap Up the Fag-ots for the Tyrant Man.

A *Soft*-Hearted One Thinks a Prison is the Place Where Men are to be Restrained, Not Punished.

Another of the Same Sort Holds that Mothers are to Blame for Their Son's Sins.

Enter, a Woman Who Thinks All Wives are Generals and All Hus-bands Privates.

Strong-Minded Females the Resuit of Abnormal By-celular Evolution.

WIVES AND WIDOWS.

Mrs. J. W. Stow, of San Francisco-Cal., read a paper entitled „Wives and Widows under the Law." The paper was, like its author, of great vigor and strength. Sarcasm, well deliverd, abounded to such an extent that it was quite evident that no live man could be an object of much con-cern to the essayist. It was the dead man's deed that troubled her. The following is a brief epitome of the paper:

Judge Story says that the laws relating to women are entirely behind the age. It tends to make every family a barony, or monarchy, or despotism, in which the husband is the baron, king, or despot and the wife the dependent, serf, or slave. That this is not always the fact is due to the enlarged humanity which spurns the narrow limits of legal rules.

Victor Hugo was also quoted from in support of the proposition that the law as at present constructed is

A MAN,S LAW,

made for him and not looking to the rights of women.

Mrs. Stow said:" I ask for a change in the laws that will recognize two heads to in the household instead of one. One supreme head means master and subject, slavery and autocracy; the other means liberty and equality."

After remarking the progress made to-wagd the time when right and not might shall rule and all be free, she said "I am

SEEKING FOR A CHANGE

that will protect the home and the fire-side when the husband dies out of it. The house of mourning should be inviolable, sacred to grief and the tender memories clustering around the dead, instead of be-ing turned into a pandemonium the mo-a husband and father is under the sod by being overrun by appraisers, executors, guardians, reporters and other sacrile-gious intruders. That theProbate Court has outlived its usefulness is demonstra-ted every day by the disintegration of dead men's colossal estates. Not content with absorbing the property, it descends into the grave and plucks a fair name from its cerements. The small estates, where there is the most suffering, which are confiscated for the enrichment of this court, do not come to the surface. Why? because widows, as a rule are long-suffer-ing, silent, self-abnigating. Thank heav-en! I'm an exceprion. I DONT

ABNIGATE WORTH A FARTHING.

There are some things about this court that need ventilating—and I'm just the one to do it. I have agitated this question from California to Maine, and I intend to agitate it from Maine to California back again."

Mrs. Stow's personal interest in the question was explained by the state-ment that her husband had died five years ago leaving their community property in the hands of executors, and that it had all gone to ruin in the probate court. She spoke of the effort made to have the bill, which she had prafted, and which had been before the legislatures of several states: Cal ifornia, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, passed,—a just bill that would place widows and widow-upon the same footing before the law and of her failing to get it passed.

She continued:

"A woman whose husband survives her works all the years of her wedded life for

See 7th page.

RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

RIVERSIDE COLONY FRUIT.

THE ORANGE.—A six acre lot of 400 trees 13 years old, yields, in the gross, $2,000 or $5 a tree. After deducting all expenses, cultivating, picking and marketing, the net profit is $250 per acre. The trees are seedlings and will not be in full bearing until they are 15 or 16 years old. These oranges bring from $20 to $30 per thousand, and the mature tree will produce 1,000 oranges.

It is claimed that the time will nev-er come when an acre of ground in the Colony will not net its owner $100 per an.

The seedlings, bear in seven or eight years from planting, but the budded varieties bear in four or five from planting, and the "Washington Naval" (budded) is the finest and most beautiful orange in the world.

RAISIN GRAPE.—Riverside Colony was the first to cultivate the raisin grape in Southern Cal. "It has proved a grand success, second only to the orange. In fact, it is a question of time which of the three, the orange, raisin or the apricot will prove the most profitable. In one respect, the raisin and the apricot have the advan-tage of the orange. Namely; their quicker return of compensation for money and labor bestowed. Plant good rooted vines a year old or even good cuttings, put them in well, care-fully and thoroughly irrigate and cultivate them, and the fourth year from planting, you will have a vine-yard that should yield you a net pro-fit of at least $100 per acre, in the poor-est soil in the vicinity of Riverside; and in Centerville, Fresno County, $250 net profit per acre.

The apricot is not confined in its culture to Southern Cal. It is raised extensively in many of the upper and middle counties of the State. The same is true also of the raisin grape.

THE DRITZ PATENT CRUM RECEIVER.

Molly bring the Crum Receiver,
And brush the crums away;
It surely is the nicest thing,
I've seen in many a day.
And then it is so useful,
And so exceeding neat—
To take up all the fragments
That gather as we eat,
You place it on the table,
Just before the brush,
Amd with a skillful stroking
The crums into it push.
Now move it gently forward,
Keep brushing as you go—
The table's clear'd, the cloth not smear'd

Multum in Parvo.

THE DIETZ PATENT DUST-PAN.

Invented and paten ted July 12th ,1881, by Emma L. and Mary A. Dietz of Oakland, Cal. supplies a long felt need, and is conceded by all who have used it to be the best in-vention ever introduced by which carpets may be thoroughly swept without injury, or the annoyance of dust rising. Being simple in construction, it cannot get out of order. It is well made and with care will last for years. Price within reach of all, ranging from $1.00 to $1.50 according to size and quality. Samples will be forwarded on ap-plication, with price, to trade. Territory will be sold and the Right to manufacture on Royalty given. This is just the work for earnest women to engage in. Orders address-ed to Miss E. L. and M. A.Dietz, Oakland, Cala. will receive prompt attention.

Also, "Thi Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijou of neatness and convinence. Price $1,50. When both pans are purchased a de-duction of 25 cts. is made.

Agents Wanted.

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(*Fourth Edition.*)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated.—*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherlesss children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance. The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passionate eloquence.—*New York Tribune.*

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News.*

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a most vigorously edited paper.—*Morning Call, San Francisco, Cal.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a remarkable sheet. It contains more that is important to women than any paper that I ever opened.—*Jeanne C. Carr.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a spunky and spicy new amazonian, is a business journal, and champions temperance and justice and education on business principles. It is pure gold from San Francisco.—*Boyce's "Saturday Anvil," Washington, D. C.*

It is admirable, sound and alive.—*Clarina I. H. Nichols.*

It looks healthy, and I am of the opinion that its healthy parent will sustain it with good, solid and aggressive food, and that in due time its strength will be great and powerful.—*Clara S. Foltz, Attorney-at-law.*

This excellent journal should reach every intelligent woman on the Pacific Coast.—*Mrs. Roxena G. Steele.*

We are doubly glad to welcome this *industrial* journal, knowing that under Mrs. Stow's management it will do a grand work for women.—*Clara Berwick Colby, Beatrice Express.*

The first number of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY is intensely interesting. It has held me spell-bound all the morning.—*Harriet S. Brooks.*

We like the bold, frank and fearless spirit with which it battles against wrong to women. It does honor to the independent editor, and honor to the association over which she presides with so much ability.—*Col. Warren, California Farmer.*

This paper is one of the best of its class we have ever had the pleasure of looking over, and it should certainly succeed. Its mission is a noble one, and it has the right person at the helm. Mrs. Stow makes a readable, earnest and effective paper, and every women who neglects subscribing for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY does not know how to spend a dollar.—*San Leandro Weekly Sentinel.*

The paper is remarkable for the boldness with which it states facts, and attacks unjust and unequal laws.—*Lucy Stone, Women's Journal.*

The editor is free and outspoken in denouncing what she conceives to be wrong, and vigorously advocates what she believes to be right. She is an excellent writer, as will be seen by a careful perusal of her paper, which we recommend to all our lady readers. Subscribe for it at once. Only one dollar a year.—*Mountain Echo.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is breezy with the spirit of *liberty*.—*Frances Ellen Burr.*

When reading your paper to-day I was forcibly reminded of Garibaldi's immortal manifesto, that "rang like a silver trumpet round the world," in which he said: "Whoever is in love with hunger, with cold, with death, follow me." Reformers must be fighters. Every footprint of human progress has been wet with tears, and led through tribulation, suffering and strife.—*Wm. B. Robb, M.D.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a paper published monthly by Mrs. J. Stow, a woman of rare ability and fine attainments. It will prove a great educator.—*Medico-Literary Journal*, San Francisco.

This paper fills a niche never yet occupied in the history of journalism, and its mission is one that commends it to every family in the land. It most eloquently proclaims the rights of woman, which she never yet enjoyed in this land of "liberty," and we most heartily endorse its sentiments. May it speak forth in tones of thunder, until the sound thereof reverberates throughout the whole land.—*Leeraor Advertiser.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a *gem*. I am greatly pleased with it. I see thee believes in all true reforms—a true Radical in deeds as well as words—and I am anxious to make friends with thee. I am a full believer in Woman; her mission of purifying the race, exalting love, ennobling work, and all that elevates and makes us better.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

I like its bold, affirmative position. But few women, unless they have been subject to martyrdom, as you have been, can realize what is due from womanhoood to the progress of civilization and the building of humanity.—*Lucinda B. Chandler.*

This beautiful publication is edited with marked ability, and is "devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help." We hope and prophecy a successful career for this new enterprise. *Western Woman's Journal.*

I am delighted with the courage and executive ability displayed in the HERALD.—*Clemence S. Lozier, M.D.*

The opening number gives promise of a most readable, able, spicy and very useful journal.—*The Rescue.*

WOMAN'S HERALD is wide-awake and aggressive, and bids fair to reach a large circle of readers.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarism that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. These folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Mattie P. Krekel, Mirror of Progress.*

Have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

A bright, readable paper. Mr. Parker joins me in wishing you every success.—*Julia E. Smith.*

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Duniway, New Northwest.*

I have just finished reading the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and thank you for *one* of the *three* happy days of my life.—*Virginia A. Bells.*

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PETITION

IN SUPPORT OF THE

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"An Act for the Protection of Wives and Widows."

Which has been before seven State Legislatures and the 46th Congress.

To the Honorable Senate and Assembly:—

The petition of the undersigned citizens of the State of California, respectfully request that the laws be so amended that wives and widows will stand equal with husband and widowers in regard to children and property, without legal interference.

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Bishop Simpson said: "I believe that the vices in our large cities will never be conquered until the ballot is put in the hands of women.

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board and clothes. This is the only apprenticeship that lasts a lifetime. She dies out of the accumulated fortune like one of her children. She cannot legally will the ring she stood at the altar with, nor a dress, nor a hair-pin. The endowment of 'worldly goods' was a mocking farce, for they had all reverted to her widower, together with the product of her labor. Is this just? All persons, including wives, should be protected in their industry.

In speaking of this iniquitous injustice to a prominent lawyer of Boston, he exclaimed, 'A wife earns no money. She is supported by the husband. What does a wife want to will away a third of her husband's estate for? What does it matter to a *dead* woman what becomes of her thirds?'

'Much,' I replied, 'just as much as a husband cares about willing away his two thirds. She is just as anxious about the welfare of her children, and would like to secure her thirds for their benefit.'

'But' he continued, 'she has no right to do that. She has spent the money her husband has earned, wisely or unwisely, most likely the latter, in the majority of cases, for women hate to work, and they dont know the value of money. I earn the money and

MY WIFE SPENDS IT."

'Have you an establishment. sir?' I questioned. 'Yes.' 'Is there no labor in the oversight of it, and no extra danger and suffering for the wife and mother, sick-nurse and housekeeper, that you, the husband, father, and money-getter escape? Would you exchange places with this supported woman?' His answer was, 'The subject is intermidable, madam, and my time presses.'

This is a leonine partnership, where the wife dies first, in which the husband has all the profits and she has none. Unless he desires it, nothing goes to her children as long as he lives. He can squan the property, or give or will it all away from them, there is no law to restrain him. This is absolutism! This is a king and subject! A wife and mother with her hand on the helm of the household, with its developing children. crude servants, claims of society, is a general in the field as regards care, responsibility and danger, while the husband is a private in the ranks—in compatisou with her duties—with his profession and business hours, his posse of workmen, who are not 'givin warnin' every other day in the seven.

One of the black points of law in this Republic is: A married woman without a settlement, or seperate individual avocation, is *legally a pauper*. A pauper earns nothing, and at death he has nothing to bequeath, because he has been 'supported.' Their financial condition is identical.

The assumption that wives earn no money in the domestic relatihns is extremely vicious, because it is based upon the common-law theory of dependence. If property were largely hereditary in this country, as it is in England, it would be different; but it is not; therefore the simple right of the wife to her seperate estate is far from just, for the accumulations of wedlock are still based upon the common law of dependence, instead of npon equity law, with its underlying principles of independence.

The husband's claim to the domestic earnings of his wife has its origin in the

CAPTURE AND PURCHASE OF WIVES.

In that primitive period it was necessary for a man to be the legal owner of his wife, in order to protect her from the ownership of some other man physically stronger than he. Wives were then as much the property of their husbands as were their slaves, dogs, and horses. Those wives labored not for their own benefit but for the enrichment of their husbands—the same as they do to-day in the domestic relations. But this unjust and antiquated law should have passed away with savagery, barbarism, and feudalism. CIVILIZATION is the emancipator of the INDIVIDUAL. Lawgivers rest satisfied now that they have given wives their own property. A *gift*? Verily! What right has any man, or any body of men, to *give* me what is mine already? It is mine, and, therefore, not theirs to give. If a highwayman takes my purse and afterwards restores it, I do not look upon him as a model of equity, and vise versa.

In the states of New York and Delaware, a widow is only protected in dower rights, as against the husband's will, and in the pesrent days of commerce presonal estate is much larger than real. There are thousands of people who own not a foot of land outside the cemetery. But a widow has no legal title to a third of the the cemetery lot, which she has worked to help pay for, where her loved ones are 'sleeping the sleep that knows no waking,' unless her husband's will gives it to her. She has only dower rights, and after her death the bodies she has ordered intered therein can be removed by the lawful owners, and further, she has no legal claim to be burried beside her husband, for

DOWER CONSISTS OF BREATH.

After its expiration all rights expire. The husband's kindred, or heirs, own the lot absolutely. They can refuse her remains Christian burial therein, and turn them over to the potter's field, and there is no legal redress.

There was a case on trial, recently, in New York City, in which a widow had sued her father-in-law for placing the body of his son and her husband in his own family vault, against the express wishes of the deceased, and the vehement protest and prayers of his widow. She brought suit for $50,000 to recover the body of her husband. During the trial a facetious lawyer declared that he would n't give fifty cents for the carcass. Think of such an expression about 'the dead so dear,' whom you have loved with a deathless love. Think of it! When such things be it would seem high time for a widow to have one-third of the realty absolutely and all the cemetery lot. The bigest and greediest two-legged Suffolk in the country ought to be satisfied with the willing of two-thirds of everything, without the cemetery lot. This will give the widow

ONE-THIRD OF HER HUSBAND'S BODY.

Now that real estate is not worth the having, it is an abmirable time to change the law. Indiana has set the brave example and given her widows a net third of all the property. No grasping creditor or ravenous heir can touch a farthing of the real-estate third. What a blessing this law is to farmer's widows, for, in the rural districts, nearly all the property is real-estate. No one will claim that a farmer's wife does not earn her third. But she cannot will it at her death, even in Indiana. There remain two more steps to be taken in that state: A wife's right to will her third, and a widow's right to be co-executor.

The law giving the husband the right to devise all the common property, excepting a personal third, was framed when wives had no legal existence. But now that women are no longer legally decapitated at marriage, the husband's absolute power over the joint estate should be sent to the shades, along with the legal ghosts of its contemporary sisters—marital chastisement and marital imprisonment,

Probate law is one and the same in every state in the Union, in that it enters the home, like a pestilence, at the death of a husband, but not

AT THE DEATH OE A WIFE.

What law of equity, love and humanity is it that breaks up the home for the benefit of the children, or the husband's kindred, at his death? Why not turn and turn about, and break up the home at the death of the wife, for the benefit of the children and her kindred? It is a questionable justice that will not work both ways.

People who have never been caught between the upper and nether mill-stones of of probate law know nothing of its rigors; know nothing of the power of executors, who, if dishonest, can, with the connivance of council, make way with an entire estate under the cover and protection of law.

The law of succession should be a simple, inexpensive, uniform, NATIONAL LAW, instead of a mesh-work of subtle state intricacies.

It was the boast of Agustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. But how much nobler the boast, "I found Law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of inocecence."

Believing in the possibilities of right over might, of the nobility of man and the worth of woman, I make this plea, this prayer, that the two heads of the household may stand equal before the law; that wives may share equally in the property accumulated during wedlock and in the guardianship of their children; that in every respect they may stand upon the same plane of rights and responsibilities as husbands. When this is done all complaints of legal favoritism will cease."

A short discussion of the paper followed. Mrs. Kate N. Dogget would go farther than the paper read. She was in favor of making the widow sole executor instead of co-executor. She spoke with bitterness of the injustice with which woman had been treated in this respect, and called attention to the fact that under the law of Massachusetts, until a few years, if a widow remarried she lost control of her children, and to the fact that this was only repealed after a case of striking cruelty had called the attention of the public to its injustice.

The Illinois Social Science Sisterhood may think it poor taste to republish the "Epitome," but I desire to show the impartial spirit of the Press towards woman's work, in ordar that future historians may not be in doubt in regard to the *spirit*. The *Times* report is headed "Rib Roasters" in generous type. Twenty states were represented by rib-roasting delegates.

Mrs. Stow.

THE PLYMOUTH LAPBOARD.

This is one of the nicest household articles ever manufactured. It stays on the lap, has a stationary tape-measure and checker-board, which can be used without raising the nap. The S. S. S. use and highly recommend the Plymouth Lapboard. C. J. Hawley & Co., 217 Sutter St., S. F., are sole Agents for the Pacific Coast. The finest and purist groceries in San Francisco are to be found at Hawley's.

The Woman's Own: Vol. I., No. 2., W. Hunter Editor. An eight page newspaper, published monthly at Indianapolis. Price fifty cents a year. This is a well printed—ably edited journal, which speaks out for the right in no uncertain tones. Its platform is a strong one. Here is one of the planks. "It demands that the Constitution be so amended that woman can vote." We like it and place it on file among our exchanges.

The Woman's Herald of Industry, is a bright, readable paper, which has nearly reached its second volume, and as its name indicates is devoted to the welfare and advancement of women. Mrs. Stow certainly knows how to edit a paper and maks it attractive. We wish there were more like her in the editorial fraternity.

Proof Sheet, N. Y.

Probate Confiscation and Probate Chaff, are two handsomely bound books just presented to our library, by the author Mrs. J. W. Stow of San Francisco, Cal. These are readable books; especially "Probate Confiscation." "Probate Chaff" is full of wit, happy drives and sarcasm; while "Probate Confiscation," is a powerful expose of one of the grandest systems of robbery of widows and orphans we have ever seen. We have all felt the power of the "Dead man's court," as we have seen fortune after fortune swept away with as much ease and regularity, as wave after wave succeed each other in carrying from the luxurient shore the rich growth of nature to be swallowd up in the never satisfied maw of the hungry ocean.

These books are written in a strain of romance; yet, brimfull of stubborn fact which will, in time, cause the whole Probate system to crumble before the gaze of an indignant public.

The Liberal, Mo.

Woman to the Front.—The Republican party has again distinguesbed itself, by choosing a woman, Clara S. Foltz, who made suen a brilliant and victorious record for it and herself two years ago, to stump the State in the interest of the dominent party

Prohibition and Sunday Law will take prominence during the campaign.

ANTI-PROBATE MANIFESTO.

At the first meeting of the "National Anti-Probate League," organized July 7, 1878, in New York city, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It having become unsafe for a rich man to die leaving a will, a widow, and a fair name, owing to the monstrous corruption of the Probate Court, and the legions of satellites that subsist upon it; and

Whereas, The laws governing marriage property, which put absolute control into the hands of the head (husband) of the household, are a part of the old common law, and therefore need revision—in that the identity of the wife is no longer swallowed up in the being of the husband; and

Whereas, We believe that the period in the nation's growth has arrived when it is expedient to acknowledge that a well-balanced household should have *two lawful* heads instead of one; and

Whereas, Wives have ceased *coviners in manus*, own property, and are recognised as individuals; and

Whereas, A widower takes all the joint estate by succession, is not kept in probate for years until his property has been largely or wholly absorbed in costs, is not robbed of the guardianship of his offspring, but is left in peace at the grave of his dead; and

Whereas, We claim that wives stand equal with husband in the economy of life, even the most favored, as producers of life in contradistinction to the producers of wealth in its coarser fiber, and that the real wealth of nations consists of brain, bone and sinew—human life—beside which gold is dross; and, therefore,

Resolved, That the home shall in no way be broken up any more when the husband dies out of it than when the wife dies out of it.

Resolved, That the Probate Court has outlived its usefulness as regards the joint estate of dead husbands and living widows.

Resolved, That the aim of this organization shall be to search out and hold up to view every case of hardship in the State of New York and throughout the nation; to personally investigate the cases of every probate-plundered widow and fatherless child; to expose and eradicate this unjust and cruel system; to never cease to agitate the question until husbands and wives stand equal before the law *on a property basis*.

Resolved, That we no longer remain supinely indifferent and culpably ignorant of the causes which despoil the widow and the fatherless, but that we carefully and thoughtfully master the science of marriage and mortmain law, holding that ignorance on this vital subject is both a crime and a disgrace.

Resolved, That the change we seek is not experimental, for the State of Louisiana has set the unprecedented example in this country, and continental European marriage-property laws stand a living embodiment of justice, as compared with our own, and a constant reproach to our boasted freedom.

Resolved, That we most earnestly urge upon wives and widows, and all women, the importance of forming anti-Probate leagues in every town and city in the Union. "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

Mrs. C. Fowler Wells, President.
Mrs. J. W. Stow, Secretary.

THE STOW BILL.

(Introduced in the House of Rep., Dec. 9, 1879, by De Lamatyr, of Indiana.)

For the Amendment of Laws in the District of Columbia and the Territories of the United States.

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:

Section 1. That in all marriages hereafter contracted, the property of both parties and the accumulations of wedlock shall be common property. Separate estates, protected by ante-nuptial contracts, legacies, gifts, and bequests, shall constitute the private property of each, which shall be exempt from the debts or torts of the other. Property given to a wife by her husband, except during or in expectation of insolvency, shall be her private property.

Sec. 2. At the death of either husband or wife the survivor shall own, after the payment of all debts, half of the common property and have the use of the other half during life, or until remarriage, in which event the estate shall be divided, one-half going to the survivor *absolutely* and the other half to the children of the first marriage, unless otherwise ordained by the testator. If there are no children, then according to the will; if there is no will, then to the heirs of the deceased. No testament placed over the common property by the deceased shall take effect until after the death or remarriage of the survivor.

Sec. 3. All debts or claims against the joint estate shall be settled by the survivor subject to the same law which regulates the collection of partnership debts upon the death of one of the firm.

Sec. 4. In case of divorce the wife shall be entitled to her separate property, and half of the common property after the payment of all debts.

Sec. 5. The survivor, unless mentally or morally incapacitated, shall have the sole guardianship of the persons of his or her minor children under 14 years of age. In case of divorce the mother, unless barred by misconduct or mental aberration, shall heave the guardianship of the persons of her minor children under 14 years of age, if she so elects and is able to support them.

Sec. 6. A homestead not exceeding in value $5,000 shall be exempt from levy and sale. If at the death of the husband there be no homestead, then $5,000 in personal property or wild lands shall belong to the widow, and shall be exempt from all claims made by creditors.

Sec. 7. No conveyance or endorsement affecting the joint real estate shall be valid without the signature of both husband and wife.

[This Bill was published in many of the leading papers of the Nation, and in the dailies of Washington, as the most important bill which had been introduced during the session.—[Ed.

Mrs. Tucker,

Enlarged Portraits

—IN—

CRAYON, OIL OR WATER COLORS,

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Capersauce.

Burlington Hawkeye.

MOLLIES' RAM.

Mollie had a little ram as black as a rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie went he emigrated, too.

He went with her to church one day—the folks hilarous grew to see him walk demurely into the Deacon Jones' pew.

The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passions rise, and gave it an unchristion kick between the sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again; alas! that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back, about a rod 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on his head.

The congregation then arose and went for that 'ere sheep. Several well directed butts just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed them straitway for the door, with curses long and loud, while rammy struck the hindermost and shot him through the crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast.

"Aha!" says he, "I'll try that game on you."

And so he kindly, gently called:

"Come, rammy, rammy, ram; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry am."

With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying:

"Rammy, rammy, ram—best sheepy in the town."

The ram quite dropped its humble air, and rose from off its feet, and when the parson lit he was beneath the hindermost seat.

And as he shot out of the door and closed it with a slam, he named a California town; I think 'twas "Yuba Dam,"

Ella Wheeler wants to know if we are going "where the summer shadows dance." No, love, we are not. We are going to sit in the skylight of the Commercial Building and howl for paste, and claw the exchange fiend, and pray for the man who stole the scissors, and swear that the deaf editor wrote that obnoxious paragraph. That's our vocation. Perhaps some other people will change their shirts and go, but if the "summer shadows" have any business with us—with us personally—they must come right around to the office, Ella, and sit beside us for a while when the foreman announces that the column is short.

N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser.*

It is said in the patent office reports that patents were granted last week to women. This is as it should be. We have thought for years that women ought to have been patented, and are glad that it has been done finally. They are the greatest invention of this or any other age, and it is ridiculous to think of fortunes being made on the invention of mouse-traps, tobacco-boxes, sewing machines and breech-loading fire-arms, when there is no patent on women, the great labor-saving sewing machine and generally useful article. The party who has got a patent on women has got a fortune, as no person who enjoys the society of the patent will kick on paying a royalty. Now let the newly-patented article vote, and it is all right.—*Peck's Sun.*

If one gallon of coal-oil will blow up a kitchen stove, how much Kansas City gin is needed to make a man feel like a barn a-fire?

The beauty of a man parting his hair in the middle is, that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap.

SULLIVAN'S

Largest assortment of Silk Fur-Lined Circulars and Dolmans, and at the lowest prices in the city, at
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Is conceded by every one who has seen it, and especially by every lady who has used it, to be the most convenient, and in all respects the most desirable article of the kind that has yet been placed upon the market. The peculiar felting finish upon both sides, effectually prevents the slipping of the work from the board, also the slipping of the board from the lap, thus entirely overcoming two great objections to wooden or other boards with a smooth surface. It is manufactured from a material specially adapted to this purpose. It will neither warp nor crack, and with proper care will last a life-time. The graduated scale entirely does away with the need of a yard-stick or tape-measure. C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Grocers, 215 and 217 Sutter St., San Francisco, Sole Agents for Pacific Coast, will forward samples to dealers on application, with particulars and price to the Trade.

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Woolen Dress Goods, 45 in. Wide,
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Patent, Nov. 9, 1880.
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INGRAINS	35c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c, 90c, to $1.00 per yard.
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS	85c, 90c, $1.00, $1.10, $1.50 per yard.
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Stair and Hall Carpets of all kinds.
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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 1. No. 12. San Francisco, California, October. 1882. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

A Monthly Newspaper, published the first day o every Month in San Frandisco, devoted to the interests of Woman—to her emancipation from mental and fysical serfdom, thru self-help, and co-operation.

MRS. J. W. STOW, Editer.

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CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.

PRESIDENT—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 304 Stockton St., S. F.

SECRETARY—Mrs. J. H. Smyth, P. O. Box 1468, S. F

MEMBERSHIP

One dollar per annum; Twenty-five dollars, Life Membership.

W. N. S. S. L.

At a special session of the California Woman's Social Science Association, Thursday, Sep. 1882, there was organized a "Woman's National Social Science League," with Mrs J. W. Stow President and Mrs. J. H. Smyth, of Oakland, Secretary.

The time has come when women, working for the salvation of the body and the industrial education of their own sex, *must* have a united and definite plan of action, and a fearless outspoken *National* organ to *emphasize* that action, and this plan is Woman's National Social Science League, and the permanently established National Organ, WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY. California (a woman,s name) is destined to be *woman's state*. Here her out-door kingdom will be established, in a propitious clime of perpetual summer.

An Annual Congress will be held in one of the large cities of the Union each year, and every third year, will be held a Grand Trienial Conclave—the first in San Francisco, Sep. 1883, when it is hoped that every state will be represented by a delegate.

It cannot be too often repeated that the Woman's National Social Science League is organized for the purpose of creating a real bond of united effort among women, to free woman from legal and self-imposed slavery, and to emancipate her physically and industrially from the time honored "curse."

Mrs Stow willy occupy the presidential chair and choose her own cabinet of officers, up to Sep. 1886. She does this because woman's social science has taken firm root in her brain, and because she has but *one single occupation* the development of *Woman's* social science—which differs from *Man's* social science in many ways.

Annual membership $1 life membership $25. Send the amount to the office of the HERALD, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco, and the certificate will be forwarded immediately.

Charter for auxiliary Leagues $5.

The Goddess of Liberty (stamp on the seal) holding in one hand our glorious banner and in the other a laurel wreath, ready to crown every Sister, is emblematic of Woman's perfect emancipation.

BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—Double scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is embroidered in gold on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is worn on the left brest with a star spangle or a badge pin. Those of the Reception Commitee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, showing an inch below and half an inch above. Ribbon one and a fourth inch wide.

Star badges, post-paid, fifty cents apiece.

Clara S. Foltz addressed a full house at Children's Hall on Sunday evening, upon the political aspect of the Sunday law. She made a ringing speach in favor of prohibition, and portrayed in thrilling rhetoric the drunkards blasted home, his dying wife and starving babes. The iron that pierces a true soul leaves it shotted to the lips with eloquence.

GRAND

PROCLAMATION!!!

MRS. J. W. STOW,

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE for GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.

Everything in this abnormal, wholly masculine State Household has become so littered with party issues, and clogged with the debris of party strife and corrupt practices, that a good housewife is needed at the helm of State, with broom and dust-pan to sweep up and out the accumulated rubbish of years.

Mrs Stow is a self-made woman, a farmer's daughter educated at Oberlin, and early trained in an applied school of practical activities. She worked for the widows and orphans of soldiers during the Rebellion, and she has been working for the widows and orphans of the Nation ever since: Therefore, she fearlessly steps to the front, and falls in line with the generals, lawyers, merchants, miners, doctors, priests and politicians, who are seeking to grace the gubernatorial chair of the second (in size) state in the Union—the *Empire* State of the Pacific.

Is it not befitting this Golden State, with her head in the clouds and her feet in the sea, to be the first to have the honor of placing a civic crown—which no woman has ever worn in this great confederate sisterhood of states—upon a woman's brow?

Nothing will unite the warring, trinitarian *isms*—Republicanism, Democratism and Greenbackism, but a *voteless* candidate; one who does not attempt to "control" a primary, "manipulate a club, or "butten-hole" a delegate.

Mrs. Stow is with the people, of the people and for the people; she is in the prime of life, unpickled with whiskey and tobacco and enjoys perfect health. Health and maturity are what is needed in a helmsman, not old age and invalidism. Mrs. Stow is anti-monoply, anti-ring, anti-Chinese: she believes in honesty, not policy; in reason, not speculation; in truth not falsehood. She does not fish, hunt nor play poker. No attractions can lure her from the post of duty.

Reasons why Mrs. Stow should be Govenor of California—

First; She is a scholar, orator and editor; second: Women, from Deborah to Victoria, have proved themselves better rulers than men; Third She is the first woman in the world who has sought such an honor; therefore, by every code of chivalry it should be granted; by every law of justice it should be granted; by every reward of merit, it should be granted.

What Mrs. Stow pledges herself to do as Governor of California—

1st: Give Woman the ballot;

2ond: Retire the Chinese;

3d: Make honesty profitable;

4th: Season law with justice;

5th: Put a snaffle bit in the mouth of Monopoly;

6th: Stamp *Prohibition* upon the escutcheon of the state;

7th; Abolish Probate Courts, and burn the widows.

Does Mrs. Stow expect to be governor of California? Cerinnly she does! While visiting the Concord School of Philosophy, three years ago, Prof. Wasson said to her, "Mrs. Stow I shall expect to hear that you are a United States' senator, in a few years. We need just such women as you in Congress." To be Governer is the stepping-stone to that office and senatorship will be the stepping-stone to the Presidential Chair.

SUBSCRIBERS who do not receive the HERALD *promptly, should notify the* OFFICE *at once.*

SECOND

Annual Conference

of the

CALIFORNIA

WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIA'N,

was held in SAN FRANCISCO,

WEDNESDAY the 6th and THURSDAY the 7th of SEPTEMBER, 1882, at the

S. S. S.

The first day the parlors were well filled, and a spirited discussion followed the reading of the prize essay, "Bread." Although a prize of $10 was offered for the best loaf of home-made bread, only one solitary loaf, made by Mrs. J. H. Smyth was brought in, and only one essay, by the same lady, upon bread was sent in, while seven upon labor were received. Comment is unnecessary.

Mrs Stow wore the Tripple S. Costume, and a standing vote of approval was taken, and but three persons remained seated.

The two following sessions were not so well attended for the reason that columns in the daily newspapers were given over to vituperation, offensive personalties and ridicule. Ridicule is as potent with the masses in San Francisco as fire and sword. Then, again, the W. C. T. U. and the Greenback party held their annual conventions upon those days—for the *first* time. It is a grave mistake when societies and parties purposely clash with other societies and parties. That is not progress. When will Social Science advance far enough to show the people of the world the beauty and humanity and *Christianity* of co-operation? Then and not till then shall we have the true brotherhood of man and the true sisterhood of woman; then we should help each other instead of trying to destroy each other.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

This number closes the first volume of the HERALD. During the twelve months 37,000 copies have been issued. Because it has boldly advocated reforms that would make humanity cleaner, healthier, happier and holier, it has been despised, reviled and spit upon by the many, as Christ was, and upheld, blessed and glorified by the few. It is an expensive publication at a small price, and every progressive liberal minded person should extend the helping hand which is needed so much. Surely there is *quid pro quo* for the money. Woman's voice, pen and example must liberate women from petticoat and political slavery.

The first number of the second volume will be issued Jan. 1st 1883. O friends of freedom send in a 1,000 new subscribers to make glad the heart of the one at the wheel.

S. S. S.

COLLEGE OF INDUSTRY,

—for—

WOMEN AND GIRLS,

—at—

304 Stockton St., San Francisco, California.

LEADING BRANCHES TAUGHT,

TYPE SETTING.....
PHYSICAL CULTURE.....
DRESS REFORM.....

The 13th annual meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association, held at Omaha, Neb, on the 12th 13th, was largely attended by prominent Suffragests from all parts of the Union, and the logic and eloquence which emphasised each session should surely go far towards making Woman Suffrage triumphant in November.

SCISSORS.

Social Science is the science of life.

Vote for Mrs J. W. Stow for Governor.

Those who can read the signs of the times, read in them that the Kingdom of Woman is at hand.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor.

Put every man on earth into petticoats, and keep them on him, and the sun would go back on the world's dial, till the blackness of darkness would completely cover its face. *Dr. Jackson*

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Srow for Governor.

A pretty girl of 18, neat in dress and polite in manner, is a bootblack in Galveston. She has a chair at a street corner, and makes from $3 to $6 a day.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for *Governor.*

Dont hang around and wait for some one else to go ahead. Break your own path. Dont put off today's work until tomorrow in hope it will be done for you.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor.

The recent meeting of the Illinois Press Association was presided over by Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, one of the Vice-Presidents. An honor conferred upon a woman for the first time. The world moves.

Vote for Mrs. J. W. Stow for Governor of California.

AN *APPEAL* TO PROGRESSIVE HUMANITY.

MRS. J. W. STOW is working entirely alone in the city of San Francisco, in the effort to free women from the blood-rusted chains of their past and present slavery. The abusive, mud-throwing Press, has spiked every *public* gun and demolished the citadel of Woman Suffrage. Last year the Suffragists held an annual convention the 6th of Sep. and there were put 14 persons, all told, who had the courage to attend, and since then there has not been held *one public* meeting. They did not even send a delegate to our annual conference. Mrs. Foltz came in for a few moments, but her voice was not heard.

A lethean pall has settled down upon every thing pertaining to Woman Suffrage, and what is the excuse, with the suffrage leaders, for this inane lifelessness; This "that they are *lawyers*, and that law is a conservative profession, that they cannot jeopardize their legal position by being hand-in-glove with outspoken reformers."

Out upon such a cowardly position! The steady tramp of fearless feet in Nebraska cry "shame!" Every wave of progress, as it climes higher and higher up the golden shores of Victory, shouts "shame!" and the "prominent lawyers and judges," if they have a particle of admiration for moral courage, think "shame!" Whoever fails to put shoulder to the wheel of Progress at his or her own door is a poor motor.

In the face of this apathy, newspaper spit-balls, and buffonery, *one* single woman stands firmly and fearlessly by her guns, which are in great need of financial amunition. She asks every woman and every man in love with justice to send her $1, $5 or $25 and it shall count as a subscription to the HERALD for as many years.

Mrs. Stow mortgaged her home for a $1,000 to buy the office outfit for her paper. Who will give from $1 to $25 to cancil this debt? As soon as it is done the property will be entailed in legal perpatuity to industry—for the benefit of women— as "Woman's College of Industry"

Do not delay. Send your donations at once. Whoever gives quickly doubles the gift. The $1,000 is due on the first of January.

Mrs. Stow's candidacy for Governor, her advocacy of castration, for the suppression of crime and pauperism, and the discarding the petticoat are the three "last" straws that have annihilated the camel. She is doing *one* thing, *working for women*, from dawn till darkness every day of her life. Who will help her free the property, valued at $10,000, for so worthy an object—the founding of a *national* college of industry for women. Who is there who will not help to do it?

This prayer for aid will remain standing until the the mortgage on the probate-plucked widow's home is lifted.

Dare to be brave and true.

BREAD

A PRIZE ESSAY

read at the *Annual Conference of the* C. W. S. S. A. September 6th, 1882 by MRS. J. H. SMYTH.

From time immemorial bread of some form or other has been considered "the staff of life." As it is eaten at every meal and no meal is complete without it, it is of the utmost importance in connection with health, to know what good bread is, and how to make it. It is a sorry statement, but nevertheless a true one, that not one half of the people of the United States *know* what good bread is. Bad bread causes more dyspepsia, neuralgia, headache and untimely deaths, than any other one thing. "Bread should be twenty-four hours old before it is eaten. It is not chemically done till then. Hot bread is so difficult of mastication that it is quite apt to pass into the stomach in the form of a bullet, and is nearly as indigestable as that article."

Chemists tells us that a grain of wheat has three constituents, its coving or, "Bran," its gluten and its starch. The covering has no nutriment whatever; the starch has none, it only gives warmth; hence it is the glutinous portion of the grain which is valuable as nourishing food; it is gluten that makes flesh, that gives strength to the bones, durability and beauty to the teeth; it is the gluten which furnishes food for the brain; it is the gluten which makes bread rise," and which gives wheat the precedence over all other grains, it being found only in small quantities in any other. Within the bran-coat and next to it, are found minute cells which contain the gluten; inside the cells is the starch of the grain constituting in bulk, the largest part of the wheat. The chief element of gluten is nitrogen which alone can make flesh; the chief element of starch is carbon which produces heat. "The most important part of the gluten of wheat is its phosphoric acid; it is the phosphorus which feeds the brain and helps to constitute the bones."

"The bran of wheat is about three and a half per cent. of the whole grain. This bran contains 3,82 per cent. of phosphoric acid. Fine wheat flour contains only the twentieth part of one per cent.; that is, the bran of wheat contains fourteen times as much phosphoric acid as superfine flour." In seperating the bran from the flour, one-fifth of the nutriment, —and that is its best portion,—is lost with the bran. Hence it is, says an eminent physician, that the black, unsightly, and sour bread of Germany, made of the whole grain of the wheat, and the heavy, sour loaves found in the sacks of Russian soldiers in the Crimea, are each more nutritious than the most beautiful white bread found on the American table, because the bread contains all the phosphates of the wheat.

In ancient times the whole of the grain: whether of wheat corn or any other, was made into bread after a rude process of grinding. A high authority asserts that we have certain evidence, that primitive man during the Polished—stone Epoch, or the Epoch of Tamed Animals, which precedes the Metal Age of pre-historic times, cultivated cereals. Numerous millstones have been discovered in the caves of the Pyrennes (Ariege), which could only have been used in grinding grain. These stones are from eight to twenty-four inches in diameter. A stone belonging to the Stone-Age, was found in a tomb at Penchastean, near Nantes. This stone was twenty-four inches wide, and hollowed out on the upper side. It was evidently used with the help of a stone roller, for crushing grain. A circular stone hollowed out on its upper face, formed the earliest corn-mill, in those primitive ages. And at the present time there are certain savage tribes who use the same mill for grinding their grain. In Central Africa, the corn-mills of several tribes are formed of a block of granite, or micaschist, fifteen to eighteen inches square, by five or six inches thick, and a piece of quartz, or some other rock of equal hardness about the size of a half-brick; one side of this piece of rock is convex, so as to fit into the concave shape of the larger stone which remains motionless. Corn is ground by taking the small convex stone in both hands and rubbing it up and down in the hollow of the lower stone.

The meal is then mixed with water and a little of it placed between flat circular stones, which have been heated in the fire, the heat of the stones being sufficient to bake the cake. These stones are placed one over the other in small piles. In the poor districts of Tuscany the *polenta* is still prepared in the same way, The dough made of chestnut-meal moistened with water, is baked between hot stones.

The corn-mill of the Bronz Epoch consisted of two stones a foot and a half diameter; the lower stone a little convex; to which the concavity of the upper stone was fitted. In the middle of the upper one was a round hole, and on one side a long handle. The grinder gradually dropped the grain into this hole with one hand, and worked the handle with the other. Thus the corn slid down upon the lower stone, and by the motion of the upper was ground. This type of mill, was in vogue down to historic times, and was the first used by the Roman agriculturalist, the pistrinum, at which the slaves were condemned to work. The earliest inhabitants of western Switzerland made a kind of bread. Charred fragments of these loaves have been often found; these specimens are flat, about an inch in thickness, and indicate that the whole cake was of a circular form, from four to five inches in diameter. Probably after being ground the grain was mixed with water into a dough and baked between two heated stones.

The ancient Egyptians cultivated the earth and made bread from grain. Many modes of preparing grain, either in cakes or bread, are seen in the paintings found in the tombs. The Greeks believed that Ceres first brought husbandry in some regular system, and they deified her as the goddess of Agriculture. Pan, who according to their belief, invented bread, was the tutelar god of the shepherds. Pan was also considered as the god of Nature. Who invented yeast, or at what time in the worlds history bread was first made by the process of fermentation is not known. It is genarally believed that the Romans learned the art of making bread from the Greeks. On the return of the Roman armies from their wars with the Perseus, King of Macedon, 168 B. C. they brought back with them into Italy, a number of Grecian bakers and established them there. Bakers were highly respected by the people, and enjoyed many privileges. During the reign of Augustus 63 B. C. there were three hundred and twenty-nine public bakeries in Rome. The making of fermented bread gradually became known in other contries, but it—was not until the latter part of the sixteenth cent. that the use of yeast became general in Europe.

FERMENTS.

The nature and characteristics of "ferments" were discovered in 1832 by De la Tour, who found that common yeast is composed of a vast accumulation of minute plants. When this discovery was announced, Liebig laughed at the idea. But the conclusions of De la Tour have been confirmed by the researches of Helmholtz. To the naked eye, it is a yellowish bubbling, a kind of lees or dregs, formed in making beer. If we take with the point of a needle, one of these small particles or vegetable germs and place it in a liquid containing a good deal of sugar, a particle of uzotite and phosphate, it multiplies like any plant in fertile soil. In fact, it is a plant of mushroom family, called *Torula Cerevisie*, which under the microscope, presents a mass of round, globular forms without any particular organization; it is a simple cell, possessing a cell wall which is a thin membrane formed of the original matter. These cells are about one six-thousandth of an inch in diameter and smaller. They multiply by budding on different parts of the surface. The bud enlarges till it resembles the primitive globule, detatches and reproduces itself, and so on. They are usulally seen in chains or chestnut groups.

HELMHOLTZ,

as early as 1843, revealed the character of ferments and the agent which produces putrefaction. In "milk rising" we have all the chemical elements to call into life the germinal ferments or yeast plants, which soon begin to muliply at a very rapid rate, (in a proper temperature). The milk supplies the nutriment that calls into active life through "torula" which feed upon the phosphoric acid and on the alkalies contained in the salt and soda, inducing putrefaction, the presence of which is easily detected by the order it emits. The greater and more offensive the smell, the better the rising. The best bread, and the most nutritious, is made of wheat-meal or graham flour; we prefer the former. They both contain all the phosphates of the wheat, but are subjected to a different process in grinding; the wheat-meal is coarser, but the bran is more observable in the flour. The exclusive use of fine or bolted flour is exceedingly injurious. A high authority asserts that white bread alone will not support animal life. Bread made of the whole grain will. The bones, teeth, brain and nerves suffer if the mineral matters needed to form them be wanting in the food taken. No phosphorus no thought, said a celebrated German writer. Phosphous is not a synonym for thought—it is not thought; nor does thought depend only on phosphrous in the brain for its existence; but thinking does depend in various ways on the healthy condition of the nervous system; and the condition of the nervous system is healthiest when it can absorb a certain due measure of phosphous and when no phosphorus is supplied, the brain ceases activity entirely." Phosphorus is not only brain-supporting says: a well known physician, it *is light-bringing*; and must thus contribute to knowledge. In the British Museum may be seen an essay written by a very intelligent and scholarly man of the past century, in which he goes so far as to assert that white bread kills more people than the sword. Travellers tell us that the laboring classes of Sicily, live healthfully and work well upon a simple diet, the principle article of which, is bread made of wheat-meal. Hindoos easily walk fifty or sixty miles a day with no other food than cakes made of wheat-meal, with a little butter. Turkish and Arab porters, remarkable for their strength, who carry from four to six-hundred pounds —subsist entirely upon wheat-meal bread, with occasionally a little vegetables and fruit. The old Romans and Spartans lived their active and vigorous lives on bread made of the whole grain.

(Concluded January number.)

Women once had all their rights. The ancient Egyptian bridegroom took the name of his wife, instead of giving his name to her; and the Egyptian sons took the name of the mother instead of that of the father.

THE TRIPPLE S. COSTUME,

Invented by Mrs. J. W. Stow of San Francisco, California.

DRESS SUIT.

The following is a description of Mrs. Stow's Dress Suit word, for the first time, at the *second* Annual Confeaence of the California Woman's Social Science Association, Sep. 6th and 7th 1882, and the Mechanics Fair Sep. 9th 1882.

Coattail Basque—Plain black velvet; jet buttons.

Short Skirt—Twelve inches from the floor (The skirt should invariably terminate at the "line of beauty"—double curve—in the calf of the leg.),two yds round the bottom, lined and faced, with a full kilt-pleating fifteen inches deep of heavy black silk surmounted by a sash the width of the silk finished with a deep fring on the lower edge, the ends crossed and confined by a knot of silk in the back, the fring falling to the bottom of the skirt; on the left side a full shirred pocket finished at the bottom with a large double looped bow, with both ends falling back upon the skirt and fastened with a handsome jet ornament at the bottom of the pocket. The skirt is gored in front and over the hips just enuf to make it set well, and the fullness is carried back and gathered into a yoke seven inches deep. This gives the true form—no corset, no bussle, no petticoats.

The Trousers—Are cut after the American Costume pattern without the gore, measure twenty-one inches around the bottom, made of drilling covered with silk above the knee and faced twelve inches high with stiff cloth which makes them set or hang nicely.

The skirt, drawers, and stocking supporters are attached to an underwaist which reaches three inches below the waist line. This removes all pressure and weight from the hips, stomach and back.

Under Wear.—Long-sleaved high-necked red flannel under-waist; no chimese, double red flannel drawers, the outside pair buttoned just above the boots, the little under-waist and stockings—that's all.

WALKING AND CARRIAGE SUIT.

Any kind of heavy material, Ladies' Cloth, Waterproof or Navy Blue, cut Princess with the kilt pleating made with a hem four inches deep to fall below the bottom of the skirt, which gives more ease than when attached. The pocket is placed under the sash which is finished with a bow and ends in the back. For wraps a double or tripple cape, made of the same material as the dress, or a short Spanish mantle or English walking jacket and turban hat. In order to give the foot a small appearance the trousers must be fitted at the bottom like men's pantaloons. The house dress is made after either patern. The Dress Suit, with detached skirt, is capable of grater variety in garniture than the Princess Walking Suit.

The "Trigple S. Costume" is simple, scientific, sensible, and no amount of ridicule and social ostracism can ever drive its inventor back into the modern health-destroying life-destroying style of dress. She is 47 years of age, 5 feet and 7 inches in hight, measures 33 inches at the waist line, and weighs 200 pounds. *She* will never unfurl the white feather and petticoats at the same time, at the behest of Dame Grundy, as some of her sister reformers have done. No fear, no quarter, no compromise, is what wins the battle and shouts—*Victory!!!*

Tim Garwood, as dirty and debased a dog as ever cursed the earth, ravished an insane woman, near this city, after putting her children out of the room. A long term in the penitentiary awaits him.—*New Northwest.*

How about Castration for this fiend? Would it not be *merciful*? MRS. STOW.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME OF THE RATIONAL DRESS SOCIETY, *London, England.*

So many questions are asked as to the divided skirt we recommend, that it seems desirable to issue a short leaflet on the subject. Not because it is the principle reform we advocate, or even an indispensable part of it, but as it is the only new part of it, it excites more attention and without explanation is liable to be misapprehended.

The divided skirt is a skirt divided between the legs so as to clothe each leg separately, the under clothing to be arranged beneath this as most convenient. It should come to about the instep, quite clearing the ground, and be made about a yard round at the ankle. An ordinary dress skirt is worn over this, which may be as much or as little trimmed as the wearer may fancy, although to secure lightness the less the better.

The divided skirt may appear under the top skirt about two or three inches without exciting the least notice.

The divided skirt and the under garments may be fastened to a broad band fitted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any sort round the waist. Or, if preferred, hooks or buttons can be placed on a calico bodice to be attached to corresponding loops on the skirts. The top part of the dress may be any loose body or jacket the wearer may choose, always avoiding bands, ligatures, or pressure of any sort from below the fixed ribs to the top of the hips.

In this costume the weight of clothing may be reduced at least one-half, because as the divided skirts cover the body fully and evenly, fewer layers of clothing are required, and less material in their construction. We have here a style of dress by which no internal organ can be injured, no muscle cramped, no movement of the body impeded, and to which the wearer may add as much grace and beauty as her own good taste may direct.

NOTICE:——The Committee of the "Rational Dress Society," intends to protest against the attempt to introduce any fashion in dress which either deforms the figure, impedes the movements of the body, or injures the health, and earnestly begs members of the society to avoid wearing any article of dress so denounced.

They protest against corsets or tight fitting bodices of any kind, high or narrow heeled boots and shoes, as injurious to health.

Against heavily weighted skirts, as rendering healthy exercise almost impossible, and all tie down cloaks or other garments which impede the movements of the arms.

Against crinolines, or crinolettes of any kind or shape, as deforming, indecent, and vulgar.

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This Badge Pin is adapted to the use of all classes of *Freethinkers*, "Universal Mental Liberty" being its device. The cut shows the design and size, but not its beauty. Solid gold, 18k' double thick, $4. Solid gold, 10k, $1,75; silver $1. Postage paid and pakages registered. Remit by P. O. order or registered letter. Descriptive circular, with terms to Leagues, etc. *free.* Address the originator and patentee,

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For the Herald.

No. 4.

THE ART OF DANCING.

BY NAT. T. COULSON.

BALL-ROOM COURTESY:—All parties on entering the portals of the building in which the ball is to take place should proceed immediately to their respective dressing rooms. If at a private ball or party, the host or hostess will be on hand to receive guests and instruct them where to arrange their toilet. In a public assemblage the gentleman will conduct his lady to her dressing room, after which he should lose no time in divesting himself of hat and overcoat, placing the same in charge of the man at the hat room, not omitting to obtain a check for the same; and on being satisfied that his toilet is properly arranged, appear at the door of the sitting room, or wait at the entrance of the ladies dressing room for the purpose of escorting the lady whom he accompanied to the ball-room. The ladies dressing-room should be treated by all gentlemen as a *sanctum*, and under no pretence should he presume to look within, and to enter it, is considered by some to be an act of illbreeding not to be overlooked or pardoned.

There is generally an unpleasant controversy in many a social gathering, as to which is to be considered the head of the room; for each couple in a square dance not unfrequently desire that where they stand in the set, should be the head, in order that they may lead in the figures. Some will assume that the head of the room is the end which is immediately opposite the entrance; but, however, it frequently occurs that there are doors of exit in all quarters. We recommend, that wherever the *music* is stationed, (in any gathering) should be designated as the head of the room, especially in a dancing circle. When a gentleman escorts a lady to a ball he should invariably lead her in the grand march and dance the first set with her; and may afterwards introdnce a friend, or exchange partners, or dance again. A lady should consider herself as the companion of the gentleman who accompanies her to the ball, and not make any engagements to dance with other gentlemen without his consent; or else lend him your programme and ask him if you are at liberty to make engagements for the dances which he does dance with you himself. A lady or gentleman, unprovided with partners and desiring to participate in any of the dances, should apply to the Master of Ceremonies, and providing they are good dancers there is no danger but what they will find a number of partners. In the event of a lady recognizing a gentleman on the street after a ball-room introduction, it would be considered impolite for him to fail to return the salutation. It is optional with a lady to recognize a gentle man after dancing with him. Ball-room introduction do not, by any means, entitle a gentleman to claim an acquaintance with a lady.

If you cannot waltz correctly, do not attempt it in a public gathering until you can. In all dances, a gentleman should exercise the utmost delicacy in touching the waist of his partner. A lady who is not engaged for a dance, must not think that the Master of Ceremonies is infringing on formal rights and etiquette by accosting her in a ball-room, although he may be an entire stranger.

There are some young gentlemen so very fastidious in a ball-oom as to consider it a condescension on their part to dance with ladies, who may not be very pretty or remarkably interesting. These young exquisites, rarely bring ladies with them, and are constantly annoying their friends and the managers to be introduced to the best dancers, or the handsomest young ladies in the room; and are more frequently the cause of trouble than any other class of dancers.

We remember an incident to offset the above. "A young lady at a ball recently wishing to dance, applied to the Master of Ceremonies for a partner, who approached a group of gentlemen and asked a youth if he desired a partner; who asked in a stage whisper if she was pretty and a good dancer, and on receiving an affirmative answer, replied: well,

TROT HER OUT,

to the amusement of the by-standers, who eagerly watched developments. The young lady in the meantime had borrowed a pair of spectacles from a friend in the next seat, in order to receive the young man; and on his introduction adjusted the spectacles to to her eye—and scanning him from head to foot, sarcastically said to the Master of Ceremonies, "I guess you can *trot him back.*"

We would advise all, especially ladies to avoid all unfriendly ungenerous criticism, ridicule, or satire in all social circles, as such can never commend you to those whom you address, and may be repeated to your prejudice. Besides, such conversation is not in harmony with the spirit of a ball or party, which is or ought to be an association of kind and generous hearts for the soothing rather than irritating the feelings.

The decision of the Master of Ceremonies in all misunderstandings, should be deemed final; otherwise his superintendence of the ball will be attended with inconvenience.

When forming for quadrilles you may accidently occupy another couple's place; on being informed of the intrusion, apologize and seek a position elsewhere. When dancing with a stranger, be cautious in your conversation. If a lady refuses to dance with a gentleman, he should receive it with becoming grace; and should seem not to notice it if he percives her afterwards dancing with another, for in these matters ladies are exempt from all explanation.

Loud conversation, profanity, stamping the feet, writing on the wall, smoking tobacco, spitting or throwing any thing on the floor, is strictly forbidden. The revolting practice of chewing tobacco and spitting on the floor, is not only obnoxious to ladies, but is injurious to their dresses.

In private parties introductions are not considered necessary. The having been invited by the host is a voucher for respectability.

In conclusion, allow me to say that the benefits of dancing are manifest, and as numerous as they are indisputable; and a part of the nature implanted by the Supreme Being.

THE WOMAN-STRANGLER.

Justice is generally a mockery in the Golden State, but it is particularly hollow when crimes are committed against women. Wife-murderers almost invariably escape adequate punishment, and now comes the news that Wheeler, the moral monster, who debased his sister-in-law and then strangled her to death, has been granted a new trial by the Supreme Court of California, on the ground that the lower court "erred in allowing the district attorney to read from Browne's work on insanity without first proving that the work was generally accepted as a standard jurisprudence." This ruling will certainly increase popular distrust of and contempt for courts. Wheeler's crime was committed two years ago, under circumstances peculiarly damnable, and it is most surprising that he should have been granted a new trial on such a trivial ground or, in fact, on any ground, considering how thoroughly his guilt was established. The point taken could have no possible effect on the result of the trial. A little womanly good sense is sadly needed in our law books and on our benches.—*New Northwest.*

THE LAW OF HEREDITY.

In an extended argument as to the desirability of farmers' sons sticking to the farm; the Cincinnati Commercial observes that there is a feature in this matter of sons following the calling of their fathers that is not sufficiently regarded.

"The calling of the father may rise to a higher dignity when the sons adopt the business, thoroughly learn it and zealously and proudly pursue it. The accumulated reputation, capital, and business of the parent can be inherited and preserved by the sons.

"Again it is a law of nature that holds good in all the animal kingdom, that aptness for any business may be inherited, or may be bred, as we say of stock. The great desideratum in developing a race of trotters is to insure an aptness to trot. And this comes not from stock that has habitually been used for the drought or chase or race coure. If the dam trots and the sire trots we do not expect the offspring to be a running horse.

"The old Spartans understood this law of developing an aptness for a given calling in the children. The Germans of olden times developed a race of warriors on the same principle. "The law of heredity is so broad and so powerful in its influence that it extends not only to color and form of our race, but it extends to the temperament and even to the tastes. The taste though, like the muscle and reasonable faculties, may be improved by education. Still the taste for aptness to any calling may be increased from generation to generation.

"Then if we are to reach the highest development as a race of farmers, we must expect it through a line of descent. The son must inherit the fitness of the father, and take up the the calling and business where he left off, and his son after him, and so on. When this shall become the custom of our farming families, then shall we see greater stability in society and a higher type of civilization. Every parent has the chief power to bring this work aronnd. The very indpendence of farmer's life is to be the farm which develops a race that can not be any other than an Independent people. Our nation is to achive its greatness in the development of agriculture. Its work at home and abroad, to be established and held through the arts of husbandry practiced by a skilful and virtuous race of farmers. All then that can be done by the state or family to enoble and dignify the calling, and to entail its blessings and influences from father to son, will add to the stability and grandeur of the nation."

"I am not a temperance advocate," but I can tell you that woman's proper work is with her sisters, and not with men. You fail where you can do the most. The woman who has nothing to do; the giddy, fashionable creatures who learn to tipple with refinement; the woman who has too much to do; your laundress who does a day's work in getting her husbands breakfast and attending to her children before she tonics in the morning; these, as well as the woman who drinks to drown despair, are the ones who need but do not receive your minstrations. You raise the man, but you spurn your fellow-woman beneath your feet." *Anna Dickinson.*

Mrs. Tucker,

Enlarged Portraits

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1882.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

BACKBONE.

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes;
Bowing low to wealth or favor,
With abject uncovered head,
Ready to retract or waver,
Willing to be turned or led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing;
Throw your moral shoulders back;
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
Than this—BACKBONE.

When you see a theologian
Hugging close some ugly creed,
Fearing to reject or question
Dogmas which his priest may read;
Holding back all noble feeling,
Choking down each manly view,
Caring more for forms and symbols
Than to know the good and true:
Walk yourself with firmer bearing;
Throw your moral shoulders back;
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
Than this—BACKBONE.

When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes,
Begging for some fat position,
In the house or at the polls;
With no stirling manhood in him,
Nothing stable, broad or sound,
Destitute of pluck or ballast,
Double-sided all around:
Walk yourself with firmer bearing;
Throw your moral shoulders back;
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
Than this—BACKBONE.

A modest song and plainly told—
The text is worth a mine of gold:
For many men most sadly lack
A manly stiffness in the back.

THE SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S SOCIAL ECIENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Sisters and Friends:

Again we have the pleasure of coming together at our annual reunion. The year has quickly passed, because life's cup of activities has bubbled to the brim. We are glad to be here and to have you with us. We bid you Welcome! GOODFELLOWSHIP is the watchword of this Association. It extend a helping hand to all, rich or poor, high or low, bond or free, who desire ro profit by its generosity.

What we aim to do is to help woman socially and individually—espacially the latter. What they need to learn above all other lessons is *self-help*; the value and importance of the feminine individual. They must learn to evolve pleasure from remunerative occupation; to take the same pride in being producers of material wealth as men do, Labor is healh. Labor is wealth. The idle aimless women is the most wretched of mortals, just as she should be.

Woman need to have more confidence in themselves and in each other. They want to thrust aside little childish likes and dislikes and grandly work for a principle. They should study individually and collectively the needs of women—as women—as men have studied the needs of men—as men—for all time. We have too long looked to Man for wisdom's wheat and been fed with chaff and straw. Now let us, as true social scientists, diagnose our own complaints and take our own medicines. Man's prescriptions have proved a failure.

We have had the "Brotherhood of Man," for ages, Woman's Social Science has made the "Sisterhood of Woman." It, in its largeness, reaches out in all directions, and touches all hearts with a live coal from of life's sacred altar. Social Science is the science *par excellence* of all the sciences; it is the

SALVATION OF THE BODY SCIENCE.

It preaches the divine doctrine that a diseased and deformed body produces a diseased and deformed mind; that a sickly plant cannot put forth a perfect blossom; it teaches that all children should be *love* children, begotton in purity and nourished in strength. It teaches how to live healthfully, harmoniously and happily in *this* life. It makes physical culture, the chief corner-stone of all growth, of all development, of all purity. Our *material* well-being has been almost wholly ignored for six thousand years, while every energy, and oceans of treasure—to say nothing of blood—have been poured and wrung out of long suffering humanity for the salvation of the *soul*. Ah! how blind we have been for six thousand years! How *small* our *faith* in God's providence!

"He needeth not the poor device of man," to care for His own—far better than any mortal can do it for Him. What we want at this hour is a

NEW DISPENSATION,

a new structure of bone—*backbone*—brain and heart. We want cleaner blood flowing through our veins like mountains rivulets; we want every pressure taken from of every nerve, vein, artery, muscle and brain; we want to clothe these beautiful bodies of ours so lightly that the crimson lifetide will warm us, in its active play from lungs to heart and from heart through every part of the wonderful mechanism of perpetual motion.

When I think of the torture inflicted upon babes and sucklings from birth, all the way up to adult age, I marvel that there is one alive to display the

TOTAL DEPRAVITY OF MODERN FASHION.

When I think of the indigestable, unnutricious mass that is bolted into the human stomach three times a day, I am not surprised at the antics the stomach plays; or how it shrieks out in its agony, "O liver!" come to my aid! Pour out your gall. O heart! O splean! O pancreatic duct! O gastric juice! Where are you? I've got a basted roaster here to digest; I've got a cup of coffee, a plate of ice cream and a cucumber to digest. O Condiments! peper, salt, vinegar, Nabob sauce, Worestershire sauce, Caper sauce, Peper sauce, and every other sauce here to digest. "O! O! O!!" and the groan is echoed from the mouth of its tormentor. If this herculean digestive labor is to be performed under a corset, the stomach shrieks on a new and varied key. "O for breath! O for room to toss the mass! Go away liver, go away heart and lungs and pancreatic duct, go down diaphram you stifle me—

"WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?"

Is it any marvel that a stomach made to work under such high pressure, should fail in health and refuse to work? Poor stomach! But the appointed time has come and the hour of salvation is at hand. Social Science,—*Woman's* social science is going to put on the breaks and shut off the steam, and let the engine cool.

High pressure living and tight lacing have filled the world with deformity intemperance, idiocy, insanity and all manner of crime. Intemperance in eating causes intemperance in drinking, and intemperance fills our jails, prisons, insane assylums, penitentiaries and brothels. Here is

A DOCTOR'S OPINION

of beer drinking. Its constant use is found to produce a species of degradation of all the organism, profound and deepseated. Fatty deposit s, diminshed circulation, conditions of congestion, perversion of functional activites. local inflamation of both liver and kidneys are constantly present. Intellectually; a stupor amounting almost to paralysis, arrests the reason, precipitating all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health but in reality he is most incapable resisting disease. A slight attack, a severe cold, or shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke disease, ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different forms of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no time for recuperation, but steaily lowers the vital forces. It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest forms of inebricty, closely allied to ciiminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians and tramps in our cities are beer drinkers. It is asserted by competent authority that the evils of heredity are more positive in this class than from alcoholics. If these facts are well founded, the recourse to beer as a substitute for alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality following.

We *must* abandon the crucifying corset, high heels, dead hair and petticoats; we must eat brain-making muscle-making, bone-making food, and stop making and eating condiments, candies, cakes, pies and puddings; and use fruit in its *live*, natural state. To cook it is to kill it. We must learn to walk, and ride on horseback, on tricycles; to become experts in all sorts of out-of-door games; to swing the Indian clubs and dumbbells. These things will give a new zest to life. These things will kill gadding, gossiping and growling. These things will kill a morbid appetite, dyspepsia, nervous headache and the blues. These things will make life large and grand, instead of narrow and miserable.

All the vital organs have so long been displaced that it will take a generation of swinging, rowing, ball-playing, and intripid pedestrianism before the human shape will be restored to woman. Baby-girls are born with the deformity of small waists, just as the flatheaded Indians and stubtailed dogs are born flatheaded and stubtailed—from years of compression and docking.

Nature abhors any interference and will soon carry out the designs of her cobblers, by conforming to any amount of compressing and curtailing, by curtailing the supply or puting all the furniture, as in the corseted woman, in the upper and lower chambers, leaving the *spare room* in the middle. If any human being is to wear a corset let it be one who does not carry the cradle of humanity beneath the heart.

The first lesson to be taught woman is

"WOMAN KNOW THYSELF

structuarly." A child should learn its A. B. C.; in anatomy and physiology. Those books should be the guide books of her life. They are of far more importance than Latin or Greek In the new dispensation Woman will sit the crowned queen in the Temple of Life and a new generation of Apollo's and Diana's will people the earth. This Queen of Health in the Temple of Life will teach that to be strong, beautiful and symetrical the education of body and brain must go hand in hand; that the sister must dress in a manner to emulate her brother, who, while at college plays foot-ball and base-ball, runs foot-races and has walking matches and rope-pulls, takes long tramps over fields and hills, rows and practices in the gymnasium. These Dianas' will not, like the modern girl, when boating, have to have some stronger hands pull the oars; she will not sit listlessly by with sluggish blood a mere "looker on" the health gives sports and games; she will try her physical muscle, as well as her mental muscle, with her brothers.

When my niece, Florence, and I were making the tour of Europe, with alpinestalks, we stopped for a night at the *Tate Noir* house, and there met a party of young Englishmen, whose face were set the same way as ours, but it was nine miles down the mountain-side to Martygny, and they were not stout of limb enough to make the decent with two legs they wanted four. But a nights rest, and some chaffing about English, masculine muscle *vs* American feminine muscle, strapped their knapsacks upon their backs at the same time that Florence swung her 30 pounds over her shoulders, and away we went 40 as light of foot as 20, down the blooming sparkling sides of that grand old mountain, which shouted back, in a thousand echoing tongues, our unbridled glee.

Ah! what an ever-to-be-remembered tramp it was! How we quaffed the melted snow as it dashed over the precipice and ate the purple fruit from tangled bramble and trailing vine, and what an appetite we had for the "Good Cheer" in the valley.

A pleasant companion and an alpinestalk is what one wants to make The tour of Europe or AMERICA with. the London *Telegraph* says:

"Women are beginning to feel pride in feats of endurance, a secret endeavor and pertinacity which elevates the character and materially strengthen the will. These women are the true companions of men in their holidays and exercises, who can take walking tours and climb mountains without risking their own lives or those of their relatives; women who are not unfeminine because they make use of their limbs and strengthen their muscles. To such as these are added, in men's eyes, a rare physical and moral beauty; and they would be sadly missed if absent from the table d,hote in merry Switzerland or the mountain districts of home, at the seaside or in the moorland. There are girls who are as adventurous as their brothers, wives as laudably ambitious as their husbands, who, if they are sneered at by the foolish as 'women climbers' and satirized as sensational, have the satisfaction of knowing that they sustain by example and precept all that is laudable and excellent in the typical English character."

The Standard, Lon. Eng., Sept. 14-81.

—A Ladie's Competition, in connection with the Portsmouth Swimming Club, took place yesterday morning off Southsea, in the presence of a large number of spectators. Twelve lady members competed for the lady championship of the club, the distance being 88 yards, which was completed by Miss Beatrice Levison, who won the first prize in 1 min. 55 sec.: Miss Hudson, who was beaten by two yards, was second; and Mrs. Genders, the wife of the Rev. J. W. Genders, came in third. The swimming of the ladies was much admired both for its grace and speed.

We have had the pleasure of seeing some of our island ladies disporting themselves as naiads of the lake, and nothing could be more charming or graceful than their movements in the water. But it is not as an amusement merely, that swimming may be regarded; it is a part of education that is as desirable as any branch of knowledge that every person ought to be possessed of. At some not far distant day we shall expect to see our ladies wearing decorations quite as creditable to their bravery and skill as those which decorate the breast of Capt. Andrews.

Miss Bertha Von Hillern, of pedestrian fame, is winning laurels in Boston as an artist. She is of a good German

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Why people should take the HERALD OF INDUSTRY. It is the only paper in California owned and made entirely by women in the interest of women. Every true woman who takes an interest and pride in the "woman-movement" will subscribe for its organ in in her own state. The price is so small it comes within the reach of all.

I urge every woman, man and child in each city, town and hamlet in the state to obtain subscribers for this paper.—FIFTY per cent. commission is paid, for both subscriptions and advertisements.

Is there one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

Personal likes and dislikes must go to the wall in this contest. As well might we cavil about the *Spirit* of those who prepare physical food, as mental, and starve ourselves to deth.

Away with likes and dislikes, there is neither time for, or sense in such babyish folly.

The HERALD contains more valuable reading matter than any other first-class paper in the United States—for the same price. The information that will be given under Resources of California will, of itself, alone, be worth the price charged for it.

The great necessity of the hour is, new avenues for womanly activities.

family, liberally educated, intellectual and refined. Her pedestrian exploits, as she explained in a late article, were undertaken to awaken American women to the need and advantages of physical development and training, and no taint of the ring clings to the blond-German maiden.

A prize for a "ladies' rifle match" was offered at Dudley, W. T., on the Fourth of July, and was won by Mrs. H. G. Kemp, who made 24 out of a possible 30. The Walla Walla *Watchman* says of her: "She can shoot like a top, takes dead aim, and holds her rifle steady. We'd hate to fight a duel with her with rifles."

LADY GUARD.—Late exchanges, give interesting accounts of the excellent drill of the "Lady Guard of San Diego," organized by Lieutenant Lacy of the National Guard of California. Some two months ago, when arrangements were being made for a church fair at San Diego, Lieutenant Lacy conceived the idea of drilling a company of young ladies for the purpose of exhibition at the fair, and for mutial amusement and improvement. After a month's careful instruction, the company made its public appearance, and their wonderful excellence surprised and delighted all the spectators.

The drill comprised the various exercises in the "School of the Soldier," including the manuel of arms; fours in circle right and left wheel (admirably done); formation of column of fours to the right and left; column of twos from column of fours; column of files from column of twos and column of fours; marching in line; right forward, fours right; left front into line, etc. The drill concluded with an exhibition of the bayonet exercise, which was remarkably well done, and the most brilliant feature of the whole.

The comwany consists of eighteen young ladies, under Miss Blanche Downes as Captain, and the latter is highly complimented for her presence of mind and knowledge of tactics. Their uniform is described as a very pretty combination of red, white and blue, with silver facings, and red turban caps, making a very brilliant display. The "Lady Guard" propose to issue a challenge to the "City Guard" and fully expect to win the prize for excellence of drill.

How can the physical education of women be brought about? Only thru

CORSET AND PETTICOAT EMANCIPATION.

Everywhere in the parliaments of *reason* are these monstrous twin tyrants of deformity, disease and death, being held up where the lamp "Common sense" can shed its rays upon them. "The Rational Dress Reform," with a Viscountess at the helm, in England, and the "Anti-Petticoat League of Germany, are paving the way for a revolution in feminine attire. At a recent meeting of the League in Berlin the President explained that the movement was to abolish all unhealthy and inconvenient articles of woman's dress, and to replace them by a "dualistic form of attire for the lower as well as the upper limbs." The supporters of the movement desired that no more should be heard of long skirts and such fashionable frippery. They wanted to wear trousers, because in them alone they had a form of dress worthy of the human race. Only one person spoke in defence of the old costume, on the ground that flowing robes were more graceful than tight-fighting garments, but her voice was drowned in a storm of opposition, and the anti-petticoat resolution was carried almost unanimously.

Woman must be emancipated from dress degradation to do real woman's work, and to get back her primitve form of beauty.

Women have lived all their lives upon romance and whipped cream; upon sentiment and simpers, simply because they were *born* to "twine" and twist instead of to walk upright. But we are fast growing out of the sickly sentimental age into the brain age—the age of *Reason*. By all means let us have the Brain Age to clear out the sentimental rubbish of the purely Heart Age. There should be a beautiful balance between heart and brain in both senses.

Women are going to ripen with years as men and wine ripen with years. They are to be no longer crowded to the wall as soon as they cease to attract men physically. Woman will do her best intellectual work, during her Indian Summer of life, from 50 to 75 years of age. When we live five times the period of our growth, lifes' morning or Spring time will be from birth to 25; its Summer or blossom, from 25 to 50; its Autumn or fruitage, from 50 to 75; and its Winter or days of sweet repose, from 75 to 100 years of age.

What are women doing industrially and professionally? They are occupyiug pulpits and professors chairs; they are presidents of colleges, and important societies; they are an army of themselves in the medical field; they edit and publish books, magazines and newspapers; they are at the head of mining bureaus and wheat exchanges; they are at the head of their classes in college and university; they are successful telegraph operators, reporters, farmers and mechanics. If women have been able to do all these things in petticoats and corsets, what may we not expect of them outside of petticoats and corsets? Ah! there's the rub! Men, I say *men*—not *monkeys*—acknowledge that they would not be able to cope with women when they once get a taste of the elixir of life—official grandeur, and large pay; brilliant scholarship, and its accom panying honors; large wealth, and unlimited power; Ambition's crown, and sceptred sway.

Women awake! arouse! gird on your armour and begin to act. This hour is nine o'clock in the morning, of waman's day, and when the hour hand points to ten, just a decade from to day, Time's Silver bell will ring clear, at every stroke of the hammer, to this refrain: Woman is free! Woman is free! Woman is free!!!

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Mrs. President,

Sisters and Friends: The *first* Annual Conference of the California Social Science Association was held on the 7th and 8th of Sep. 1881, in the S. S. S. parlors, 304 Stockton St. S. F. The following is the programme carried out: Wednesday at 10 a. m. opening exercise, instrumental music, *Anna Bolena*, violin and piano, by Miss von Lowenfels and Prof. de Freitas; the President's Address; recitation, *Father is Coming*, Miss Estella; Song, *The Mocking Bird*, with guitar accompaniment, by Miss Little; Piano Selection, Miss Harris; Secretary's Report, Laura W. Briggs; Piano Solo—La Pasquinade, *Caprice*, Prof. de Freitas; Woman as an Inventor, Mrs. Knox-Goodrich.

Wednesday evening at eight o'clock at Mercantile Library Hall, Speaches by Mrs. Stow. Prof. Wilson and Mr. Lewis; *Musical Melange*, guitar, Prof. Picora. Ricitation in Costume, *High Tide*, Laura W. Briggs; Reading of an original poem, *Life's Journey*, Mrs. Thorndyke.

Thursday morning, S. S. S. parlors, *Sonata in D*, Violin and Piano, Miss von Loewenfels and Prof. de Freitas; Original Poem, *The Greek Maiden*; Mrs. N. Furlong; essay, Kindergarten Schools, Miss von Loewenfels, *The Monk's Prayer*, piano, Miss Harris; Recitation, *Which Shall it Be?* Miss Fuller; *Opera Faust*, Piano Solo, Prof. de Freitas.

Thursday afternoon, *Les Reves d'Amour*, Piano Solo, Miss de Freitas; *The Literature of Ireland*, Mrs. J. H. Smyth; Song, *The Daises*, Miss Little. *Operatic Selections*, piano, Lula White; Originai Poem, *Nunnemburg*, Mrs. N. Furlong: *Il Bacio*, piano solo, Prof. de Freitas.

Thursday evening a brilliant reception was held from 8 to 12 at the S. S. S. Clubhouse parlors, with an agreeable accompaniment of music and recitations.

Each session of the Conference was well attended, and a novel feature added zest to the first days programme, which fell upon the Municipal Election—but did not annihilate it. Mrs. J. M. Stow and Marian Todd were regular Candidates, upon the Greenback ticket, for School director and City and County Attorney. A polling booth for women voters (the first in the world), was arranged on the porch of the Clubhouse, with all the pomp and circumstance of enfranchised power. A Curious, oblong, black-paper, dry-goods box (a *man's* device) with a slot in the top to drop in the mischief—to women—was securely tied to the railing of the porch. Mrs. Todd was honoued with 81 votes and Mrs. Stow with 80. These ladies are justly proud that they are the first women ever nominated for those positions in California. The ladies, with one or two exceptions voted the straight ticket without scratching.

Twenty-seven regular meeting's have been held during the year just closed, at which papers have been read and discussed upon the following subjects: Hygienic Cooking; Health and Morals; Ancient Egypt; Chemistry of Cooking (Prof. Hilgard, Cal. Uni.); Co-operation (Mr. Gawthorne, Sec. S. F. Co-op. Union,); two essays upon Dress Reform; Health *vs* Fashion; Home Life, Heredity; Laws of Life; Seven papers upon Woman Suffrage; Physical Culture; Women of Germany; Torture of the Foot; Petticoat Slavery; The Sexual Relations; Social Institutions of the World; Marriage, its Abuses; Marriage, its Uses. These meetings have been well attended, and through them a steady growth in woman's advancement has been perceptable.

In the two years that Social Science has been taking root in San Francisco it has put forth many new shoots, from the parent stalk. Prominent among these are the "California Silk Culture Association," the "San Francisco Decorative Art Society," and the "Women's Protective League," each one of them working in the *old* way, competively, but sometime they will see the beauty of the *new* way, and then we shall all work together co-operatively.

The S. S. S. College of Industry, has taught but a few branches (in comparison with what it did the first year) the past year, Typesetting, physical culture, elocution and dress reform, constitute the principal instruction given. Typesetting is of special importance, for it is eminently woman's avocation and pays far better than slop-work or plain sewing. The C. W. S. S. A. has 377 members; this roll of honor embraces nearly every state in the Union, Great Briton and Canada. Its fearless Organ, the *Herald of Industry* has had a steady growth from the first issue of 10,000 copies. No paper has ever enjoyed more flattering ecomiums from the press and private correspondent, than the *Herald*. Two benefits have been given in the parlors of the S. S. S. during the past twelve months, one to Mrs. C. L. H. Nichols of Pomo. Cal. and one to Miss Little of San Francisco, the net results of each being equal to the seating capacity of the parlors. Words of cheer and encouragement have come to us from all over the civilized world. True hearts, in uncorruptable bosoms, beat strong and steady in sympathy with our great work.—Womans perfect emancipation from superstition, political bondage and dress slavery.

In no way has the Association deviated one jot or tittle from the course marked out at the beginning, and in that course it will march steadily onward and upward, keeping step to the "Band of Progress" music.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. J. H. SMYTH,
Secretary.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

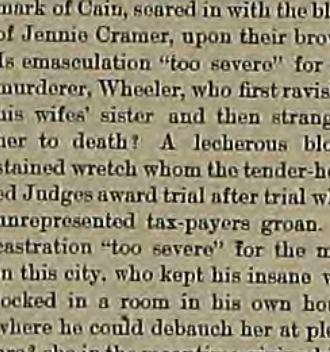
MECHANICS FAIR.—The 17th Annual Exibition of the Mechanics Fair of San Francisco has been a pronounced success from first to last. The only thing wanting to have made it perfect was woman's artistic hand and eye in the general arrangement of the display. Men cant keep house, alone. It is ridiculous to try. The Fair is only a big household. Another year, having seen the effects of their short-sightedness, they will have several capable women associated with them on the Board of Management.

Is Castration "too severe" for the youthful monsters who wear the mark of Cain, seared in with the blood of Jennie Cramer, upon their brows? Is emasculation "too severe" for the murderer, Wheeler, who first ravished his wifes' sister and then strangled her to death? A lecherous blood-stained wretch whom the tender-hearted Judges award trial after trial while unrepresented tax-payers groan. Is castration "too severe" for the man, in this city, who kept his insane wife locked in a room in his own house, where he could debauch her at pleasure? she in the meantime giving birth to two children. Is emasculation "too severe" for a man, in this city, who lecherously used the person of his constantly intoxicated wife for five years? she during that period bringing three rum-cursed children into the world. Wake up! Temperance folks. Heredity is the root of the matter, which should be thot about, talked about and acted upon.

Our workhouses, penitentiaries and poorhouses are bursting with criminals and paupers, who, when the opportunity offers, breed like vermin. What will stop the swelling of this vile stream of humanity so speedily and surely as castration? What could be more merciful to the lust-tormentes creatures themselves?

One vagrant woman has flooded Herkimer County, N. Y. with paupers and criminals. Her vile progeny have brought untold misery and desolation into hundreds of happy homes. If the abandoned, outcast child had been physically incapacitated from entailing misery, crime and pestilence what a humane act it would have been; what a temperance act it would have been; what a Chsistian act it would have been. The time has come when the ax must be laid at the root of the tree of vice, instead of lopping off little twigs as has been done heretofore. Woman's (the greatest sufferer) voice must and wil be heard on the subject when the Pulpit is too cowardly and the Press too craven to speak out.

MRS. STOW.



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PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express*.

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee*.

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript*.

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe*.

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out*." It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller*.

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated.—*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherless children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often voided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance. The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium*.

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passsonate eloquence.—*New York Tribune*.

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News*.

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean*.

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times*.

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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It is admirable, sound and alive.—*Clarina I. H. Nichols.*

It looks healthy, and I am of the opinion that its healthy parent will sustain it with good, solid and aggressive food, and that in due time its strength will be great and powerful.—*Clara S. Foltz, Attorney-at-law.*

This excellent journal should reach every intelligent woman on the Pacific Coast.—*Mrs. Roxena G. Steele.*

We are doubly glad to welcome this *industrial* journal, knowing that under Mrs. Stow's management it will do a grand work for women.—*Clara Berwick Colby, Beatrice Express.*

The first number of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY is intensely interesting. It has held me spell-bound all the morning.—*Harriet S. Brooks.*

We like the bold, frank and fearless spirit with which it battles against wrong to women. It does honor to the independent editor, and honor to the association over which she presides with so much ability.—*Col. Warren, California Farmer.*

This paper is one of the best of its class we have ever had the pleasure of looking over, and it should certainly succeed. Its mission is a noble one, and it has the right person at the helm. Mrs. Stow makes a readable, earnest and effective paper, and every women who neglects subscribing for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY does not know how to spend a dollar.—*San Leandro Weekly Sentinel.*

The paper is remarkable for the boldness with which it states facts, and attacks unjust and unequal laws.—*Lucy Stone, Women's Journal.*

The editor is free and outspoken in denouncing what she conceives to be wrong, and vigorously advocates what she believes to be right. She is an excellent writer, as will be seen by a careful perusal of her paper, which we recommend to all our lady readers. Subscribe for it at once. Only one dollar a year.—*Mountain Echo.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is breezy with the spirit of *liberty*.—*Frances Ellen Burr.*

When reading your paper to-day I was forcibly reminded of Garibaldi's immortal manifesto, that "rang like a silver trumpet round the world," in which he said: "Whoever is in love with hunger, with cold, with death, follow me." Reformers must be fighters. Every footprint of human progress has been wet with tears, and led through tribulation, suffering and strife.—*Wm. H. Robb, M.D.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a paper published monthly by Mrs. J. Stow, a woman of rare ability and fine attainments. It will prove a great educator.—*Medico-Literary Journal*, San Francisco.

This paper fills a niche never yet occupied in the history of journalism, and its mission is one that commends it to every family in the land. It most eloquently proclaims the rights of woman, which she never yet enjoyed in this land of "liberty," and we most heartily endorse its sentiments. May it speak forth in tones of thunder, until the sound thereof reverberates throughout the whole land.—*Livermoor Advertiser.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a *gem*. I am greatly pleased with it. I see thee believes in all true reforms—a true Radical in deeds as well as words—and I am anxious to make friends with thee. I am a full believer in Woman; her mission of purifying the race, exalting love, ennobling work, and all that elevates and makes us better.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

I like its bold, affirmative position. But few women, unless they have been subject to martyrdom, as you have been, can realize what is due from womanhooed to the progress of civilization and the building of humanity.—*Lucinda B. Chandler.*

This beautiful publication is edited with marked ability, and is "devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help." We hope and prophecy a successful career for this new enterprise.—*Western Woman's Journal.*

I am delighted with the courage and executive ability displayed in the HERALD.—*Clemence S. Lozier, M.D.*

The opening number gives promise of a most readable, able, spicy and very useful journal.—*The Rescue.*

WOMAN'S HERALD is wide-awake and aggressive, and bids fair to reach a large circle of readers.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. These folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Mattie P. Krekel, Mirror of Progress.*

Have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

A bright, readable paper. Mr. Parker joins me in wishing you every success.—*Julia E. Smith.*

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Duniway, New Northwest.*

I have just finished reading the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and thank you for *one* of the *three* happy days of my life.—*Virginia A. Bells.*

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LABOR

A PRIZE ESSAY

read at the *Annual Conference* of the C. W. S. S. A. September 6th, 1882

"There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is their perpetual despair." "Labor is worship," says the proverb; we would add labor is *happiness*. There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy. This maxim old as creation is worth remembering. "Be not the shrinking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever you do, yield you its best fruits. Labor is the great civilizer. It has civilized the world. What it has done for man, it will do for woman, when she will rise to the true dignity of womanhood. Only weak minds cling to inanity and worthlessness; only the parasites and driftwood of society advocate sin, sloth and degradation of idleness. Everything in the great realm of Nature is permeated with the elixir of activity. No human mind is contented without occupation. No human soul is without an aim or purpose in life. It may be laid down as an incontrovertable principle that no family can be truly happy without employment—regular, diversified, continually recurring employment. It is the active, industrious persevering family that is the genuinely happy family; not the idle, shiftless,—not the one that has no definite plan, no fixed and important object, no personal and collective aim, and energy. There is an amount of educated idleness abounding in our land which makes one wonder at times what after all are the advantages resulting from our costly system of public instruction. The question will of course be withdrawn as soon as it is recollected that from our schools, colleges and seminaries comes forth every year an army of young men and women who are to do the grand work a nation like this requires to be done in every enlarging measure. But still the drones are innumerable. The notion has been fixed in many minds that labor, however honest, is degrading. To be above work is the pride of many ease—loving women, and to be idle is the ambition of not a few men, whose education has been barely sufficient to make them believe that idleness and gentility are allied. No mistake could be greater. Honest work will soil no ones fingers so much as handling the bread of indolence. Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

Boys and girls both should be taught that any kind of work is honorable, and that idleness is dishonorable, and that it is the duty of every girl, as well as every boy, to learn how to earn a livelihood. Public sentiment is greatly at fault in this matter, especially with reference to girls. Besides, the ordinary duties of life require that boys and girls be taught to work whether their parents are wealthy or not. A young man who is willing to sit down in idleness, or devotes his time to "society," and live off the earnings of his father, is justly looked upon as a useless if not a dangerous member of society. No young man of spirit or principle will consent to do such a thing. Every father, however wealthy, if wise teaches his son some business by which he can earn a livelihood. The same principle should be applied to girls. Every girl should be taught to be self-supporting. Practical education is the order of the day. Foolish mothers think nothing but music, painting, drawing etc., suitable accomplishments for their daughters. This miserable pride is beneath every *true woman*.

The time has passed when woman must be pale and delicate, to be interesting—when she must be totally ignorant of all practical knowledge to be called refined and high-bred—when she must know nothing of the current political news of the day, or be called masculine and *strong-minded*. It is not a sign of high birth or refinement to be sickly and ignorant. Those who affect anything of the kind are behind the times, and must shake and air themselves mentally and physically, or drop under the firm strides of common sense ideas, and be crushed into utter insignificance.

Rev. James M. Pullman, D. D. of New york, in a lecture to young women on "What Women can do in the Nineteenth Century," said; "Once it was held that woman's strength is in her weakness"—an abominable lie, a tyrants lie. Now it is perceived that the qualities called respectively manly and womanly are interchangeable, and both are essential to either perfect manhood or perfect womanhood. Strength and honor are as vital to woman as to man, and the disposition to give her a fair field and an equal advantage with man in the great struggle of life is among the most significant and hopeful signs of the times; and justifies the statement that in this enlightened age woman has her destiny practically in her own hands. The Society for Opening up New Employments for Women publish a list of 24 occupations as specially favorable for women. Among them are art decoration, designing for textile goods, wood carving and engraving, dispensing medcines, bookkeeping, shorthand writing, lithographic drawing and writing, telegraphy, photography, type-setting and printing, hair-dressing, upholstery and stationery work, lace-cleaning and mending, glass-engraving, gilding, bookbinding, electro-plating, ivory-cutting, pearl-working, modelling, cameo-cutting, seal-engraving, plaster statuary, besides the general occupation as saleswoman in many departments of trade. These do by no means exhaust the catalogue of things which a nineteeth century woman may do if she be instructed to begin life at the beginning—viz., at the question how to eat bread in honest independence. And none of those occupations need rob her of her crowing charms of purity and grace, for they are intrinsic and are only heightened by "strength and honor."

Housework should never be considered menial or degrading; it is nature's labratory, in which the girl may obtain, not only the best physical development, but most valuable knowledge that will fit her for the practical duties of life. The exercise that is best adapted to develop all parts of the body in a natural healthy manner is domestic labor. The body possesses no fewer than 400 muscles, and each muscle is designed to serve some particular end. A sound state of body requires that every one of the these muscles be brought into daily action and it is only by a certain amount of daily exercise that each muscle will gain in strength and soundness; otherwise it must become feeble and delicate. Every boy and girl should be taught from earliest childhood that to labor is a higher thing than merely to enjoy; that even enjoyment itself is never so sweet as when it has been earned. The remedy of the errors in education devolves upon woman, for which the power of the world is with men, the influence is with women. A natural dislike for labor may be early engendered in the minds of the young unless parental authority be exerted to prevent it. "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined," is a wise precept, and to heed it in rearing the child is the duty of every parent'

The field, the workshop, and the mines furnish a better school for obtaining the correct knowledge of man than academies and seminaries of learning; and this is the most important knowledge that can be acquired. So thought Pope, and such has become the deliberate and accepted opinion of the successful men of the world. The majority of persons who have been successful in the industrial persuits of life, have sprung immediately from the people, and owe their success to "the early training they received in very humble life," and the knowledge they acquired in their intercourse with the laboring masses. It was here they acquired that practical common-sense view of men and measures which is nowhere else taught. And above all they learned the wholesome lesson that labor is not disgraceful; that the laboring man is not less a man, or the laboring woman less refined and womanly because of their daily toil, and that the occupation does not fix nor establish the grade of intellect. It is a lamentable fact, but, nevertheless a true one, that money in this country, has more to do in making social position than brains, and ignorance and money are generally united. The mere fact of the ownership of land, money, stocks and bonds, does not confer brains. Let those who think so read the works of Benjamin Franklin, the printer, of Hugh Miller, the Scotch stone-cutter, or of Elihu Burritt, the New England blacksmith. The scientific researches and bold conceptions of these men overturned the established theories of science which had met with the acquiescence of the world for twenty centuries. Let them read the masterly speeches of Burgess and Sherman, practical mechanics, who by dint of industry and perseverance became famous in their day and generation. Let them go into that grand emporium, the Patent office at Washington, where are to be seen the undeniable evidences of mechanical invention and skill; or let them walk up fifth Avenue of New York, and note the long line of elegant residences of the merchant princes of this city, nine-tenths of whom are men who have risen from comparative povety. The key which unlocked the door to their success was forged by primitive hands, but hard and solid. The knowledge of man attained in early life amidst the contacts of so-called common men. It is the self-made men of this country, whose views and opinions upon law, politics and commerce, establish, control and regulate public sentiment. Idleness, and its twin brother, dissipation, are no part of the creative power. Action develops the man, not less his physical, than his mental powers. This is as necessary as sunshine to the vegetable kingdom. It is the corner-stone of the living, breathing tenement of man or woman. It gives strength to the frame, and color to the cheeks, expansion to the chest, and strength and volume to the lungs. Employment, steady, daily employment of some kind, is the only guarantee of health, the real happiness of life, and the *only true* avenue leading up to honor and renown;—the strong argument against the scaffold and penetentiary, the almshouse and the asylum; the only true sphere in which man or woman can move with dignity and fulfil the ends of his or her destiny. Manuel labor should be placed upon an equality with the professions. Man is not in his proper sphere if he does not labor. Not all the tillers of the soil, not all the miners, not all mechanics; but all industrious, all occupied in some proper and useful employment,—this is the destiny of man everywhere, and in all countries—and this is the future destiny of woman. It was the farmer and the mechanic who mainly decided the issue of the Revolution; they made up the rank and file of the armies, they led on to victory; they were the patriots of the land. Laboring men of the nation, revere the name and memory

(Concluded in January.)

Correspondence.

New York, Aug. 27-82.

My Dear Mrs. Stow:

I wish I could find words sufficient to express my thanks for what you have done and borne for humanity. I had hoped to have found the time and friends to accompany me (am too cowardly to travel alone), to your Annual Conference. How I should have enjoyed it. I can only pray for you that your councils may be directed by Infinite wisdom inspired by broad and boundless love for humanity—uplifting the entire structure of society through the emancipation and elevation of woman. Please inform your friends assembled of my hearty co-operation and sincere sympathy. I shall surely remember the days and hours of the meeting and be with you in spirit.

Enclosed please find $5 for which make me a member and send the badge.

Faithfully yours—

CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D.
103 W. 48th St.

Bloomfield, N. J. Aug. 23-82.

Dear Mrs. Stow.—

Somebody, presumably a dress reformer, has sent me two copies of your spirited and radical paper both of which contained considerable dress reform matter. Lady Harberton's article from Macmillan's Magazine I have read carefully and interestedly. It seems to me her conclusions do not harmonize with her premises. When we read that woman's present dress, whose distinguishing feature is skirts, is "inconvenient, unsightly and tormenting" and that the human form is the true standard of beauty, we may well be pardoned for wondering why the writer should not desire to wear men's clothes "seeing they are more adapted to the human form than anything that can be devised."

Why a woman may only "allow the legs to appear slightly," while her arms are separately covered their full length, or even left bare, is not plain to my mind, but I am glad to see that in England a woman may call the lower part of the lower limbs by their right name. If I send an article to an American Publication which contains "legs" I find it "limbs" when it comes out in print.

Whether women should wear men's clothes or not I shall not now argue but I am certain that skirts will ere long fall into serious disrepute and if the legs are to be covered at all it would seem that something very like what we call pants must cover them.

One evening after I had spoken in a Dress Reform meeting I said to a lady with whom I was walking home "Women's right to legs must be asserted and acknowledged before Dress Reform or any other reform in which they are interested can make much headway;" and she replied "That is just the thought that was running thro' my mind while you were speaking and I did hope you would say it in just those words. You said it in substance but I want the very unmistakable words."

I suppose that to the ear uneducated on Dress Reform such a saying would be meaningless. Nevertheless I do not know of any phrase that so truly and tersley tells the great need of Dress Reform. With that gained the right of room to breathe in and the right to stand flat on the ground, instead of being tilted and pinched by heels and narrow soles, would follow easily and naturally. The one great deformity, skirts, make all the others seem natural. So I do not trouble myself much about corsets or heels nor tight shoes. All my batteries are leveled at the petticoat for behind that all the other foes are safely intrenched. Lady Harberton speaks of "bloomerism" in such connection as to convey the impression to one not acquainted with the subject that it means men's clothes, which is not the case. A bloomer costume would no more be mistaken for coat and pants than would the divided skirt, and wherein the latter offers any advantages not offered by the former is not easy to see. It seems to me tho', I have not yet made the experiment, that one skirt to flip flap on each leg must be a greater annoyance than one skirt on two legs, and the inventor claims no advantage in looks over the present style of dress. With all the hideousness, which she so graphically pictures, why should she try to imitate in looks the fashionable woman? I neither expect nor wish the adoption of the divided skirt, but I trust the agitation on the subject will help on true Dress Reform. I have no more faith in reforming dress by substituting something that looks just like we have reformed than I have in curing drunkenness by beer drinking-*a la* Dr. Crosby. The popular taste in dress is as feverish, as thoroughly vitiated, as far departed from the true and normal as is the drunkard's taste in drink. In both cases what is simply natural and right seems dull and insipid. I shall watch with interest your "simple, sensible, scientific" costume, hoping it may be something that the great army of women who are disgusted with fashion will adopt.

The *Womans Herald of Industry* deserves the support of every right minded woman and, as I mean to be such an one, if I am not now, I herewith send you my subscription for one year. Still if you will allow me to say it in your columns—and if not you will please not publish anything I have written—it saddens me to see women or men advocating equal rights and at the same time speaking in contemptuous tones of christianity whose author was the first person of prominence who is recorded as treating women in all respects as the equal of men. Because the early expounders of christianity were far behind their teachers in this respect and so taught things in accordance with the time in which they lived instead of catching His spirit it is not fair to denounce christianity as oppressive to women. No one can bring from the brief record of the words of Jesus of Nazereth one *iota* of evidence in support of such a claim. The fact that the writings of the Apostles were bundled in with this record and the whole treated as of sacred origin. Tho' they differ in some respects as widely as light from darkness, has been misleading and confusing. I believe if we be careful not to confound real christianity with the teachings of some of its zealous but misguided exponents we shall find it a very tower of strength for all who would give battle to the foes of "liberty, equality and fraternity."

With the best of wishes for your success in your Journalistic enterprise I remain.

Yours truly,

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